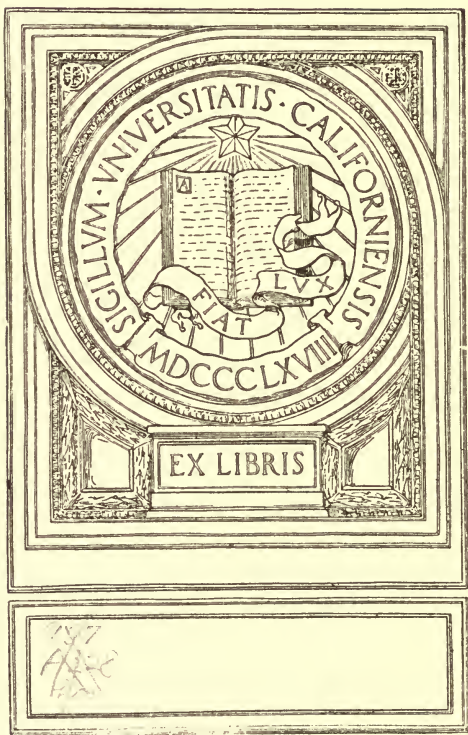


# HAND-MADE FABLES

BY GEORGE ADE

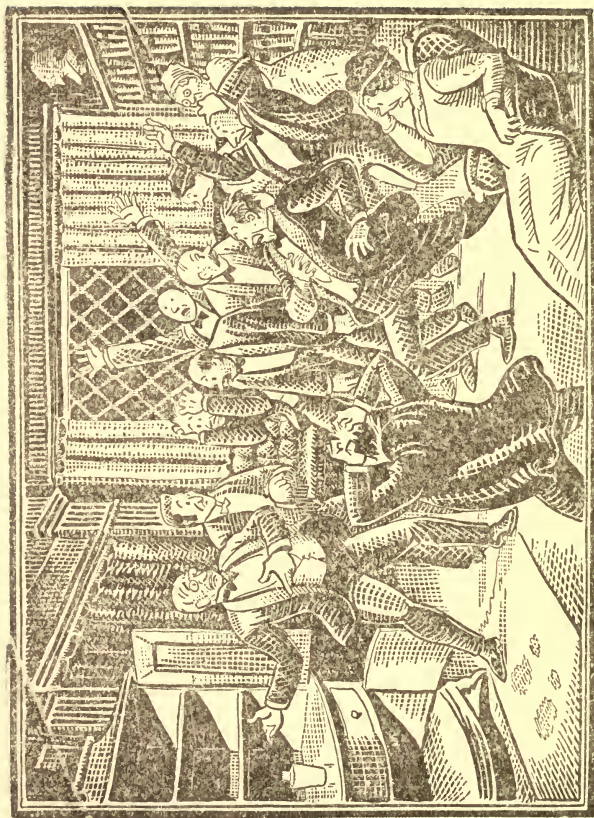








## HAND-MADE FABLES



—McGREGOR—  
*The full Horror of the Calamity smote them when they learned that not one trickle of*

# HAND-MADE FABLES

BY  
GEORGE ADE

*Author of*  
*"Ade's Fables"*  
*"Knocking the Neighbours"*  
*Etc.*



ILLUSTRATED BY  
JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON

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## EXPLANATORY

THE author is pleased to put a preface to this book, for the reason that he will be permitted to refrain from using "Foreword." A great many people who abhor slang pay to have their own books published so that they may indulge in "Foreword"—which is hereby designated as the musk perfumery of literature.

The studies in American vernacular which comprise this volume first appeared in the *Cosmopolitan* magazine. The editors of the magazine have consented to a reprinting and are now publicly thanked by the author.

Although the period in which these fables appeared enveloped the Great War and lapped over on the Great Unrest, the author has proceeded upon the theory that old Human Nature continues to do business, even during a cataclysm.

GEORGE ADE.

*Hazelden Farm, Brook, Indiana*  
*February, 1920*

▼

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## HAND-MADE FABLES



# HAND-MADE FABLES

## THE FABLE OF THE WEEK-ENDERS AND THE DREADFUL DOINGS

ONCE there was a City Fellow who was Black with Money and crusted with Aristocracy. This Plute had a Country Place that was sufficiently near by to catch the exclusive Motoring Trade, although it was beyond an imaginary State Line and situated in a Commonwealth ruled by the Zekes.

The Lord of the Manor was known to all the Gentry as "Freddie" and the Wife, in an Outburst of Originality, had been dubbed "Mrs Freddie."

Many a Visitor being led out of the select Road-House and gently steered toward the Car would remark that, as a Host, good old Fred was a Hound.

During the Open Season for Juleps, it delighted Freddie to have his Shack filled up over Sunday with the Right Sort and to pry off the Lid and let Joy be unrefined.

Being far back from the Roadway, the Wrecking-Crew could go as far as they liked without annoying any one except the Help.

The regular Patrons of the Free Dispensary had noticed in the Papers that a Dry Wave was engulfing the map, but they scented no Danger.

It never occurred to one of the Smart Set that Freddie's sylvan Retreat with the Landscape Border could be disturbed by Legislation primarily intended to abolish the practice of Wife-Beating.

They did not investigate all of the Provisions in the Measure passed by the tall-grass Solons.

They still believed that every Man's House is his Castle and if he chooses to keep the Electric Lights turned on, the People living ten miles away have no Kick coming.

By strange irony of Circumstance, the horrible Truth was revealed to the unsuspecting Urbanites through the Agency of a Butler who had been discharged for flirting with the Sideboard.

The Ex-Menial framed a cruel Revenge.

He went to the local Authorities and Snitched.

The new Law said that every Home with Bottles on the Shelf is a Blind Pig and he who revives a fainting Comrade is a Bootlegger, whether he owns a Cash Register or not.

On a balmy Saturday P. M., all the jolly Souls accustomed to remove the Throat-Latches from Saturday to Monday were piling into the high-powered Buzz-Wagons for a Spin out to the Home for Polite Souses.

At about the same hour in the Afternoon, a daring Constable and a willing Posse went Over the

Top and captured the Supply put in to meet the Drouth.

After they got through with the Layout, it would have received the official O. K. of Billy Sunday.

The Cleaners left nothing behind them in Glass Receptacles except Bluing and Mouth-Wash.

Up the dusty Highway the Motors came spinning, each with a Cargo of Thirsts.

Just as the western Sun was ducking behind the Hills, the amateur Rum-Hounds piled out at the Main Entrance to Liberty Hall with many a loud Quip and merry Gibe.

For the last Seven Miles they had been sustained by the Vision of a tall H. B. with a Cake of Ice floating in it.

They announced to the Welkin that they were ready to be Resuscitated.

Then the Blow fell. Zowie!

When the Master of the House got the first Bulletin from the pale Servitors his Indignation knew no bounds.

He was so wrought up over the brutal Invasion of his Rights as an American Citizen that he forgot all about the dozen or more Sufferers who waited in the Background with their Tongues hanging out.

Finally he had to break it to them.

First they were stunned and then they sat up on their Hind Legs and yowled.

The very Idea!

What were we coming to?

The full Horror of the Calamity smote them when they learned that not one trickle of Grog could be uncovered.

How can you give a Show without raising the Curtain?

Freddie admitted that it was all very annoying but he urged them to bear up until he could 'phone to a neighbouring Cottage and get a few Original Packages and then he allowed that the Birds would begin to sing again and Life would assume roseate Hues.

As previously related, the Society Barkeep had not taken the Trouble to read all the Clauses of the Enactment which was intended to make Folks behave whether they wanted to or not.

The Village Hawkshaws knew that a Relief Expedition would try to break through with a Supply of Liquid Nourishment for the dying Martyrs.

They were listening in by special arrangement with Central and when a Hireling tried to enter the Lodge Gate with a dandy Assortment of the principal Exports of Scotland, France, Italy, and Peoria, he was set upon by the Authorities and Pinched for violating the Statute which says that any one who carries Essence of Sociability along a Public Highway is subject to a Fine of \$1,000 or may be imprisoned in the Bastile for a period of Six Months.

The Shades of Night were falling fast as the Unfortunates sat out on the Terrace, all dolled up for Dinner, and waited and waited for the Succor that



never came. They had been taught to believe that One may not saunter toward the Food Department until he has been fortified with that which gurgles from the Shaker.

How could any one think of going against a five-course Spread until the Chief of the Tribe had forced Extra Dividends upon those who sat around waiting to be Tempted?

They hoped against Hope until it became painfully evident that the Reign of Terror was upon them and then the Funeral Procession moved in Dismal Silence toward what was to have been the End of a Perfect Day.

Half-hearted Suggestions as to substituting Loganberry or Grape Juice were received with deep Silence, because it is better to ignore one form of Insult than to answer it.

They surveyed with childish Wonder Many Goblets filled with the Stuff you see in Aquariums, that Civil Engineers put under Bridges, and that the City supplies to Laundries.

When Traditions began to topple about them and Gloom settled upon the Face of the Earth, the grief-stricken Regulars waited for Billy to relieve the tense Situation.

Billy was Court Jester.

At every Dinner Party he was a Riot.

When the beaded Bubbles were bursting at the Brim, then Billy's Bush-League Wheezes would set the whole Table cackling.

The Matrons put in a good part of their Time going around repeating Billy's Latest.

His Social Position was assured and his Food and Drink were certainties as long as he could remember what he had heard in Vaudeville.

The Time had arrived for him to earn his Sweet-breads, for a Blue Fog had settled over the Assemblage and the Party looked like a Bloomer. He tried to be the regular little Al Jolson and he was just as droll as a Shroud.

At first the unhappy Listeners figured that possibly Billy wasn't a guaranteed Scream unless he was Lit, but later on it seemed probable that small-town Comedy will not get across unless the Audience is sufficiently Sprung to be in a Receptive Mood.

Billy died sitting up, a Knife in one hand and a Fork in the other.

That evening the Proceedings were very Chautauqua.

For the first time in years the Visitors hearkened to the Katy-Dids.

Up to that time the Katy-Dids never had a Look-In.

They climbed to the Hay early and without the Aid of a Night-Cap.

Next morning there was a Record Attendance at Breakfast.

Instead of asking for Grape Fruit and Sympathy, most of the Kamerads demanded Bacon and Eggs.

The dull Horrors of the Night Before seemed to be



*Instead of asking for Grapefruit and Sympathy, most of the Kamerads demanded  
Bacon and Eggs*

more or less forgotten when the Sun came out as per Usual and the Sabbath Day promised to afford almost every sort of Diversion except going to Church.

They exchanged Comments on the harrowing Experience through which they had just passed.

For the first time in their going-about Careers they had demonstrated that it is possible for a Cluster of our Best People to survive from 5 P.M. to Bed-time without getting the Nose wet.

Strangely enough, they seemed to have come through it with a minimum of Distress, even though they had failed to live up to the time-honoured Dictum that every True Gentleman must have a slight Furry Taste as he moves toward his Tub.

The fact that they were being shut off from the Necessities of Life did not vex them while the day was young, because they had trained Habits and knew that the Longing would not smite them until the Cocktail Hour came around once more.

They disported, forgetful of the Calamity hovering in the Background, while Freddie and the Missus tried to cook up some Scheme for outwitting the Oppressors.

They did not want their Friends to go back to town and tell around that the Dump had gone blooey and the keepers were stingy with their old Refreshments.

Nothing doing.

The Village Pinks were still Sherlocking in front

of the Château and Freddie had no aching Desire to move out of the Blue Room into the Calaboose.

There was a Country Club down the Road a piece and most of the Athletes went trailing over to see if they could connect with the Pill after training on the Cheap Element which covers about three-fifths of the Surface of the Earth.

Also they figured they might snoop around and find some Friend who had a Locker.

By hiding it under the Coat they hoped to sneak a few Gulps back to the other Unfortunates so that they would not be afraid to see Darkness come on.

They found the Club just as humid as a Brick Oven and a Notice on the Bulletin Board that any member found hiding in a Shower Bath to take a Swig out of a Flask would be blindfolded and stood in front of a Firing Squad.

At that kind of a Golf Club a good many Members will be compelled to take up Golf sooner or later in order to kill Time.

The House-Guests were soon out on the Fairway, swinging their Heads off.

The Match Play was a pleasant Relief, because Golf will make you forget everything except the 19th Hole.

Old Mr. Hemingway and young Ernest Blamange both got under 100 for the first time on any Course.

In addressing for the Stroke they found it a decided Advantage to see a Golf-Ball instead of a Pinwheel.

On the way back to Desert Island, the Suggestion was ventured by Mr. Hemingway that possibly a Chap could line them out a little better if he didn't have to carry a Hang-Over to the first Tee.

The others scouted this novel Theory and assured Mr. Hemingway that he had been going big because he improved his Stance.

Once more the ebbing Day found the parched Pilgrims rounded up for the twilight Jingle and trying to kid themselves into believing that they didn't care whether they got it or not.

By this time they were striving to put on a Bold Face and one brilliant Man about Town, with a Beezer that never could have been coloured by the use of Malted Milk, pulled the dear old Bromide that he could drink it or leave it alone.

Meaning that he could drink it if obtainable or leave it alone as a Last Resort.

The Bunch showed a good deal of Courage in lining up for another Hard Night in the Arid Zone.

They had been on the Cart for two full days and various Phenomena ensued.

The official Clown sat off by himself, evidently waiting for the White Wagon to come and take him to the Sanatorium.

On the other hand, Mr. George Spelvin, long known as the head Coffin-Trimmer of the Killjoy Association, seemed to pick up on the new Diet and developed a streak of Spoofing and was quite the Wag of the Party.



The Lady who had written a Brochure on Bridge put up a punk Battle and was cleaned by old Mrs. Postlethwaite, who ordinarily could not tell Clubs from Spades after leaning against two of the Kind that Freddie learned to make while visiting a Cousin in Philadelphia.

The notorious Sleepyheads wanted to stay up late for the first time in History, while the recognized Members of the Milkmen's Reception Committee began to burn low at 9 P.M. The Chatterboxes were glum and the Stills suddenly had Views on all sorts of Topics.

When the Company assembled on Monday morning to enter upon their third day in the new Universe, a good many of the Canary Appetites were sitting up and begging for Link Sausage and Waffles, while their Contempt for a Poached Egg was almost too deep for Words.

Emerson truly says in his Essay on Compensation that those who would enjoy the wolfish Satisfaction of shovelling it in each Morning must forego the simple Delights of acquiring a Brannigan the Night before.

It seemed that the Mists had rolled away and, although the Programme had been shy of Pep, the Death Rate was unusually Low.

Mrs. Meriwether, a very charming Patroness of the 140-pound Class, remained in Deep Thought for several Minutes and then let go the startling Proposition that possibly there were two Sides to the

Question and all of them might continue to survive in Comfort even when weaned away from the most correct and amiable Customs of Refined Society.

Not to be outdone, Mr. Glisbie, a Stock-Broker with a Record, told her she had said Something and that he always felt more Gingery when he laid off, and, as a matter of Fact, never thought of taking a Nip unless urged to it by some Victim of the Drink Habit.

The others chimed in and the first Thing you know Mr. and Mrs. Freddie were being toasted with Hot Coffee as Benefactors, and their little bone-dry Party was declared to be the most daring Novelty of the Season.

Monday was to be the last Day, and there was a great Push toward the Open Hills and the fluttering Flags.

Most of them felt strong enough for 36 holes.

When they were in at Noon, all ready to sit down to their Iced Tea and Lettuce Sandwiches, a racing Roadster dashed up and a dear Pal named Harry came with the breathless Information that he had under the Seat a Suitcase filled with the bonnie Perfume that makes Scotch Soldiers the bravest in the World.

He expected to be acclaimed the same as a Saint Bernard Dog that goes up into the Mountain Pass and digs a Traveller out of the Snow.

Instead of which, he was denounced as a Lush and complaint was filed with the Steward of the Club.



Mr. Hemingway, who had just holed a long Putt for an 88, told the Steward that Harry had smuggled Liquor into the Club for the purpose of corrupting and dragging down Innocent Men and Pure Women who were trying to discourage the Traffic.

*Moral: Nothing is more disturbing to Established Routine than a sudden Burst of Sobriety.*

## THE FABLE OF THE COMPOUND FRACTURE

ONE morning a Court convened so that those who had picked wrong could be turned loose. A Lady displaying expensive Shoes and other Evidences of Refinement told the Judge that she had played out her String with a certain Lizard who was on hand wearing a Blue Tie.

All she wanted was plenty of Solitude and about four-fifths of his gross Income.

Replying to suave Interrogatories, she admitted that he was a dandy Provider and had just enough Bad Habits to make him Real.

"Then why this beating against the Bars?" asked the Judge.

"I'll tell you. I have a brother named Roscoe who sings Tenor in an Amateur Musical Club and won the Chess Championship of Putnam County last Year. Every time I mention Roscoe, my Husband smiles in the most provoking Manner."

"Has he ever said anything to the discredit of your brother Roscoe?"

"He doesn't need to. He just smiles. It's perfectly Maddening."

"Is that all?"

"Great Heavens! Isn't that enough?"

The Other Portion of the Sketch advanced to Bat and began his Recital, quietly and with artistic Modulation.

The Married Life had been Great Stuff until she began to jiggle his Nerves.

He conceded several Points in her Favour.

She was a Wonder at taking care of the Flat and buying at Inside Prices, and she never let down on her Looks, even in the Morning.

But he began to notice that every time he came home with a snappy Anecdote that he had picked up in the Card Room at the Club, she would listen attentively enough, but always she would put her Head over on one side, like a Bird, and then she would close one Eye.

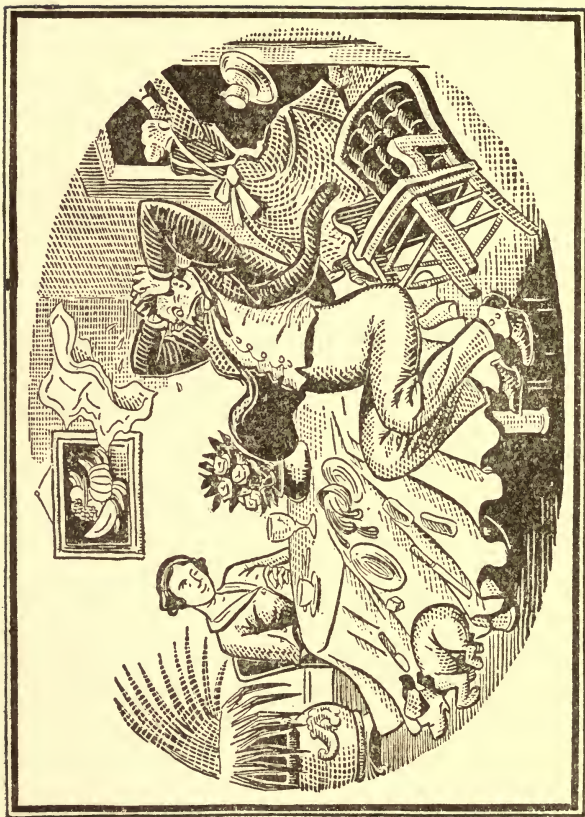
He didn't mind it so much for the first 100 times or so, but now it had worked on his Sensibilities until sometimes he feared that he was headed for the Foolish House.

"Did you ever ask her to stop it?" asked the sympathetic Court.

"How could you ask a Woman to stop closing one Eye or cocking the Head over on one side like a Robin Redbreast?"

"That's so. Except for this one Peculiarity, you think she's all right?"

"Aces and eights! But I don't think I should be asked to mail Alimony Checks to a Woman who has been systematically working for Years to undermine my Reason."



*He didn't mind it so much for the first 100 times or so, but now it had worked on his Sensibilities until sometimes he feared that he was headed for the Foolish House*

“Certainly not. We will head off any Repetition of such cruel Practices. I hereby decree that you shall never tell your wife another Anecdote. If you do, all she has to do is come here and get her Liberty Bond and an Order for your Salary. Furthermore, I enjoin the Wife from making mention of her brother Roscoe. Hereafter, he is supposed to be Spoon River. If she ever pulls Roscoe on you again, come into Court and you will be liberated and she will be left to starve in the Streets. Court is now adjourned.”

So they went home and got along elegant.

*Moral: The Serpent is helpless unless he finds an Apple to work with.*

## THE FABLE OF THE TWO SENSATIONAL FAILURES

ONCE there was a Wholesaler with a registered Wife, whom he had snared from an antebellum Country House in Maryland, the White Pillars of which more than atoned for the lack of Plumbing.

He put in his Bank-Roll as an offset to her Class and they started out on a fifty-fifty Basis with an assured Rating both in the Blue Book and Bradstreet's.

They were of the Gentry, doubtless, without a doubt, doubtless.

If two Children had been permitted to select their own Auspices, they could not have found any better Picking in the line of Parents than Mr. Rutherford Wilton, whose name was on the Delivery Wagons, and his wife Jessamine, with a Fleur-de-Lys stamped on her hand-made Linen Stationery.

When the first-Born was three days old his Parents knew what he would eat for Breakfast on the morning of his eighteenth Birthday, and the Religious Leanings of the Girl he would escort to the Altar when he was 22. Rutherford and Jessamine were two grand little Arrangers.

Before the Doctor got out of the House, the recent

Arrival had been told by the Nurse that his Hall-Mark was Oliver Cromwell Wilton and that he was to be educated at Princeton.

When he was eight days old, all of his People conferred and decided that a schooling in International Law and Modern Languages would fit him for the Diplomatic Service. None of that Ipsy-Wipsy mush or Mother Goose junk was to be employed in the Early Training of O. C.

As soon as he could be propped up he was shown a picture of the Family Tree. Before he began biting at a Rubber Ring he was being coached for a Career.

Oliver was a perfumed Cherub aged Four and wearing<sup>m</sup> Curls when the Planets once more trembled in their Orbits. This time it was a Girl.

Eloise Claire had been with them nearly six weeks when Rutherford Wilton one day discovered the Mother of his important Offspring scanning a Map of the World and weeping softly.

She had been peering into the Future. It seemed that they would have to go to Europe and sort over the Nobility if they ever hoped to find a Husband suitable for Eloise Claire.

It was a Pipe that any Maiden around whom such a glorious Project was already Crystallizing would grow up strong and beautiful.

The Plans and Specifications, approved by a Board of Strategy in the Library, called for one who would sparkle in Conversation, ride a coal-black

Steed that was feared by all the Grooms, and in every Particular make the Heroine of a Work by Mrs. Southworth look like a Hired Girl.

The two Sprouts were kept under Glass. They were tutored by Gentlewomen in Reduced Circumstances. Not for one flickering Moment were they permitted to forget that, even in the crude and barbarous New World, there was a leaven of sure-thing Aristocracy.

Oliver was to be Sir Walter Raleigh with modern Attachments and Eloise was to combine the intoxicating charms of Desdemona, Cleopatra, and Dolly Madison.

In due time the Faculty at Princeton got formal Notice that the future Headlight of the Diplomatic Service was en route. He was bringing with him an enormous Cargo of Mythology, Deportment, and Pride of Ancestry. Would the Authorities assign him to Dormitory reserved for those Plumed Knights. Culture who had not been dragged in the mire of the Public Schools?

So the Profs threw the pale specimen of Veal into a Cage of Cane-Rushers and substitute Tackles and gave him a chance to prove that he was Human.

As soon as Oliver was planted in the Cloisters, preparing himself for the Court of St. James, the anxious Parents turned their attention to 14-year-old Eloise, who was not working out strictly according to the Blue-Prints.

In spite of her Colonial Corpuscles and having





*Oliver was to be Sir Walter Raleigh with Modern Attachments, and Eloise was to combine the intoxicating charms of Desdemona, Cleopatra, and Dolly Madison*

Miss Whiffett for a Governess, she was a distinct Blah.

She had been told 1,000,000 Times to pull herself together and sit up straight and be a regular little Bright Eyes in the presence of Company, but all the Talk went for Sweeney.

She was a natural-born Drooper.

Eloise was lean and limp and lazy. She needed about two more dippings in thick Starch.

At the Private School she was surrounded by Husky little Damsels full of Pep and Ginger. They joshed the tired Weakling but she refused to don a Sweater and play Basket-Ball.

Before they began to lengthen her Skirts it was Common Talk in the Younger Set that she Interfered.

Now the Mother of Eloise had been brought up to believe that a Lady who wishes to arouse a low Murmur of Admiration every time she advances into a Ballroom should be shaped something like a Bass Viol. Consequently her Heart ached every time she looked at Daughter and observed in her General Contour a striking resemblance to another Musical Instrument, viz., the Clarinet.

Mrs. Wilton tried to keep herself at about 160 pounds. She was strong for the Proud Carriage. Also a dab of Colour on each Cheek and all that snappy Work with the Eyes.

Consequently, when she moved up the Aisle in the Church which was trying to be as High as any-

thing in England, she was on her Toes like a Two-Year-Old. Right behind her would come little Miss Sloppy Weather, showing about as much Verve as one would expect from a Kitten left out in a Cold Rain.

The Contrast was fierce. Every Friend of the Family felt sorry for Jessamine and had the instinctive Desire to give Eloise a Wallop between the Shoulder-Blades and beg her, for the love of Michael Angelo, to brace up and try to overcome the Curvature of the Spine.

But there was not enough whalebone in the Department Stores to give any Gimp to Eloise. She was languid and lanky. If her Lot had been cast in a less polite Environment, she would have been called Skinny.

When Eloise was 17 the disheartened Parents gave a Party to signalize her Entry into the Social Life of the Cut-Flower Coterie. It was supposed to be her Coming-Out, but she did not come. She had to be pushed.

All the nifty buds, with their Noses lifted high above the Corsage Bouquets, sized up the pale Sliver who seemed to be giving away at every Hinge in her willowy Frame, and said to themselves: "Her Dad may own a Check-Book but she will never have a look-in as a real Competitor."

They felt that they had her Number. And they had it, too—for the time being. But Eloise had a Friend in Paris. Of which, more anon.

Two days after Eloise tottered into Society and sized it up with lack-luster Eye, the Mail brought to Mr. Rutherford Wilton a letter from the Dean of the Department which was trying to fashion the First-Born into a second Joseph Choate.

The Letter went on to say that Oliver Cromwell might be expected Home on almost any Train. It suggested that there had been a Miscue at the Christening. The Lad had not flashed any of the stern Puritanical qualities commonly associated with the name of the rugged Reformer but he had succeeded in hitting the Gait of another famous Character in History with whom Oliver Cromwell had certain Dealings.

It was quaintly pointed out to Mr. Wilton that, in view of his Son's enthusiasm for Activities not prescribed in the Curriculum, and also, by way of doping out his probable Finish, it would be a corking Idea to change his Name to Charles the First.

The College felt sorry to lose one of the Mainstays of the Dramatic Club, for Ollie was counted the best Dancer in his Class and had been cast for the principal Female Rôle in the annual outburst of Musical Comedy. Not until he began cutting all Recitations did the Authorities make a sign to give him the Gate.

He declined to meet the Instructors except socially, so they voted on him and he drew the Tin-ware.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilton got together for their Cereal one morning and read the Letter and were knocked

Galley-west, but they put all the Blame on the President of the Institution.

The highly connected Couple was certainly In Dutch on the Progeny proposition.

When it came time for Picking, it turned out that the two Apples of Paradise were a Lemon and a String Bean.

Parents are loath to admit that the Family Jewels have come out of the Test as Rhinestones.

Oliver C. was back on the Doorstep with his Handkerchief under his Cuff and his Clothes full of fumigating Cigarettes. He had grown to be a Handsome Dog with prominent Eyebrows and his Hair laid straight back, but he gave no outward symptoms of being ready to help Lloyd George solve problems of Statecraft.

A switch had to be made. The Wholesaler took the bonny ex-collegian by the Hand and led him to a Bank and wished him on to the Banker.

While Rutherford was pointing out to Son the upward pathway leading to the interlocking Directorates, his Wife kept on working at Daughter, trying new kinds of Shoulder-Braces and having her rubbed by Beauty Doctors.

Two weeks after Ollie started in pursuit of the House of Morgan, his Father got word over the 'Phone to come and remove his Property, as the snoring disturbed other Employees who were trying to add up Figures.

Thus it came about that when Oliver Cromwell

had reached the pleasing age of 24 and Eloise Claire was bent down under the weight of 19 Summers, the Domestic Group was still intact and it seemed a safe Bet that it would continue so for many Moons.

After escaping the thralldom of Office-Hours, the Heir-Presumptive turned down all Suggestions involving Work in the daytime and seemed to feel it his Destiny to accept every Invitation which promised plenty of Wax on the Floor and something to eat about 1 A. M. In other words, he became a Whirling Dervish. He was a Joke until the Music started, but after that he was a Big Chief.

He could lay hold of the kind of Débutante who toes in and is always getting caught in Rugs, and make her feel that she was good enough for the Russian Ballet.

Men who would not speak to him in the Afternoon had to stand back of the Oleanders at Night and glare at him with bitter Envy.

The Women Folks along the Avenue thought he was Great, but no one cared to have him around outside of Dancing-Hours.

He was a bit of Tinsel on the Christmas Tree of Gaiety. He was a Bubble floating among the Candelabra. In other Words, he was all right from his Collar down.

Gradually it soaked in on Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford Wilton that they had laboured for many years and finally given to the World a Jumping-Jack and something to drape across a Morris Chair.



Ollie would emerge from the Flax along about Noon each day and lean against a Cup of Coffee.

Eloise would crawl into the Sunlight about the same time and call faintly for an Egg, which some one else would have to open for her.

While Dad was up on the Firing-Line, trying to stand off the Pay-Roll, and the Mater was before the Research Club, reading a Paper on how to bring up Children, the blighted Experiments would loll in front of a cheerful Grate and give the Hook to most of the People being featured in the Society Column.

If Ollie had enough Fags to last him and Ellie could get the usual supply of Ripe Olives, between the two of them it was the work of about an Hour to put most of the Old Families on the Hummer.

These two had been cruel Disappointments in their own Set, but you never saw a Disappointment who was not ready to award himself a couple of Medals.

Late in the Afternoon the Slim Princess would permit herself to be lifted into a change of Costume and go undulating away to a Tea-Battle, where she would sit curled up in a Corner and get a much-needed Rest.

Along about the time when Father was closing his desk, Ollie would sniff the Night Air and begin to stretch himself and get ready for the long-tailed Effect and the shiny Pumps.

Such was the layout when Oliver Cromwell was 24 and Eloise Claire was 19 and all the cherished

plans of the respected Parents were unmistakably on the Fritz.

Then a lot of things happened to disarrange the Works.

The great Wholesaler, with the imposing House on the Avenue and the glittering Brass Sign downtown, found himself drifting to Ruin. Business had taken a Bingo on the head and dropped lifeless. The Orders stopped coming. Collections went blooey. Securities shriveled. The Money-Lender beat it to a Storm-Cellar.

Mr. Rutherford Wilton had built up a dandy large Plant, organized on a Prosperity basis. When the Hard Times smote him, everything seemed to go ahead as usual except the Business. The Overhead Charges got a Hammer-Lock on the Cash-Book. Another one of those gilt-edge Concerns got ready to take the Long Sleep.

Just while this Disaster was being cooked up, the whole World that stays up after 9:30 went Nuts over the New Dances.

Some of the Steps were easy and others had been thought out by Contortionists, but they were all Pie for Oliver Cromwell Wilton. After taking one hard look at a delirious Spin from the Barbary Coast or a complicated mess of Foot-Work from South America, he could step out on the glazed Surface and do the whole Turn better than the Gazabo who wrote it.

If Ollie had been tolerated in the days of the "Blue



Danube" and the plain Two-Step, let it be known that he was now regarded as one of the Necessities of Life.

The Dance Thing became a raging Epidemic. Chorus Men and Bricklayers and Grass-Widows had Cards printed and began to give Lessons.

Ollie did volunteer Stunts in the more exclusive Homes. He was not in the Diplomatic Service, as the Folks had hoped, but for several Hours out of every 24 he would have the right Fin wrapped around Nymphs who were flossy beyond Compare. Ambassadors had nothing on him.

One night, in a Café where Food and Drink had been pushed to the Background, he cut loose proper. He was a Riot. All the other Trotters ducked to the Side-Lines and watched him burn up the Floor.

The manager wanted to sign him up as a regular Attraction. Of course he was intensely amused. The very Idea of a Patrician going out for the Coin!

But there came a Day when the Guv'nor got him up on the Carpet and gave him a quiet Tip to lay off on signing Checks and work a Soft Pedal on the Expense Account.

It required some Proof to convince Ollie that a Family as prominent as theirs could go broke and move into a Flat, but when the Truth finally got to him, he was Thoughtful for the first time in His Life.

Just when the Dancing Fever began to claim Victims in every Station of Life, the Female Sex was jarred by another French Revolution.

One cruel Dictate from Paris and the time-honoured Hip, instead of being regarded as an Ornament, was classed as a Deformity. The Women woke up one morning and learned that it was a Misfortune to have a Shape.

In order to wear the new Modes and get away with it, the Devotee of Fashion had to be about 8 inches wide, all the way up and down, with Parallel Boundaries and, furthermore, she was required to stand in a depressed and crouching Attitude, as if she had started to pick a Flower and—changed her Mind.

Every Modiste had a hard time with her terrified Slaves. Some of them were constructed so that they did not dare to remove the Scaffolding as per Instructions. They tried in vain to sag at the Knees and take all Responsibility away from the Vertebrae. Many learned, to their Horror, that they were not Collapsible.

But say! The He-Dressmaker in the Rue de la Paix who decreed that My Lady shall be shaped like a Splinter and as loose as Spaghetti must have been pulling for Eloise Claire.

She had been rehearsing for twenty years to look like the letter S and drag her Feet when she walked.

She did not have to take any Lessons in order to acquire that Sloucher Slink.

All she had to do was to remove a few Things underneath and allow the shimmering Fabrics to adhere closely to her Osseous Structure, and she was It.

For years her Friends had been watching the poor

Angleworm crawl about, and their only Comment had been, "Poor Thing!"

She was just as pale and emaciated and Hungry as ever, the Arms floating idly and the front part of her all caved in, but now these same Critics gazed at her pop-eyed as she went moping by and remarked:

"Ain't she wonderful!"

Mrs. Rutherford Wilton tried to discard her Figure and get into line by cutting down on Material and letting the Stuff hang straight; but Candor compels the Admission that she and all of the other Chunky Ones were very Bloshky.

They could tuck in below, but they couldn't get that wonderful S effect. Jessamine looked more like the letter O.

Eloise Claire was the only one who could slip on just about enough Silk to make a small American Flag and slap a little Soup-Bowl on one side of her Coiffure and look exactly like the Pictures in the back part of the Magazine.

It is a pleasure to record the Fact that sometimes a Sky-Scraper can be built on the foundation of a Bungalow.

Just when Rutherford Wilton was getting ready to put Shutters on the Wholesale House and take the Count, the only Son pocketed his Pride and began to give Tango Lessons at \$50 an Hour.

Women who were old enough to know better, and demure little Flappers who should have been dressing



*She was just as pale and emaciated and Hungry as ever, the Arms floating idly and the front part of her all caved in, but now these same Critics gazed at her pop-eyed as she went moping by and remarked, "Ain't she wonderful!"*

their Dolls, and flaccid Clubmen with hurty Feet stood in line and begged for Lessons.

Did the Family lose Caste? On the contrary. Mr. and Mrs. Wilton learned that they were acquiring new Distinction as Parents of the Cracker-jack who had given to the World the famous Wilton Walk and an improved style of Knee-Action to be used in the Trot.

Ollie slipped his poor old Dad enough Kale to tide him over. As we go to Press, the grateful Parent is still at his Desk, figuring confidently on a Business Revival.

As for Eloise Claire, she put all the Friends of her Youth into the Nine-Hole and kept them there. They could not Bant fast enough to keep up with her.

She is still undecided between the blond Duck with the Harvard Accent and a future owner of the Steel Mills but whichever way she jumps, her dear old Father will always know where to go and make a quick Touch.

*Moral: If Luck breaks for you, any Liability may become an Asset.*

## THE FABLE OF THE SEARCH FOR THE HOLY GRILL

**O**NCE there was a Hired Hand who felt that he was cut out to be Somebody.

He wore gloves when he toiled and on Sundays affected sheet-iron Shoes pointed at the End.

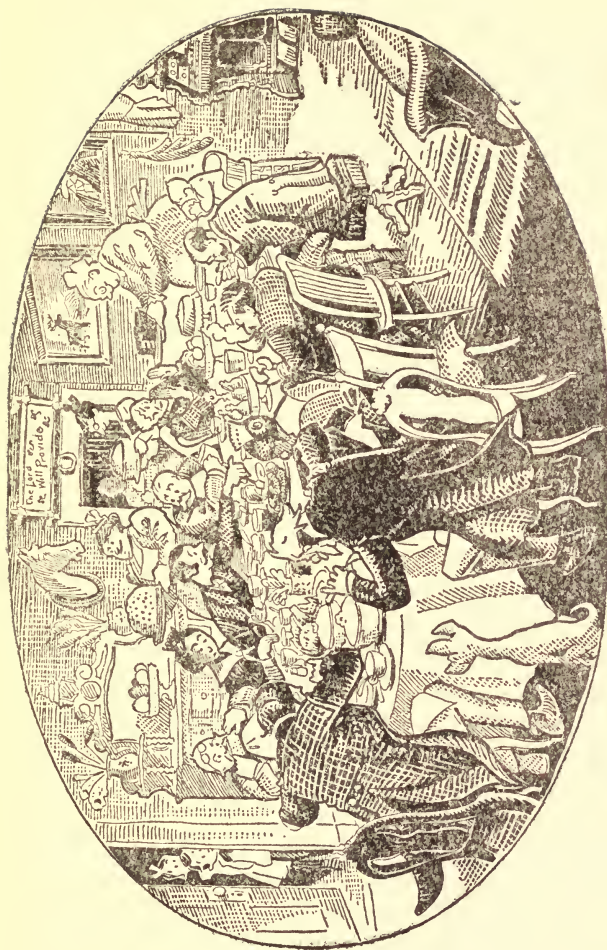
This Freckled Swain, whose name was Ransom, wanted to hop on the Inter-Reuben and go zipping away to the Great World.

He wanted to live in a Big Town where he would not have to walk on the Plowed Ground and where he could get something Good to Eat. He was tired of the plain Vittles out on the Ranch. They very seldom had anything on the table except Chicken with Gravy, Salt-Rising Bread, Milk, seven or eight Vegetables, Crulls, Cookies, Apple Butter, Whortleberry Pie, Light Biscuit, Spare Ribs, Pig's Feet, Hickory Nut Cake and such like.

This thing of squaring up every G. M. to the same old Lay-Out of home-made Sausage, Buckwheat Cakes, Recent Eggs, Fried Mush and Mother's Coffee, was begining to pall on him. Often he dreamt of being in the Metropolis, where he could get an Oyster Stew, Sardines and Ice Cream in the Winter Time.

At last his Dream came out of the Box. He went





*They seldom had anything on the Table except Chicken with Gravy, Salt Rising Bread, Milk, Seven or Eight Vegetables, Crulls, Cookies, Apple Butter, Whortleberry Pie, Light Biscuit, Spare Ribs, Pig's Feet, Hickory Nut Cake and Such Like*

up to the City to attend a Law School and found himself domiciled in a Refined Joint that was a cross between a Salon and a Beanery.

It was one of those Regular Places kept by a thin Lady who had once ridden in her Own Carriage.

Her Long Suit was Home Atmosphere. She had the Hallways filled with it.

What is more, she came from an Old Family. Lord Cornwallis once stopped at their House to get a Drink of Water and George Washington came very near sleeping under their Roof. So that made the Board about 50 cents more on the week.

Like all high-class Boarding Houses, it was infested by some Lovely People.

There was the girl who spelled it Edythe and was having her Voice done over. She had a Mother to keep Cases on her and do the Press Work.

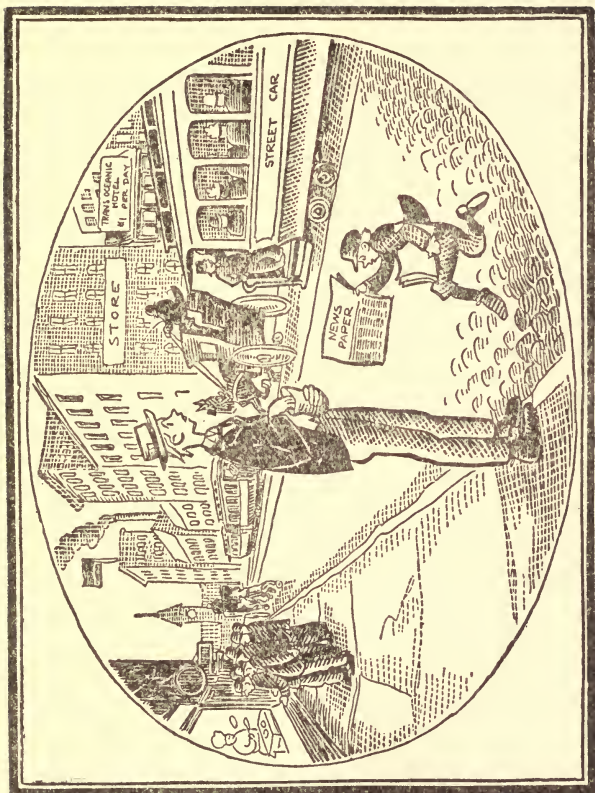
Also there was the Grass Widow who remembered her Husband's Name but had mislaid the Address.

Also the Old Boarder who was always under the influence of Pepsin. He would come down to Breakfast wearing the Hoof Marks of a Nightmare 17 Hands high and holler about the Food and tell the Young Lawyer how you can't believe anything you see in the Papers.

Also there was a young man employed in a Furniture Store who knew that he could put W. S. Hart on the Tobog if he ever got a whack at the Pictures.

So the Astute Reader will understand that this was a sure-enough Boarding House.





DISSENT

*He went up to the City to attend a Law School*

Ranse could have stood for the Intellectual Entertainment if there had been a little more doing in the Food Line.

Instead of stacking it up on the Table and giving a Signal to pitch in, the Refined Lady had it brought on in stingy little Dabs by several Beautiful Heir-esses who hated to hold Converse with Ordinary Mortals.

About the time that Ranse, with the Farm Appetite, began to settle down to Business he would notice all the other People rolling up the Red Napkins and trying to get them into the Rings.

If he kept on eating after that, they would give him the frigid Optic.

Cereals were strongly featured at this polite Prunery.

Ransom, while employed on the Farm, had often mixed up Chop Feed and Bran for the Shoats and Yearlings but he never thought he would come down to Eating it himself.

Another Strong Card was a Soup that was quite Pale and had a couple of Vermicelli swimming around in it.

And every Tuesday they served Dried Currants with Clinkers in them.

Before Ranse had been against the Health Food Proposition many Moons he began to hanker for the yellow-legged Plymouth Rocks, the golden Butter and the Kind of Milk that gushes from old Bossy.

Still, he figured that as soon as he got into Practice

and began to connect with the Currency he could shake the Oatmeal Circuit and move up to an A 1 Hotel.

Like all the other Country Boys of the Story Books, Ransom made a Ten-Strike in the City.

He worked 18 hours per and in Due Time he was taken into the Firm and stopped shaving his Neck and wore Pajamas instead of a balloon-shaped Nightie.

Then he moved into a Hotel that had \$40,000 worth of Paintings on the First Floor, so that no one had a right to kick even if the Push-Button failed to work. All the Furniture was Louie Something.

You take an ex-Farm-Hand and let him sit in a Gold Chair (with a Satin Monogram that is too Nice to lean against) and you can see at a Glance that he is sure Enjoying himself.

Ranse now began to go against the *à la carte*.

The Menu was composed by a temperamental Chef. For Fear that People might find Fault with the Food, he always smothered it over with Allamagoo.

Ranse began to find out that Goulash meant Boiled Dinner with Perfumery added and also there were seven different names for Hash.

The only thing that saved it from being regular Hash was the Piece of Lemon Peel tucked on the Side.

Ranse was not very hoochie for the French Cooking.

Sometimes he would find himself Chicken-Hungry and he would order what he thought was Chicken and he would get a half-section of cold-storage Poulet with a neat Ruffle around the Ankle and an Olive reposing on the Chest.

If he ordered Ice Cream he got something that looked like a Sample Paper-Weight from the Quarries at Bedford, Indiana.

And the Buckwheat Cakes! They looked like Doilies and tasted like Blotters.

And the Demi-Tasse is an Awful Joke to spring on the man who wants a Cup of Coffee!

Things appeared to be coming very Soft for Ranse and yet that which he wanted most of all he could not get.

He recalled the Happy Days of Bean Soup and Punkin Pie and Cottage Cheese.

Time and again he would see one of these Old Friends on a Score-Card in a Restaurant and he would order it and get some Fake Imitation with Smilax on the Outskirts.

Often he would go to Banquets that cost as much as Ten a Throw. He would dally with Fish that had Glue Dressing on top of it and Golf Balls lying alongside.

He would tackle Punch that had Hair Tonic as a Base.

Then the Petrified Quail and the Cheese that should have been served in 1884.

After Ransom had insulted his Digestive Appara-

tus for many years with the horrible Concoctions of the Gents' Café he resolved to go back to his Native Town and visit some of his Blood Relations so that he could get at least one more crack at real American Chow.

He wrote that he was coming and his Kin became greatly Agitated.

"Our celebrated Cousin, the Hon. Ransom Peabody, is coming to visit us," they said. "We must make unusual Preparations to receive the big Battle-Ship. He is Rich and High-Toned and has been living at one of those \$12-a-Day Palaces and we must cut a big Melon when he comes. He is accustomed to City Grub and we must not insult him with ordinary Provender."

So they began framing up Dishes out of a Subscription Cook-Book purchased the year before from a Lady with Gold Glasses.

The Hon. Ransom arrived late one Evening and all Night he lay awake in the Spare Bed-Room gloating over the Prospect of a Home Breakfast.

"Me for the Sausage Cakes with the good old Sage rubbed into them," said Ranse. "I will certainly show the Buckwheats how to take a Joke and the way I dip into that Coffee will be a Caution. And mebbe I won't go to those Eggs direct from the Hen!"

He arose early but had to wait two hours. As he was from the City, the Family had postponed Breakfast until 9 o'clock.

When he faced up to the Table he was Wolfish.

First they gave him Grape Fruit with Cologne in the Hollow Places.

Then the Finger Bowl with the cute Rose Leaves floating idly on the dimpled Surface.

Then a dainty Lamb Chop with an ornamental Fence around it and a sweet little cup of Cocoa in the China that Uncle Henry bought at the World's Fair.

Then French Toast and *Eggs à la Gazaza*, with Christmas Trees stuck in them.

Fine!

The Hon. Ransom arose and spilled a few Lamentations, thereby getting in wrong.

Before he went home he did manage to get a little real Eating but every one said he was very Eccentric to prefer Fried Mush to Waldorf Salad.

*Moral: Hurry up and get it before we become entirely Civilized.*

## THE FABLE OF THE INSIDE INFO

**A**FTER a certain Buck had collected his Inheritance he got it into the Acorn that each Tract of Ground with a High Fence around it, a row of Stalls, a decorative Club House, a Grand Stand and - a Paddock opening to an Ellipse of beaten Dirt, was operated as a Gift Enterprise.

For instance, he knew that if Jiminetti ran third to Minnie McGee and Kidney Stew at Pimlico on a slow Track with a bad Start, carrying 118 Pounds and a Stable-Boy up, then it was a mortal Pipe that he could whistle in at Jamaica on a fast Footing, carrying 98 and piloted by Skinks Googan, especially after being clocked three mornings by the Rail-Birds and breezing it in 1:42.

Up at Matteawan all the upholstered Apartments are taken by Ex-Plungers who can hand out the same line of Twitter for Hours at a time.

Every morning the faithful Stude would analyze the Form-Sheet and go back into History until he had a Line on the Performances of every Goat from the cradle up.

Before the first Bugle sounded he was through the Wicket and whispering with some Wise Bird who had

collected all the Ingredients of a Successful Career except a little Working Capital.

No sooner were the Odds marked than this young Napoleon, upon whom had fallen the Mantle of Pittsburgh Phil, would begin shooting Holes in every Book that showed itself.

He surely knew how to throw a Scare into the Gams.

After he had backed his Judgment through a 30-day Meet, he ran across an ancient Sport who asked him how he seemed to check up on the whole Campaign.

"I think I'm about even," replied the Sure-Thing Specialist.

"Dear me!" commented the Ancient Sport. "Is it as bad as that?"

*Moral: In the Summer Months you can't trust even a Horse.*



## THE FABLE OF ALL THAT TRIANGLE STUFF

ONCE there was a heavy-draft Employee named Joe.

He came direct from the Stubble to a large Mercantile Plant.

All of the Hall Dancers employed in the Department with Joe regarded him as Mush-Head because he stuck around Over-Time.

He was a good deal of a Swozzie but when the Lean years came and some one had to be dropped through the Hatch-Way, old moonfaced Joe got his Promotion just when the wise Jimmies got the Sidewalk.

Joe had Plans and they were founded on the most orthodox Dope.

He knew that every Man salted away the Kopecks so that he could provide a Home for an adult Female with respectable Connections.

He understood that he would be expected to supply a Piano and Canary for his Woman and lay by enough Real Estate so that, after he had been buried by the Odd Fellows, the Family would continue to have Leg of Lamb every Thursday.

Joe lived at a Cold-Storage Dispensary in the ex-Home of an ex-Aristocrat for ex-Residents of the Tall Timothy.

His Alphabet Soup and Bread Pudding were dropped in front of him by the Landlady's Daughter, whose name was Effie and who weighed close on to 135 pounds.

Effie was just at the Age when a Girl has to be Deformed to prevent her from being a fairly Good Looker.

To the unsophisticated Joseph, who had just clumb out of a Hay Mow, she looked like a Combination of Geraldine Farrar in the last Act and Lillian Russell at the age of 17.

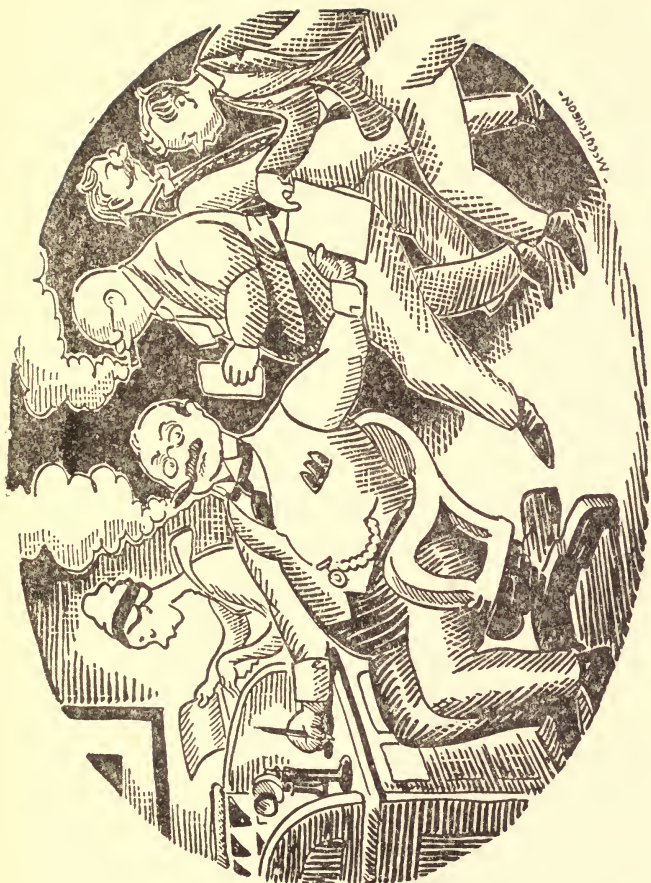
Joe looked to her like a Bushel of Oats until he began to pull down at the Works, when she and her Maw suddenly sat up and exchanged Glances and fell to the Fact that they were harbouring a Live One.

Joe and Effie were married by a cute little Minister and they began the long Hike with the Understanding that she had stepped out from her Station in Life and conferred some kind of precious Boon on the poor Goof.

Inasmuch as Joe had a Berth with a large and growing Concern, and Effie had been accustomed to do up the Dishes every Evening, he might have done her a lot of Good by tipping it off to her that she was getting no worse than an Even Break.

But Joe never held out for that Fifty-Fifty Clause. He was willing to let it go Ninety-Ten.

He said repeatedly that he was the luckiest Lad in all the World and Effie believed him and began to order Garments with wide, ornamental Edges.



*Joe had a Berth with a large and growing Concern*

Joe was strong for that old line of Honey-Drip about the Sturdy Oak and the Clinging Vine.

He believed that every Man was put on Earth to be a Getter for the Mother of his Children, whether they had any or not.

Effie used him as a sort of Derrick for lifting Obstacles out of her Pathway.

He was what any Public Utilities Company would call the Trouble Man.

In Military Parlance, he was expected to Fire and Fall Back.

This Arrangement just suited him. He considered it a privilege to be the Typical American Husband.

Joe did not know that in Germany the Frau carries the Bundles and walks about ten feet behind her beautiful scar-faced Otto.

He would have pitied the Slave of the Orient who keeps the Flies away from her Lord and Master while he is sneaking a Siesta.

He began to take Orders before they were twenty feet from the Altar and when they moved into the Flat she had him so Buffaloeed he was afraid to step on a Rug without getting a Permit.

It was Hard Lines for Effie, sitting in the little old Apartment for Hours at a Stretch wearing principally a Kimono and a lot of Talcum Powder and reading Books that were touted to her by the Lady across the Hallway.

Effie was stealthily approaching the Realm of Literature by way of the Best Sellers.

Up to the time she left the Beanery she was never sure of Anything unless she saw it in the Evening Paper, but before she had been in the Apartment a year she began to have Culture Pains.

She had read a Million Pages of Slushmagush about strikingly handsome Devils with long Eye-Lashes and Tremolo Voices. They were a good deal different from that which she had Married, consequently she was much given to lowering the Volume and emitting a deep Sigh.

The Matinees and Recitals and the Daylight Round-Ups of the Wide-Eyed Women were simply Pie for Effie.

She had Bushels of Time, because Joe had employed a combination Door-Opener and Dish-Breaker and begged her to let the Girl do the Hard Work.

Effie's most important Occupation was to employ the Time provided by Joe in learning to be so Intellectual and Artistic that her Husband looked like a Mackerel alongside of her.

Fortunately, Joe's Income grew with her expanding Ambitions, so that after she had been a Bird in the Gilded Cage for Five years, she had two Servants in addition to the Nurse for Gwendolyn, and was pulling Dinner Parties and getting next to a lot of Interesting People who had Done Things.

It never occurred to her that Joe was among those who had shown Class.

He had come in from the Provinces, unaccompanied by any Pull, and had simply bucked his way to Advancement.

If a Fellow stays in the Country long enough before coming to the City, he gets to be such a Gaffer that his Early Habits cling to him and he doesn't know any better than to work every Day from Sun-up to Sun-down.

It was so with Joe. He simply ate that Work thing.

Up to the time he closed his Desk every Day he was a Loud Noise but when he stepped out of the Lift in the Rosalina Apartment Building he had died away to a Whisper.

He was merely the Provider for what was getting to be an awful nifty Establishment.

He was the Auto Truck that brought up the Supplies to the Commander-in-Chief.

He was an imperfect Specimen of the Inferior Sex that she had heard so much about at the Lectures.

When he put on his Open Front he looked like an Extra Waiter at a Banquet costing a Dollar a Plate.

Plank him down at a flower-laden Table with a bevy of those who exchange their Conversation for Something to Eat and he was simply Present but not Voting.

He edged toward the Hay at 9 P.M. unless intercepted.

No wonder that the Lady who now signed herself Evaleen Frisbie Pilkins regarded him as a Mutt and

often blamed him for hanging the Pilkins on to her and handicapping a Career.

She could not help but compare him with Mr. Williston Fosbrook, with whom she was Tea-Carousing several times a week.

Mr. Fosbrook had inherited just enough Income to keep him in Shredded Wheat and White Neckties, so he was around declaiming against Materialism.

He was a Great Hand for reading Papers to the emancipated Suffs and sometimes they would almost get what he was Handing Out.

Mr. Williston Fosbrook was everything that Joe was not, which is a Compliment or vice versa, much depending on where you happen to be Standing at the Time.

He was a Beetle on the kind of Music that put Joe to Sleep.

His Execution was a bit wabby but he could sit up to the Piano and Vamp and Four-Flush and Stall around the Outskirts of Peer Gynt until all of the Claires and Elaines wanted to go up and lean on his Shoulder and Sob.

Mr. Fosbrook was an Almost.

Between Macaroons he could dismiss, by a Wave of the Hand, nine-tenths of the Modern Painters and all of the Popular Novelists.

He was a Cream Puff that should have been served Day before Yesterday.

He was a Tulip that has remained in the Florist's window over Sunday.





*He was a Great Hand for reading Papers to the emancipated Suffs and sometimes  
they would almost get what he was Handing Out*



Joe got his Number the first time he caught him hanging around and classed him as an Unfortunate Incident, the same as a Smoky Flue or a busted Water Pipe.

Joe had heard of Home-Wreckers but he was willing to take a Chance on a Male Nanny who carried the Handkerchief under the Cuff.

While Old Reliable was down at the Office trying to steal enough Dough to keep Dearie in Society, the Trouble-Maker was up at the Apartment, smoking Joe's 30-cent Brevas and telling Mrs. Pilkins that she was In Wrong.

That Sympathy Gag will get to any one, especially on the Off Day when the most loyal Wife wonders if she wouldn't have done better by waiting a few Weeks and taking another Look around.

Mr. Fosbrook had Effie convinced that she was a composite of Madame de Stael, Joan of Arc, and Carrie Chapman Catt, condemned to a sodden Existence with One who preferred Cohan to Ibsen.

One day when the True Friend had Condoled until she was sniffing on the Verge of Hysteria, Joe walked in on them and wanted to Know what was the whole Idea.

Mr. Fosbrook established a couple of New Records in getting the Hat and finding the Street Exit.

Effie erupted and told All.

She said she had Aspirations moving around inside of her and her super-sensitive Nature rebelled at

the Thought of continuing to live in a mere Doll's House.

She suggested that in the great Shake-Up of Destiny, possibly it never had been meant that she and Joe were to be Soul-Mates.

She spoke of Companionship based upon kindred Emotional Responses.

Joe listened hard but he fumbled most of her Punts.

When she slipped him the moldy one about every Woman having a Right to live her Life in her own Way, he missed a Swell Opening.

He might have hinted that up to the Time he lassoed her in the Food Bazaar she was getting her Wish, but he didn't care to Start Anything.

Joe was up against the Triangle.

Usually it consists of two Women and a Man or two Men and a Woman; but this time the Lay-Out was a Producer, an Onion and a plump Lady who had gone in too heavily for Marshmallows and New Thought.

Joe had not studied the Spicy Drama and did not know how to proceed according to well-known Formulas.

So he did not upbraid the Woman in the Case until she writhed among the Rugs.

Neither did he lure the Destroyer to a Private Apartment and cut him into Cubes, which the same is being done in Latin Countries.

Joe was slow but Cooney. He had not operated

in the hard-faced world of Barter and Gain all these years without learning to be somewhat of a Weasel.

He told his Partner that if she wanted to call all Bets off and declare a new Book, he would be Game and never Cheep.

He still loved her and wanted to keep on paying her Bills but if she insisted on a Decree, she was the Doctor.

Only, he said, it would be advisable for the Genius to get together the Price of an Oil Stove and a couple of Chairs before taking over somebody else's Wife.

Then he hunted up Mr. Fosbrook and told him to stop trembling and there wouldn't be any Scandal.

The great Wrong which he (Joe) had committed, when he dragged Effie out of the Pantry, would be righted just as soon as the Future Husband had a Bank Roll that could stand up when Wife began reading the Ads in the Paper.

Joe had no real Intention of cutting loose.

Effie might throw an occasional Tantrum and even get chunky around the Waist-Line and show a Chin, but she was his for Keeps.

Joe was a One-Woman Specialist. There are a few of them left.

The poor left-handed Loon had tried to compete with Mr. Williston Fosbrook in the Fields of Literature, Music, Art and low-grade Parlour Bunk and he had Died standing up.

His only chance was to enter Mr. Fosbrook in

some Event which would reveal the Lady's Pet as a False Alarm.

So he induced Mr. Fosbrook to Invest and Promote.

He put the Neophyte into a couple of Good Things and had him Money-Mad in less than no time. It never failed yet.

After Mr. Fosbrook had been made Director of a Company, because of his Social Prominence, Joe gave him a quiet Steer.

"If you wear the Morning Coat and Orchid, and that narrow white Hickey inside the Vest, and the Tortoise-Shell Specs with Ribbon attached, and the Spats, and the Hair draping the Collar, all the other Directors will look at you askance and not let you in on the Dividends," said Joe. "If you are crafty you will lay off the Low Comedy Effects for a while and be a regular Human Being."

So Mr. Fosbrook put on Citizen's Clothes and had his hair cut, after which he looked like a Salesman in the Shoe Department. When the notorious High Brow got into a Norfolk Jacket and a spotted Four-in-hand and the ordinary \$10 Lid that can be purchased for \$5 anywhere except on the Avenue, he lost all Charm, all Distinction—all of that elusive and intangible Somethingness which differentiates the Early Rose from the Early Rose Potato. In other words an Author is an Author until he starts out to be a Captain of Industry.

He went to see Effie and tell her that he had braved Public Opinion and gone into Trade.

Effie took one look at him and told him he was Wrong. He had not gone into Trade. He had gone into the Discard.

*Moral: Many an Aviator would look foolish Sawing Wood.*

THE FABLE OF THE BRAND THAT WAS PLUCKED  
AND GOT COLD

ONCE there was an Almost-Genius named Swivvleton J. Flegbie.

He would have been World's Champion of the Intellectual Heavy-Weights if he had worn Ear-Muffs.

At least, that is what everyone said.

Any time Swiv got an Invite, he was at the Listening Post, accompanied by one Thirst.

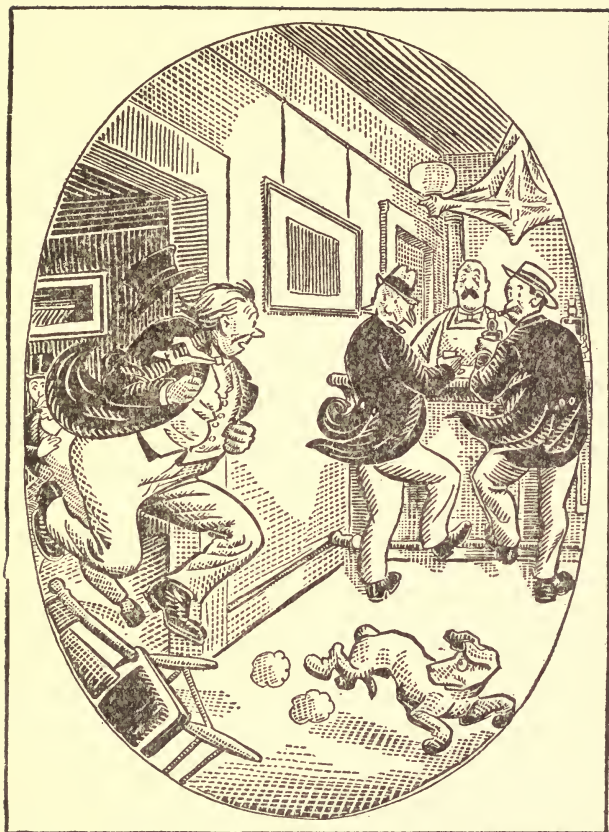
If a Benefactor in the adjoining Room said in a Stage Whisper: "Will you pour a slight Libation on the Altar of Friendship?" Mr. Flegbie, 40 Feet away and with a Partition between, always spoke up and said: "Excuse me if I don't refuse."

When a Bell tapped, he was there ahead of the Waiter.

By working the soft Routes and telling a Story when it came his turn to Purchase, he was under Full Sail by 10 o'clock every Morning, with all Flags set and the Band playing.

He was a brilliant Orator, even when Corned.

His Friends knew that if he could side-step the Red Stuff he would prove to be a peerless Combination of Daniel Webster, Demosthenes and William Jennings Chautauqua.



MCCUTCHEON

If a Benefactor in the adjoining Room said in a Stage Whisper, "Will you pour a slight Libation on the Altar of Friendship?" Mr. Flegbie, 40 feet away and with a Partition between, always spoke up and said: "Excuse me if I don't refuse"

He put across many a cute Business Deal even when he was primed to the Key-Hole.

"If we could just get him on the Lithia," said all of his Acquaintances, "he would soon throw a cloud of Dust over Mr. Stettinius of the House of Morgan."

Even the Ladies conceded that, although he might be lit up like an Elks' Carnival, he had a certain Charm of Manner and a rare touch of the Savoir Faire, with the accent on the "Salve."

At last the Town in which he lived went dryer than Death Valley.

The Buyers ceased to Buy and the Ice Picks were hammered into Knitting Needles.

The many Admirers of Old Fleg predicted that at last he would emerge from the Alcoholic Mists and stand forth, radiant in the Sunlight of Sobriety.

He stood forth, but he didn't seem to Radiate.

He could not even Ignite.

He was a Twin-Six, but he was missing on 11 Cylinders.

After fooling them for Years, it was now revealed that his rightful Occupation was to chisel Epitaphs on Head-Stones.

So the Legislature was petitioned to make an Exception in his Case and let him tune up every Afternoon.

His Neighbours explained that they wanted to become Acquainted with him again.

*Moral: One man's Poison Ivy is another Fellow's Spinach.*



THE FABLE OF THE CIVIC IMPROVER AND THE  
CUSTOMARY REWARD

**M**R. FOSTER plugged for the Common Weal.  
He was strong for that Brotherhood of  
Man Stuff.

He was Considerable Uplifter.

The Day was counted lost whose low-descending  
Sun saw nothing put over for the Betterment of the  
race.

Inasmuch as Mr. Foster lived in a mildewed Set-  
tlement that needed a good many Things, including  
some first-class Funerals, his Assignment was no  
Farina.

For every Pansy in this Conservative Town there  
were 14 Rutabagas.

You Know—the Cracker and Milk Buddies who  
shave their own Necks.

Good Moral Men who needed the Vacuum Cleaner.

Mr. Foster's Ambition was to shoot a little Tab-  
asco into all the Amoses and Ezras and get them to do  
something for their Home Town.

He had a gaudy Chance.

When a Piece of Money ran up against one of these  
Wads, it said Good-by to the Vain World for quite a  
Spell.

Mr. Foster was always on his Toes, shouting, "Come on, Fellows!"

But the Slackers and Drifters and Side-Steppers, and those who were Lamé above the Neck-Band, and the dark-minded Doubters, and the Swabs who were willing to let Well Enough Alone did not rally to the Call with any degree of Ginger.

They had to be Pushed.

Mr. Foster ever and anon brought out a new assortment of Propaganda and started some kind of a Campaign.

One of the best Stunts he supervised was for the Manicuring and Talcum Powdering of the Town.

He kept at the City Fathers until they gave him an Ordinance requiring every Householder to tidy up the Alley and chop down the Weeds and plant Forget-Me-Nots around the Garbage Can.

In a short time some of the leading Political Economists and Believers in Infant Damnation were being chivied by the Police.

Probably 70 per cent. of the Population thought that Clean-Up Week was a Grand Idea but the other 30 put the Boob's Curse on the Instigator and bawled him out as a Blamed Nuisance.

It was the same when he began to Vox Populi the Newspapers and demand a new Palais de Justice.

Long, mournful Howls began to float in from the Rural Districts when the Bond Issue was proposed.

It required years of Nagging, but now the County

has an imposing Edifice of Stone with a Precinct Captain looking out of every Window.

The Building is surmounted by a gilded Weather Vane and a Debt about the size of the Belgian Indemnity.

It was a proud day for Mr. Foster and all of the Paupers when the Corner-Stone was laid.

Every one seemed to be elated except the Tax-Payers.

You should have seen the streets of Nubbinville before Mr. Foster circulated his Petitions.

The Residence District looked ever so flossy after Mr. Foster got through with it but those who had to unbelt for the Special Assessments left a trail of Blood out of the Treasurer's Office.

Mr. Foster was one of those nervous Fuss-Budgets.

He seemed to think he was wasting Time unless he could throw a Spasm.

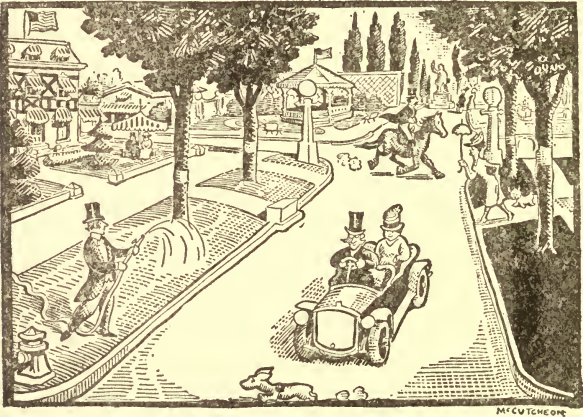
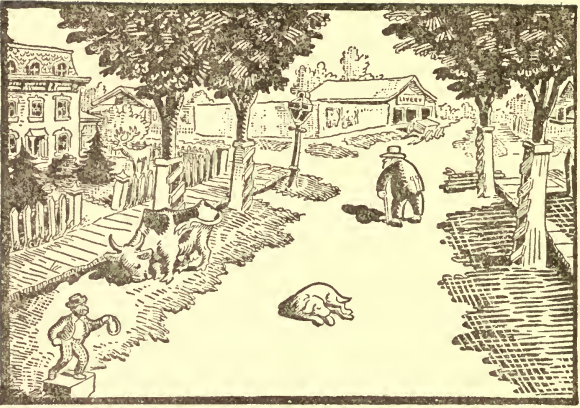
For him Life was just one Quiver after another.

He would stand at the Corner of 4th and Main, day after day, with his Hands on his Hips, and look in four Directions and try to think of some new way of jacking up old Sleepy Hollow.

It was Our Hero who delivered the grand Coup de Swat to the Gin Palaces.

He put the Town so Dry that even a Stranger had some trouble in finding a Cold One lying on a piece of Ice.

Mr. Foster was no Bigot. He could do a little mopping up on the Quiet but he considered the



*The Residence District looked ever so flossy after Mr. Foster got through with it, but those who had to unbelt for the Special Assessments left a trail of Blood out of the Treasurer's office*

Saloon an Evil Influence for everyone except Himself.

The Local Option Hurrah no sooner got under way than Brother Foster was right at the Head of the Push chewing a Clove and beating a Drum.

Where once the Beer Garden smiled, the Aerodome gave 90 minutes of Movie Mush for the small sum of One Dime.

Traveling Men hated to Sunday in the Town and the Working Classes were very sober and unhappy.

When the buzzing Benefactor flopped Demon Rum to the sward, with both shoulders down and then sat on him, Sister Crusinberry, Sister Hackleforth and Sister Frothingham all gave him the Chau-tauqua Salute and said that wasn't he a Nice Man.

He was Aces and Eights with the female Vigilantes until he braved Public Opinion and gave a Position in his Office to a comely Grass Widow whose Goings-On had caused more or less Whispering.

Mr. Foster took the Advanced Stand that a Single Married Woman had to keep on paying her Board, even if she had played Tag with one or two of the minor Commandments.

But the leafy Avenues of Nubbinville sheltered many Ladies who never had Sinned or been Urged.

Their idea of keeping the Town free from Scandal was to condemn all Joy-Riders to Boiling Oil.

An Actor getting \$150 a Week and made up around the Eyes can help an Unfortunate who has stubbed her Toe and get away with it.

A good many things that look Reasonable on the Stage cannot be put across in a Real Estate Office.

Mr. Foster was Humane and hated to see a Blonde starve to Death.

She was more of a Blonde than a Typist but she would spell a Word right every once in a While and she was grateful.

Mr. Foster carried an Approving Conscience but he certainly crabbed his Rating with Sister Crusinberry and Sister Hackleforth and Sister Frothingham.

They had nothing on him but in any Town where the Volunteer Detectives are well organized, a lack of Evidence never yet headed off Free Discussion.

They could not get his Number, so instead of giving him a Clean Bill they decided that he was a Fox.

Just while all the pious Maudes and Myrtles were taking a Hack at him, he broke out in a New Place and got on the trail of the Gamblers.

Up certain dim Stairways were so-called Clubs.

Each of these Social Organizations consisted principally of an Ice-Box and a Kitty.

Many Citizens who had been entirely surrounded by purifying Influences for years seemed to prefer these Joints to Prayer Meetings and Lectures.

They sat in several Nights a week.

The Marks were all trying to catch Even and the Sharks were all trying to get More.

Mr. Foster learned that several of his Neighbours, who played Hope against Experience, were feeding

in the Coin that their poor Wives needed for High Shoes and Mesh Bags.

Once more he took down the Big Stick and went after Satan. Some of our Fellow-Beings who have really useful Moments and many Attributes to differentiate them from the Brute Creation, still have the Idea firmly set in their Cokes that running a Whizzer or whooping before the Draw is a legitimate Pastime and Nobody's Business, except the Ike that gets hooked.

When Mr. Foster ordered them to close up their little Side Rooms and take down the Curtains and spend their Evenings with the Children, they told him to loosen his Surcingle and go and take a long breezy Gallop for himself.

Never yet had St. George laid down to a Dragon.

The fact that Prominent Merchants were playing them close every Night, with most of their Clothes off and their Galluses down, did not flutter the scales of Justice or cut any Lemons with Mr. Foster.

When a real Progressive gets into a delirium of House Cleaning, he would send his own Brother-in-law to the Chair.

The Nonpareil Pleasure Club, where the Deuces run wild and the extra Joker helps to complicate Guess Work, was right in the Shank of a delightful Evening when the Big Bomb fell in the Trench.

The District Manager of a Life Insurance Company was about to tilt Mr. Purvis, the Hardware Man (the one who organized the Boy Scouts), when



in stepped the professional Nemesis and a regiment of Cops.

The Members were peeved beyond Expression.

A good many of them seemed to think that if you own Stock in a National Bank you can't be Pinched.

When you take a Man of Family, who has Credit at all the Shops and some Drag in Society, and give him a step-along into the Blue Wagon, you are simply advertising for Trouble.

What cared Fearless Foster?

Every time he heard the Bugle sound and saw a dangerous Task ahead, he began to heave under the Vest and his Temperature went to 109.

Little Knots of Men stood about and discussed the Outrage.

If a Trusty Leader had offered himself it would have been a Case of Away to the Blasted Oak and a limp Form dangling in the Moonlight.

The Moral Element stood by the Busy little Reformer, except those whose Relatives were pulled.

If you will visit the nifty Burg of Nubbinville, you will find the Y. M. C. A. established in a scrumptious Home and a modern Hospital in one of the quiet Suburbs.

Mr. Foster always maintained that a Resident should not be compelled to go away from home to get Salvation or have his Appendix removed, so he maced the Misers and made them Dig.

Did the Promoter enhance his personal Popularity by shaking down the Skinflints?



Oh, possibly not! When he started up Street with a Subscription Blank, he was just as popular as Spinal Meningitis.

It seems inevitable that when a spotless Benefactor starts out to disinfect the Universe, he must butt into Politics sooner or later.

Mr. Foster was given to panting deeply because the Plain People were being thimble-rigged and hornswaggled and shortchanged by the beetle-browed Bosses and their hungry Hirelings.

If Mr. Foster had stood on any Public Thoroughfare and checked off the Plain People as they moped by, he would have noted that they were not very deep behind the Ears or gleamy in the Eyes.

The Plain People are worth dying for until you bunch them and give them the cold Once-Over, and then they impress the impartial Observer as being slightly Bovine, with a large Percentage of Vegetable Tissue.

The Cleanser and Sterilizer did not need the Salary and he was all booked up with his own Plans, but when he put his Ear to the Ground and heard the imaginary Cry for Help from thousands of lowly Plebes who were getting the short end of every Divvy, he said it was a time for Sacrificial Devotion, so he came out as a Candidate for the Legislature.

His Card appeared in the Evening Paper, and early next Morning earnest Men might have been seen bending over Grindstones and sharpening up their Snickersnees.

Mr. Foster thought he was Popular because he had been Militant, Constructive, and Altruistic.

The poor Simp had not made a Close Study of the Average Citizen who wears a  $6\frac{1}{2}$  Hat and likes to Whittle, or he would have known that the popular Johnny is one who never stirs up the Animals.

Among the Managers of the Party Machine were many Ex-Barkeeps, former Poker Players, perjuring Tax Dodgers, and amateur High Binders who had been waiting for years to take a Punch at the lily-white Samaritan.

They passed the word out to the Rough Necks and when the Convention Assembled, it promptly nominated for the Legislature a two-fisted Hick who raised Bull Dogs for a Living.

Mr. Foster saw that the Will of the People had been thwarted by secret Maneuvers of the corrupt Leaders.

He decided it was about time for some one to put a Crimp in the professional Yeggmen, so he came out, as bold as you please, and announced himself as an Independent Candidate.

His Dope was that the Sovereign Voters would scan his Record and find that he had been in the forefront of every Movement for the Common Good and then rush to his support *En Masse*.

It is quite true that the Citizens got a line on his Past Performances, and this is what the Investigation netted him:

Sixty per cent. of the Residents remembered with

gratitude his efforts to clean up the overgrown Village. The other forty still nursed a Grudge.

Perhaps 30 per cent. of the Male Population continued to dream of the Happy Days—Right Foot on the Rail, Cheese Sandwich in left Mitt, a Scuttle in the Right.

At last they were to have a chance to throw the Boots into the Gink who had driven them out into the Desert to die of Thirst.

Did the Poker Players and their Friends circulate quietly and do any Rapping? Possibly they influenced only about 10 per cent. of the Electors, but they certainly lined up the Sporting Element.

The Lady Pinkertons had not forgotten about the Hussy who worked in the Office.

A good many of them told their Husbands not to shame the Sons and Daughters by voting for a Satyr.

Inasmuch as these same Husbands were already sore at Mr. Foster on three or four outside Counts, and a little Jealous on account of the Blonde, the Women had no trouble in organizing about 15 per cent. of the Registered Voters on the Moral Issue alone.

Estimating that Mr. Foster had offended 30 per cent. of the Citizens by his demand for Street Improvements, 60 per cent. by his Agitation for a new Court House, 15 or 20 per cent. by his Sandbagging for the Y. M. C. A. and Hospital, and possibly 25 per cent. more by various Activities scattered over a

period of Years, one has only to step to the Adding Machine and do a little Finger Work to discover that Mr. Foster's name was Dennis X. Mud with about 240 per cent. of the highminded Peers to whom he had entrusted his Cause.

When the Returns were all in, the man who had converted Nubbinville from a Mud Puddle to a Beauty Spot looked at the Figures and decided that he had been running on the Prohibition Ticket.

Did he become embittered and rave about being Knifed by those whom he had pulled out of the Ditch?

Not-a-tall.

He simply said, "Oh, Scissors!" and took a Vacation.

Turning the Business over to a pet Nephew, he moved out to a Bungalow near the Country Club which he had forced on the reluctant Community.

After saving Humanity for Years, he took off his Soldier Clothes and enlisted for a never-ending Battle with Colonel Bogey.

Once in a while the Town needs some one to grab hold and organize Public Sentiment and get Results.

The Committee which has been named for that Purpose gets together.

The Members sit around a Table and look at each other, benumbed and helplesslike, just as sprightly as a Congress of Jelly Fish.

They know that they need a Pace-Maker with Pep and Ideas, and they long for the friendly Aid



*When the Returns were all in, the man who had converted Nubbinville from a Mud Puddle to a Beauty Spot looked at the Figures and decided that he had been running on the Prohibition Ticket*

of good old Foster, the Guy that they Harpooned in 18 different Places.

Sometimes they ask him to come back and be the Village Patsy once more, but he nearly always has an Engagement with the Pro to go out on the Course and overcome a Slice.

*Moral: If you have to be Burned at the Stake, be a Good Fellow and collect your own Fire-Wood.*

## THE FABLE OF ALMOST GETTING BACK TO NATURE

**M**R. AND MRS. FORTESCUE motored to their Camp up in the Wilderness.

The Corps of Servants and a vast Cargo of Supplies preceded by Rail.

That is, they were supposed to precede by Rail, but a Bridge burned and the Streak of Rust that wound through the Woods and up into the Hills went Blooey.

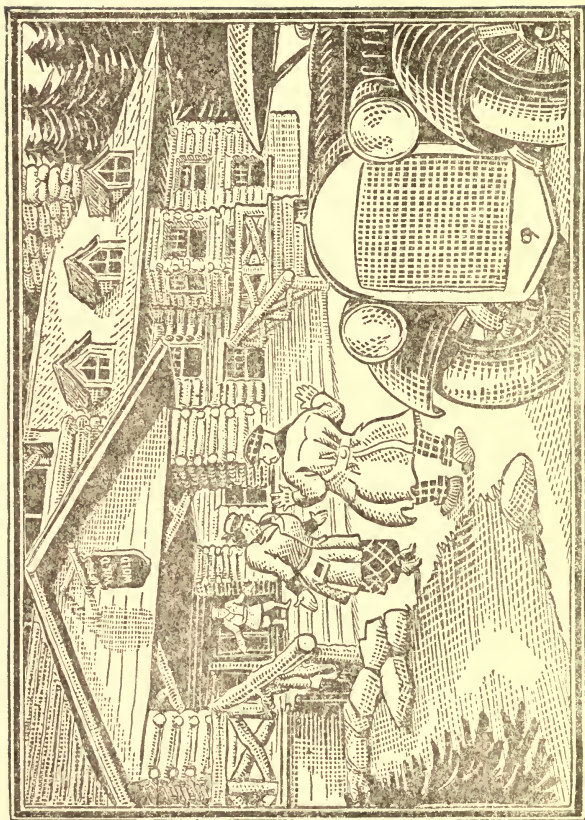
So the First Cook and the Second Cook and the Door-Opener and the Superintendent of Collar-Buttons and the Feather-Duster Twins and the imported Hair-Fixer were all laid out at a Whistling Post, miles from their Destination.

They could not get the Terrible News to the Fortescues, because the Latter were off the Earth somewhere, speeding along in the Big Balloon.

Thus it befell that a couple of Fortescues landed in at the gloomy Fortress which some one, in a Spirit of Levity, had labelled a Camp, but no trembling Menials poured forth to meet them.

There they were, Leagues and Leagues from Nowhere, facing the grim Necessity of waiting on themselves.





Thus it befell that a couple of Fortescues landed in the gloomy Fortress which some one, in a Spirit of Levity, had labelled a Camp, but no trembling Menials poured forth to meet them



## ALMOST GETTING BACK TO NATURE 79

They had a Chauffeur with them, but his Contract read that he should drive the Car.

He could not be expected to start the Fires and prepare 8 kinds of Food for every Meal and arrange the Flowers and turn down the Beds and Lay out the Corduroys for Master, because these Duties were outside of his Department.

Now, the Skeleton in Mr. Fortescue's Family Closet was that Grandfather built a Log House with his own Hands.

As for Mrs. Fortescue, it is not generally known that her Mommer was born on a Canal Boat.

Both had tried hard to eradicate all Family Traits and Standardize themselves according to English Models, but they must have made a Mess of the Job.

For Mr. Fortescue found himself out in the Woods collecting Chunks for the Fireplaces, and Mrs. F. began to drag Stuff out of Cedar Chests and run down a Strip of Bacon and bust an Egg into the Coffee, taking it all up just where Ma had left off in 1898, when the first Dividend came in.

They found that they could put Skillets on the Fire rather than starve to Death and, Oh, the Lark they had next morning!

For Mr. Fortescue learned that he could still lace his Shoes, and Mrs. Fortescue was as proud as Punch after combing her own Hair.

It was really a postponed Honeymoon.

After three days they were almost Chummy.

Then the delayed Train pulled in and they had to starch up and Climb back on the Pedestals.

*Moral: Full many a good Farm-Hand is hiding behind a Plaited Shirt.*

## THE FABLE OF THE SPOTLIGHTERS AND THE SPOTTER

ONCE a Traveller arrived at a Cure where the Water of the Healing Springs smelled so awful that the Management felt justified in asking \$10 a Day.

This Traveller was a City Yap, which is worse than being a Begosher, because the R. F. D. Boob usually knows that he is below Par.

The City Yap is a Vertebrate with Shiny Hair, living under the dominion of the Traffic Cops.

He will stand in front of a Window, with others of his Kind, for an Hour at a time, watching a powerful Blonde demonstrate a Fireless Cooker.

When \$100,000,000 gets married to a Title, it is the City Yap who has to be clubbed back by the Police so that the Bride can get her Purchase into the Sanctuary.

When Jack Dempsey or Prince Blozotski arrives by Special Train, the City Yap is the poor Google-Eye that you see standing in the Rain.

He believes that Greatness means having one's Name on the Front Page; consequently it is better to jump off the Williamsburg Bridge than to be an Emeritus Professor at Johns Hopkins.

Perhaps the Reader will ask: "Could a City



*When \$100,000 gets married to a Title, it is the City Yap who has to be clubbed back by the Police so that the Bride can get her Purchase into the Sanctuary*

Yap afford to put up at one of these Ten-a-Day Resorts?"

Listen!

Some of the City Yaps have been to Harvard. They have tailor-made Underwear, Gold Service for Company, De Luxe Editions, Divorce Papers—Everything.

This particular Species of Metropolitan Mokus used to Boast that he could walk into any Hotel and the Clerks would hoist the Flag.

Such a Claim might not seem Portentous to one residing in Grand Island or Waupaca but there are Favoured Spots within the Republic at which being known by the Boys behind the Desk is the very Essence of Fame.

Sure enough, the Lad who gives out the Keys recognized the Traveller and called him by Name and let on as though the Tavern had just opened and here was the first Customer.

After the newly arrived Delegate from the Asphalt Jungles had read a Telegram saying that Frazzingham Preferred had advanced from  $\frac{3}{4}$  to  $\frac{7}{8}$  on a Report that the King of Rumania had received a Letter from the King of Greece, he brushed up a little and then sauntered back to the Bureau of Information and asked the Room Clerk if any one was stopping in the House.

Of course he knew that some 500 Transients of fair Business Standing and the usual Family connections were scattered about the Premises.

When he said "Any One," he meant did they have any one who would get Attention from the Head Waiter Himself.

A true Worshipper of the Exalted Few regards the common Run of Humanity as mere Whitebait. If you wish to hand him a Thrill, you must show him a Tarpon.

"We have so many Stars here that even the Manager is trembling," replied Cuthbert, the refined Room Clerk. "Do you see that Bunch out on the Piazza, taking the Sun? Leave me call them off to you. First, there is Jimmy Hooper, supposed to be the nerviest Plunger on the Exchange. He can lose or win a Million without disturbing the Ash on his Cigarette. He makes all the other High Rollers in the world look like Marble Players. He is King of the Gilt-Edge Gams."

"I have read all about him in the Papers," said the Roof-Garden Rufus.

"Then there is Mr. Hiram Cherrib, who has closed out all his big Interests and puts in his Time endowing Hospitals and slipping Coin to Presbyterian Colleges. He allows that he will shoot every Bean in the old Tin Box and die Poor if he can do good to those that he formerly Did so successfully."

"For years I have yearned to get a peek at Mr. Cherrib," said the Café Habitué.

"And lookie! There is Mrs. Beverly Margrave, often called the uncrowned Empress of the American Hote Mond. You've heard of her!"

"HAVE I?" exclaimed the Bumpkin from the Boulevards.

His Nostrils were quivering.

"She was a Terwhilligus from Baltimore, you may recall. I know People who would give their Eye-Teeth just to have her Insult them. Then they could say they had Met her. Right next to her Nobs is the famous preacher, Rev. Ormsby Toncell. They say he pulls down the biggest Salary and has the swellest lot of Box-Holders of any Parson in this whole Country. Even the English think he's English. He must be a talented Guy, all right!"

"Hardly a week passes but I see an Interview with him," said the Subway Simp.

"As I live and breathe, she's out there, too!" ejaculated the highly intelligent Room Clerk.

"Who?" asked the eager Cosmopolite.

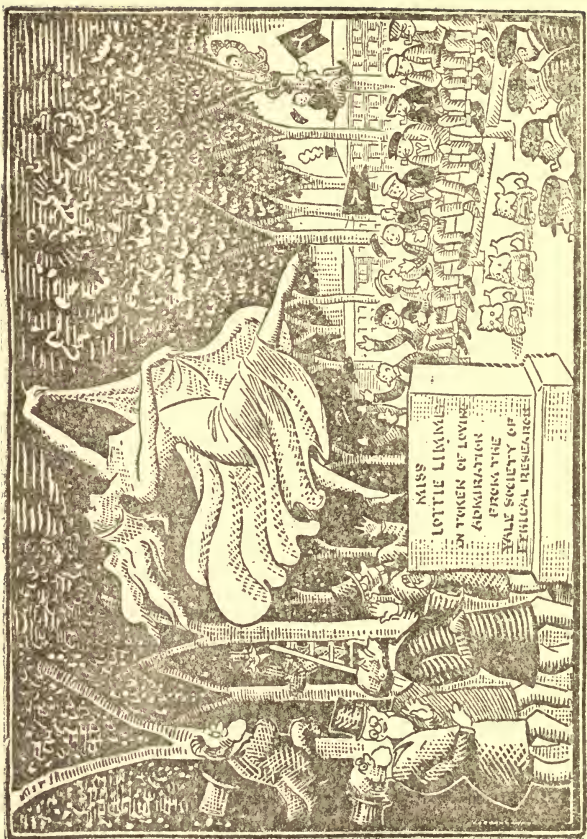
"Lottie Limmel, the big Hit in that new Piece called 'Oh, Lizzie!' You remember—the Police made them change it. She had a Song that caused a Strike in the Orchestra. Some of the Musicians said they had Families."

"I tried to buy Seats"—in a Choking Whisper—"but they were sold out Eight Weeks in advance, and the Speculators asked Ten for Two on the Aisle."

"She is Some Gal. It is reported that they are going to put up a Statue of her at Yale. The Female Party right near her is supposed to be the Richest Woman in the Western Hemisphere."

"You don't mean Jane Plummer, the Widow that





*"She is some Gal. It is reported that they are going to put up a Statue of her at Yale,"*



gets a Full Page in the Sunday Issue every two or three weeks?" asked the City Chap, his Cup of Joy just about ready to slop over.

"None other. I remember reading how much her Income would weigh if she changed it into Nickels. By the way, there's another Big Gun out there. I didn't notice him at first. Probably you've read the Editorial Attacks on Steve Gurney, the Political Boss."

"You don't mean the head of the Venal State Machine, who sits in a Back Room and gives orders to the Legislature and dictates Appointments and pulls all that Coarse Stuff, do you?"

"That's the Bird! I can see that you're well read. They've been trying for Years to get something on him and take his Measure, but he is still riding the Tractor."

"Me to put myself next," said Mr. H. Polloi. "I don't often get a Close-Up of these Immortals, and I'm sure going to Periscope."

So he edged out into the Sunlight and stalked his Prey.

There was one empty Chair right in the thick of the Who's Who, and he nailed it.

Oh, Joy! Oh, Bliss! And a couple of Raptures!

He found himself within smelling-distance of Lottie Limmel, the Forty-Second Street Parisienne. ✓

There was no mistaking the much talked-of Cutie.

If Colours could be converted into Sounds her Costume would have been a Siren Whistle. ✓

She had her Limbs crossed in such a way as to prove that she spared no Expense, but, nevertheless, her Knee-Caps were modestly concealed.

He knew it was She or Her because alongside of the Gay Creature and very Chummy was the famous Wall Street Blokie, Jimmy Hooper, dressed up like a Horse.

Yes, indeed! Shepherd's Plaid, Stripes on the Shirt, and a Bow Tie that looked like a Clot of Blood.

He had "Gambler" placarded all over him.

Our Hero knew that every Soubrette has a Gentleman Broker Friend who gives her Tips on the Market, so that ofttimes she will clean up as much as \$300,000 at a Crack and then send her Mother a Watch.

He knew, because that was the part of the Paper he devoured.

It is easy to get acquainted with an Actress, so in a few minutes George W. Fresh was carrying on with the Footlight Favourite and exchanging Hot Ones with Jimmy the Sport.

Presently the one who had been identified as Steve Gurney, Malefactor and Enemy of the People, edged over with his Rocking Chair and joined in the gay chatter of the Bohemians.

After giving Steve the Up-and-Down, it was easy to believe all that had been printed about him in the Righteous Press.

He was undershot and had Fuzz on the Back of his Hands.

He looked like a Vessel Unloader who had put on a Mail Order Suit in order to attend a Clam Bake.

The sort of Person you wouldn't care to meet in a Lonesome Street on a Rainy Night.

While the Investigator was letting himself go, in the company of these Abandoned Characters, and wondering what the Boys at the Lunch Club would say when he pulled it on them, he sized the other Notables close at hand.

Mrs. Beverly Margrave was perceptibly annoyed by the immediate presence of the *Canaille*, meaning Ordinary Skates.

Her prim but high-priced Suit of Quaker Gray, the chiselled suggestion of Patrician Reserve on her cold features, the wince of Pain and the lifted Eyebrow when Steve Gurney guffawed loudly, and the fact that she was reading George Moore—all these Items meant much to the Observant Traveller.

Why deny Class Distinction when even a Stranger can single out a True Genevieve with Pink Corpuscles?

Near the Queen of the Swagger Set, a pale Gentleman in somber Attire seemed quite lost in contemplation of the hazy Landscape.

He gave no heed to the gabby Groundlings only a few feet away.

He held daintily between the Forefinger and Thumb a White Rose with slender Stem.

At intervals he would lift the gorgeous Bloom to

the Olfactory Orifices and inhale in a conservative manner, closing his Eyes and seeming to pass into a pleasant Trance.

It was a Cinch to place this Party as the Rev. Ormsby Toncell.

The absence of Jewellery, the Ascetic Pallor, the simple adoration of Purity's Emblem—all these bespoke a Nature more Spiritual than Broadway.

Out by the Veranda Rail, seemingly lost in Meditation as he propped his Chin with a Newspaper made into a Roll, sat Horace Cherrib, the foremost Benefactor of his Time.

The City Fellow knew him by the Side Whiskers.

In every Good Show, the Elderly Person with Money who is trying to save some one else from Ruin and bring Happiness to the Deserving carries quite a mess of Ivy in front of each Listener.

Even if there had been no Trade-Marks, it would have been a Pipe to make the eminent Philanthropist.

The Light of Goodness twinkled in his Baby Blue Eyes and a Smile of infinite Kindliness illumined his Handsome Diagram.

He seemed oblivious, detached, quite unaware that others were watching him.

He was planning, dreaming—what? Possibly new Hospitals for the Crippled Children, more Colleges for the Farm Hands.

It was worth a Day's Journey just to sit and look at the great Cherrib.

You may be sure that the Lynx also improved this

Golden Opportunity to get a line on Jane Plummer, the good old Standby of the Sunday Editor.

He knew her by the Ear-Bobs, which were Pearls about the size of Ripe Olives.

He had put in a lot of time studying Price Tags and he judged the Pearls would fetch close to \$50,000 apiece, or \$100,000 for the Two.

But, of course, she could afford it, so it was none of his Business.

Mrs. Plummer, whose Vast Fortune if converted into \$1 Bills and placed End to End would reach from Boston to Omaha, was engaged in some sort of Fancy Work on a Tambourine Frame.

She chatted in a care-free way as her jewelled Fingers plied the busy Needle.

Her remarks were addressed to a timid little Woman in rusty Black, who seemed more or less Cowed, which proved that she must be the hired Companion.

The Boy from the City had learned by a careful course of Reading, while lying in Bed, that every Woman of tremendous Wealth is trailed by a Female Friday who is addressed by her last Name.

He tried to pick out a Label for this Worm and decided that it might be Wiggins or Tubbs.

While he was wallowing in blissful Juxtaposition to the Prominent, some one touched him on the Shoulder.

It was the Room Clerk.

"I am off Watch," said the Employee, "and will take you on for Nine Holes."

Excusing himself from the Musical Comedy Star and the bold Speculator and the unprincipled Corrupter, he started for the Locker Room with Cuthbert, who had put him next to the King Pins.

"You are unquestionably the Child of Fortune," said the Room Clerk. "I take it that Mixer is your Middle Name. You work fast."

"One is always safe in flagging a theatrical Fairy," was the modest Reply. "I had no hesitancy about busting in as soon as I heard my friend Jimmy Hooper kidding her along."

"Why, you poor Fish! You have been getting gay for a Half Hour with Mrs. Beverly Margrave, acknowledged Leader of the Young Married Set."

"You must be mistaken. Mrs. Margrave was dressed in Gray and reading one of them High-Brow Books, and she got peeved because we made so much Racket."

"The Lady in Gray who won't speak to any one is Lottie Limmet. She won't even sign Autograph Albums."

"Back up! Do you mean to tell me that Mrs. Beverly Margrave, who comes of the most Aristocratic Family in Maryland, would stand for all that Joshing from a Rounder like Hooper?"

"Are you talking about that Buddie with the Loud Checks and the Crimson Cravat?"

"Sure."

"That was the Rev. Ormsby Toncell, and, take it from me, he's a regular Human Being."

"I think you're Twisted."

"No chance. Room Clerks know everything."

"I'm almost positive that the Reverend Toncell sat over to my right. He was dressed something like an Undertaker and kept smelling a Rose."

"You just got them reversed, that's all. The one with the Rose was Jimmy Hooper. He's Nuts about Flowers and keeps a fresh Bouquet on his Desk all the time."

"Have you got the unblushing Face to tell me that the Jolly Party with the Make-Up was the exclusive Matron and that a celebrated Preacher wore any such Stripes on his Shirt?"

"That's what I'm trying to Convey."

"Well, I'll prove that you're off. Do you think Mrs. Beverly Margrave and the Rev. Ormsby Toncell would hobnob with Steve Gurney after what all the newspapers have printed about him?"

"They didn't hobnob with Steve. They couldn't. He never goes near a Silk Stocking unless he wants to use him, and then he sends for him."

"Didn't I see it with my own Eyes?"

"Oh, you mean the big, square-jawed Burly that never buttons his Vest! That was Horace Cherrib, whom I told you about—the one that's going to save the World by feeding it \$10 Bills."

"I don't think you took a good Look."

"Cert'nly I did. Steve wasn't near you Folks. He sat over there by himself and never chirped. 'Silent Steve,' his Friends call him."

"I refuse to believe that a kind-faced and gentle Soul like that is really the Boss of a disreputable Machine."

"No other kind could be. He wins out by making Friends."

"Well, anyway, I made no miscue on the Rich Widow. I marked her by the Expensive Pearls."

"Where do you get that Noise? Her Bill for Jewellery last year was 85 cents. She bought a jet Hat-Pin."

"Oh, come off! You don't mean to say——"

"Yes; the scared little Dame in the Black Gown, purchased direct from one of our largest Department Stores, has more Currency than you and I could shovel with two Shovels in two Weeks."

"How about the one with the enormous Pearls and the seven Rings?"

"Oh, that's her French Maid—from Wisconsin."

*Moral: The recognized Types never run true to Form during the Vacation Period.*



## THE FABLE OF THE MAN WHO WANTED HIS EUROPE

ONCE there was a Slave.

For many Seasons he had toiled with creaking Sinews and popping Eye-Balls so that his beloved Corporation would never have to fizzle a Dividend.

Always he was sustained by a rose-coloured Hope. Every time he readjusted his clanking Chains he told himself that some day he would bust forth from his blithering Bondage and jamboree his way through Europe.

The Lantern Slides and those fascinating accordion Folders put out by Tourist Agencies had nursed him along until he believed that Europe consisted of Sunrise in the Tyrol, and Moonlight on the Grand Canal.

The Old World promised him a foretaste of Paradise, minus the Moral Restrictions.

At last he earned his Leave of Absence and had his Collateral all counted out, but he got word that the Elysian Fields had been all jazzed up by War.

It was a cruel disappointment to the would-be Pilgrim. He heard the clarion call of the full-page Advertisers, who told him to See America First, but when a True Sport has got himself all keyed up

for the ravishments of Lake Como and Aix-les-Bains he does not care to have any rhetorical Passenger Agent come along and try to slip him St. Louis as a Substitute.

While he was in deep grief over the dishing of his Plans, he met at his Club an elderly Grouch who had travelled so much that he had begun to look British.

The poor Chap who had been denied the Trans-Atlantic Holiday sat down with the fish-eyed Veteran and began to weep into his Grape Juice.

It seemed that he had his Steamer Shawl and the Phrase Book and the Letters of Introduction all packed and was ready to Yo-Heave-Ho, when the Blow-Off came.

"Control yourself," advised Mr. Grouch. "All is not lost. I know the dear old Stamping Ground from the North Cape down to the Blue Grotto. I have seen countless hordes of first-time Cookies going through the deadly Routine. If you will follow my Directions, you may duplicate all of the essential Items of a visit to Europe without yielding up your entire Fortune or suffering the pangs of Nostalgia. In other words, I will bring the Old World right to your own Threshold."

It sounded foolish and unlikely but the Traveller persisted that he could deliver the Goods and even volunteered to draft a set of Rules for putting the usual experiences of a Foreign Tour within the reach of any Poor Family.

Next day he sought out the dejected Wimp who was hungering for the Eastern Hemisphere.

"Go to it," said the Veteran, passing over a Screed very neatly typed. "If the Game of Golf and Vocal Music can be taught by a Correspondence School, there is no earthly Reason why you should not take an extended Journey while remaining Stationary."

The Directions were as follows:

*Every Fellow His Own Europe*

SCORING FOR A START—In order to duplicate the Joys of a Grand Tour without venturing beyond Sandy Hook, the first Task is to attend several going-away Dinners.

As soon as you are feeling logy and oppressed, begin packing

Collect all of your Wearing Apparel into a mound at least four feet high and then crowd the whole Layout into a low-browed Steamer-Trunk with baffling Partitions.

HOW TO BE SEEN OFF—You are now ready to Sail. In order to experience the usual delirium of getting away from the Dock, stand in the main entrance of a Department Store for one hour during the most turbulent period of Shopping. Surround yourself with superfluous Friends and Relatives and have them repeat over and over: "Bon Voyage! Bon Voyage

**Bon Voyage!"** Carry a bouquet of Killarney Roses and promise to Write.

**OUT ON THE BOUNDING**—You are now ready for the Ocean Voyage, always recommended by Doctors who wish to get shut of troublesome Patients.

Select a medium-sized Closet, entirely boxed in except for a single Opening about the size of a Grid-dle-Cake. Along one side of the dim Cubby-Hole build a Shelf, or Berth. Measure yourself and make the Bunk two inches shorter.

Put the Steamer-Trunk under the Sleeping-Trough. Then install a Wash-Stand and Wardrobe in the remaining Corners, so that, when the Trunk is pulled out from the dim Recess under the Sarcophagus, the occupant of the Cell must crawl into Bed in order to reach down and unpack a pair of heavy Socks. This sounds intricate, but it will work out unless your Closet happens to be larger than the ordinary Stateroom.

'While at sea, you are supposed to rest. For six days you will spend most of your time on a cylindrical Mattress in the dusky Cavern described above. Every hour or so have a clammy and unsympathetic Stevedore in the Costume of a Street-Cleaner come into your little Vault and tell you that the Weather is clearing.

Each day you must rally for a time and venture forth. This is called "Taking the Air." Put on some damp clothing, climb to the roof of your House, and lie horizontally, facing the Sky. A convincing

Detail, tending to heighten the Verisimilitude, would be to accept a Sea-Biscuit every little while from a so-called Steward. Any one with the wrong kind of Mustache can impersonate a Steward. No matter how often he appears, you must inquire of him as follows: "When do you think we will land?" He will give an evasive answer, after which you are supposed to take a Nap.

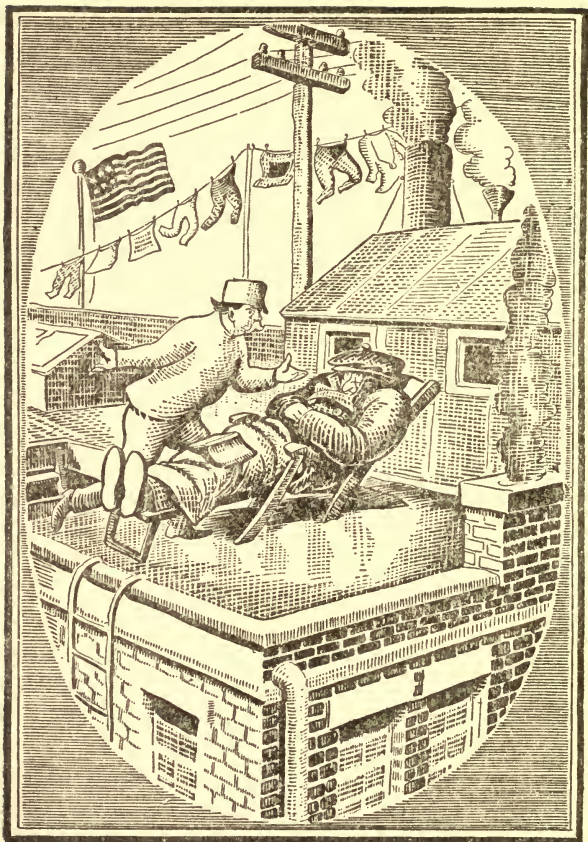
Possibly no one ashore has ever voluntarily gone in for Shuffleboard. Still, if you crave Realism, borrow a Crutch and try to propel wooden Disks so that they will pause within a rectangular Area bounded by Chalk Marks. Do this in Private, or some one may ask to have a Conservator appointed.

Hang a large Bell just outside your Cabin and arrange to have some one beat it with a Hammer every fifteen minutes. Each time you hear the Bell, look at your Watch.

GREAT BRITAIN'S WELCOME TO THE STRANGER—After one week in the Closet, you must imagine that the Good Ship is lying off the British Coast, which is blurred with Fog and lacking in Detail.

You are now ready to travel by railway up to London. This unusual Experience may be duplicated if you will consent to crowd yourself into a Pullman Compartment with five Total Strangers and refrain from Conversation.

Having disembarked in Merrie England, you are at once entitled to the Knowledge, carefully withheld



*No matter how often he appears, you must inquire of him as follows: "When do you think we will land?"*

from the General Run of People by all Travellers, that England is just as merry as the side view of a Hearse.

CUTTING LOOSE IN LONDON—In order to imagine yourself in the Modern Babylon, you should first of all go to a Tailor off in a Side Street and order a \$25 Suit with the Trousers fitting snugly under the Arms and plenty of Excelsior in the Shoulders.

Then drink a large slug of the Aromatic Spirits of Caledonia diluted with tepid Water.

Ride in a Taxi until you are dizzy, after which retire to a Cold-Storage Warehouse.

Arrange to have your Dinner served in a Deaf and Dumb asylum. By closing your eyes, you can imagine yourself in the very liveliest corner of a large Apartment overlooking the Thames.

Probably you have been honing for years to go rollicking about London night after night, dropping in at the Halls and the Revues. Just sit in a cloud of Tobacco Smoke and have some one feed last year's Ragtime into a Talking Machine, and you will get most of the Sensations awaiting you at the Pavilion or the Oxford.

CROSSING THE CHANNEL—This is something you will want to talk about for a long time to come, so do it right. Doubtless your Laundryman will give you permission to ride for an hour in one of his restless rotary Receptacles.



SETTLING DOWN TO A SYSTEM—Assuming that you are the Typical American Traveller, doubtless you will wish to clean up all of Europe in about Six Weeks. This will call for a lot of Hard Work and a very compact Schedule, which can be enacted in St. Joe, Missouri, or Upper Sandusky, Ohio, just as easily as in Rotterdam or Marseilles.

Arise every morning and rub yourself casually with a damp Sponge.

Eat a hard Roll, coated with Shellac, and be sure that your Coffee is sufficiently modified by Chicory and drowned in Hot Milk.

Spend an hour in packing everything that you unpacked the previous afternoon.

Hurry out to a City Ticket Office. After you have elbowed your way to a desirable Frontage, claim the attention of the frigid Lad with the striped Shirt and talk him to a Standstill. Remember that five per cent. of all the time spent in Europe must be given over to the painful consideration of Time-Tables.

Each day you must buy a stack of Post-Cards, done in passionate Colors. Address them to distant Relatives. Also to the Neighbours you dislike, so as to make them envious. Write something sappy along the border of each Card.

Don't forget your Tipping. To make sure of upholding your country's Reputation and to observe all Precedents, push a small Piece of Silver toward everyone who deigns to notice you.

At least once a Day retire to a stuffy Apartment,



billed as a Salon, and carefully read a Boston Newspaper about three Weeks old. Also peruse eight pages of microscopical Printing in a red Guide-Book.

What with the packing and unpacking, the mad gallop to the Booking Office, the fluttering uncertainty over the selection of the Cartes Postales, the prolonged endeavour to remember all of your remote Kin, the Tipping, the Tabble Dotty, the customary search through the Reading-Room for something recent, the devotional hour with Baedeker, and the attempt to select a Train by which to escape to the next Jump, the Day will become so crowded that you will not have to waste much time on Galleries, Cathedrals, Museums, and Shops.

HOW TO RECOVER FROM THE CHAUTAUQUA FEVER—For the first Fortnight of this supposititious Flight across the Continent, you should endeavour to churn up a frothing interest in the Educational Features of the Tour. Two weeks will be long enough. Most of the Students who have taken a preliminary Course of Reading, so they will understand everything they see, begin to stall and lay off after about four days. The more violent the early Attack the more rapid the Recovery, after which you will be Immune.

ART—Any collection of Paintings with Gold Frames will serve as a substitute for a famous Gallery. When you discover that you cannot dis-

criminate between a Notable Canvas and the kind displayed in every good Buffet in Atlantic City, you will be shamed and discouraged, and begin looking for an Exit.

Even if you pump up a genuine interest, you will be google-eyed after you have studied some 200 Masterpieces. Be on the level with yourself. If you will not walk across the Street in your Native Town to look at the real Specimens of Art imported by some generous Millionaire, don't kid yourself into thinking that you will blossom into a Ruskin Fan when you go abroad.

No matter how many Miles a Man may travel, he will never get ahead of Himself.

MUSEUMS—The passion for Museums will evaporate ever so rapidly. If you want to know what it feels like to visit a famous Museum, walk rapidly through the Crockery Department of any large Retail Establishment and you will get all of the Thrills.

ARCHITECTURE, ETC.—We come now to the noble Edifices. Let us see if we can find close at hand something Colossal and Ornate which will cause us to throb. A man of ordinary Physique is good for only about two large Throbs in one day. Why not stand in front of a gigantic Railway Station in New York City and remove the Hat? Then have some one remark that the Façade was built by Spinkadelli in the Thirteenth Century. Emit a sigh of Admi-

ration, replace the Hat, and you will be just as well off as if you were in Milano.

By this time you are scoffing at my Instructions. If you think that the Average Traveller retains anything valuable or lasting from his jumble of hurried Impressions, why not make Casual Inquiry of some Highbrow Friend who took the Mediterranean Trip last winter? Ask him about Rome—the recognized headquarters for impressive Antiquities. He will tell you that he paid \$7 a day for his Room and had to walk down the Hallway to get a Bath.

PICKING UP ODD LITTLE THINGS—Regarding the Shops, I am compelled to confess that, by diligent search through the smaller Establishments of Regent Street and Rue de la Paix, one may dig up almost any Article of Merchandise listed in our own Sunday Papers.

GUIDES—If it is your first ride on the Merry-go-Round, you will ask for a Guide at each Halting-Place. An unexaggerated Replica of the Continental Guide may be found in any Community. Hunt up a shabby Confidence Man with an imperfect Knowledge of English. Follow him about in a shamefaced Manner and submit weakly to his brazen Dictates, and you will know just how it feels to be nagged through the Streets of Naples.

COLLECTING COINS—This is important. Don't fail to take in a few pieces of Bad Money each day. Preserve as Souvenirs.

USEFUL EMPLOYMENT OF SPARE TIME—Assuming that the Tourist has foundered himself on Cathedrals, Birthplaces, and Mountain Scenery, and that the packing and unpacking, the low-comedy Inscriptions on the Post-Cards, &c., &c., do not take up all of his time, and that, at favoured Intervals, he can elude the Guides, what may be regarded as the regular and steady Avocation of the homeless Wanderer?

All courageous Itinerants have the same Finish. After a few heartfelt Days among the Memorial Statues and the Mildew, they are content to put in Hour after Hour gazing blankly at Window-Displays or haggling with fluent Banditti.

Remember it is not necessary to travel 4,000 miles in order to loaf in front of Shop Windows or slather the Express Orders on Junk.

HOW TO GO ASTRAY—We come now to the Gay Life. Let us assume that you are in Paree, although any town in which you are totally ignorant of the Language or the local Devices of the Criminal Element will insure you the same opportunities as a Producer.

If you will observe the following Routine (remembering that you are to use the Sign-Language at all times), you can garner the same unalloyed Delights in Pittsburgh as if you were in the mad whirl of some place really Wicked.

First of all, spend several hours seated at an Iron

Table in the Open Air, sipping a weak imitation of Maple-Sirup. While decanting the sticky compound into your surprised Interior, smoke the lowest-priced Stogie obtainable at a Grocery Store. You never can get into the real Atmosphere of the Old Country if you carry good Cigars.

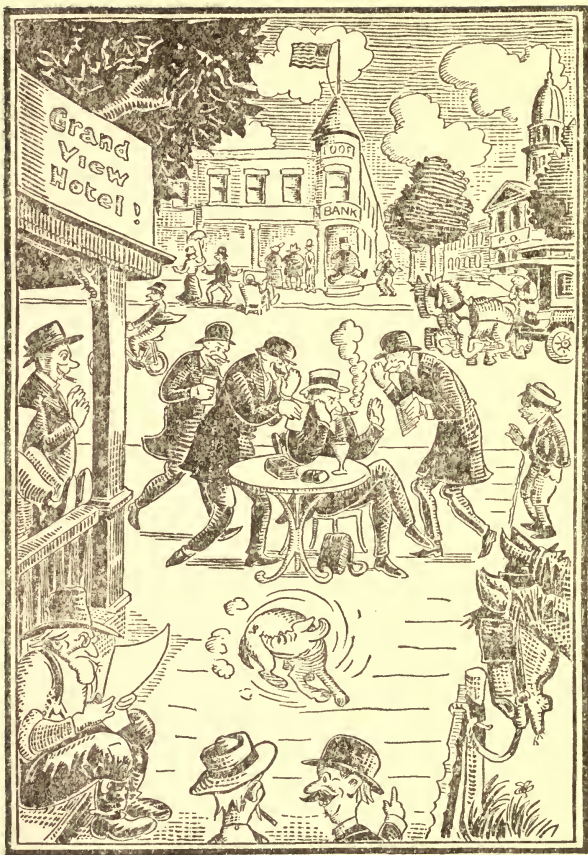
This Ceremonial of sitting at the Iron Table and watching the crowds move by is known as "Getting Into the Café Life," and is about the most tingling experience that awaits the impressionable Pilgrim.

While you are seated at the Table, arrange to have several Human Reptiles in glistening Frock Coats come up and furtively submit for your approval the kind of Photographs that no Man who expects to drop dead would care to have on his Person.

After you have remained at the Iron Table until you feel that you are really getting into a close relationship with the very Soul of the Native Population, you must dine at a famous Restaurant. You can get the same Environment here at home as on the Other Side, because, in either instance, you will be surrounded by loud-talking Yankees.

Furthermore, in order to exhibit easy Familiarity with the Vintage mysteries, you had better order something puckery and high-priced, with Cobwebs on the outside. Slip in a remark about the "Cuvée," and possibly no one will suspect that for thirty years you have been training on Well Water.

In the Evening you would go to the Teatro. If you want to know how it feels to sit through the



*While you are seated at the Table, arrange to have several Human Reptiles in glistening Frock Coats come up and furtively submit for your approval the kind of Photographs that no man who expects to drop dead would care to have on his Person*



Drama far from home, go into any Show Shop, tip the Usher, and sit in the back row wearing Ear-Muffs.

Do not bother with the Opera. All the high-priced Thrushes will be warbling in New York.

As for Cabaret Stuff and sitting next to the Hungarian Noise-Makers until 2 A. M., do you fancy that any Country on the Map can give us Pointers on Disorderly Conduct?

TOURING DE LUXE—Let us not forget the Motor-ing. No doubt you have dreamed of spinning through Normandy or surfeiting yourself on the Rural Landscapes of the Shakespeare Country. Be assured that all you can derive from Motoring, either at home or abroad, is an acute Vertigo. Tour-ing in all countries is now done at Top Speed and is seemingly planned for the entertainment of the Chauffeur. The Passengers go with him to ballast the Car and pay for Tires.

USEFUL HINT—Before I forget it, here is a Daily Exercise which will help to create the Illusion that you are a regular Traveller. When ever you go into the Street, take with you a Camera, a Rain-Coat, a pair of Binoculars, and a Guide-Book. Shift them frequently without dropping anything.

HOMEWARD BOUND—If you will observe the Daily Routine, as roughly indicated, for several weeks, eating Strange Food all of the time, you will be over-

joyed when you can go back into your Closet and spread yourself out on the Shelf for the Return Voyage.

At the end of a Week have a suspicious Stranger overhaul your Luggage and regard you as a Smugler. He will be justified in doing so.

ADDENDA—Get some Labels and paste them on your Boxes and Bags.

Sort out the Curios and Gimcracks and give them away before they Pall on you.

Hurry to your own Bathroom and the Spring Mattress and be thankful that you lasted through it.

I almost forgot to add that in taking this Home Treatment you will escape:

The Ship's Concert, including the jovial Army Officer who can't sing but does.

The human Megaphone with an American Flag on his Lapel.

The Fluff who wants a Partner for Bridge.

The Monarch of the Seas who has crossed forty-two times.

In conclusion, I don't expect you to follow Directions, even if they are spoken from the Heart.

### THE END

When the unhappy Stay-at-Home concluded the silly Document, he knew that the Writer was a cheap Iconoclast with a jitney Intelligence.



He still believed all that he had read in those wonderful Syndicate Letters prepared in the Reading-Room of the Public Library.

*Moral: Many are wise to Europe, but few have the Manhood to speak out.*

THE FABLE OF THE KITTENISH SUPERANNS AND  
THE WORLD-WEARY SNIPES

ONCE upon a Time an ambitious Cove separated himself from his native Shire and made a long Trek.

He came of one of those Nice Families that had run out of nearly everything except Prestige.

The Migrater carried a flossy Label. He had been christened Adelbert Justitian.

As he progressed from Pin-Feathers to the Age of Discretion, he became Joseph to the Cruel Knowledge that his swell Moniker, together with the Fact that his Father had been given a Sword by the Regiment, and the further Fact that his Aunt had contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*, were not bringing in any Jack.

They were Proud Possessions but he could not convert them into Pork Chops.

He wanted a Roll.

The Home-Town Method of slipping \$2.75 every Saturday to the flaccid Willie in the Savings Bank did not look very Efficacious to Adelbert.

He wanted his Gelt for himself and not for the acidulated Relatives who sent him the punk Christmas Cards.

He went right out into what is called God's Country by the Promoters doing business there.

Out where he could lean up against Ozone and Scenery.

As soon as he escaped from his Social Prerogatives and became known as "Dell," he began to deliver the Trading Stamps and bring home the Side-Meat.

After many leaves had been torn from the Calendars issued by Insurance Companies, a self-made Millionaire showed up on the Native Heath.

The local Fungi looked askance at the Cow-Puncher Hat, dented in from the Top with geometrical Nicety, but they warmed to the Long-Lost when they learned that he was there, much, yet and besides with all shapes of the needful Brass.

The Adelbert Justitian did not harmonize with a Soft Collar. He had his Cards printed "A. J." and decided to chop on the Money-Grubbing and devote his Time to being a Good Scout.

The Life Dream of every Coin Collector is to go back to his original P. O. Address and bleat at those who never could see anything in him.

Old A. J. felt a snickering Satisfaction when he bought a Country Place with a Garage and Terraces.

He told the Interior Decorators to go as far as they liked.

That kind of Language, addressed to an Interior Decorator, is about the most Expensive Chatter that can be spilled.

The returned Exile was game. He liked the Gaff. His Shack was to be a Bird.

While A. J. had been garnering the Wampum, he had not kept close Tab on Social Evolution.

So far as Parlour Antics were concerned, he was a Flying Lizard and belonged in the age of Flint Weapons. He was still mooching around in the primeval Period of the Oyster Supper and the Military Schottische.

When he got ready to exhibit his Chateau to the Townsmen his first Idea was a Lawn Party with Paper Lanterns and a churn of Lemonade but some one tipped the Boob that he would be expected to pull a few House Parties.

It rather jarred him when he learned that he was expected to haul bunches of People out to his House and Board them for a while and also arrange the Premises so that a Guest could not move in any direction without coming face to face with a Canteen.

It was the approved British Dope, however, and he had to go through with it.

Also he began to hear about the Sets.

When he left the simple Burg, away back in the Era of Buffalo Robes and low-crowned Derbies, any kind of a Shindig was free-for-all.

Now the Lines were being drawn. He had to submit his Lists to a few of the Huckleberry-Doos and they used the Blue Pencil without compunction.

Some of the Old Boys and former Sweethearts

were pushed into the Discard because their Manners were too Low or their Gowns were too High—that is, in the Neck.

The real Tamales refused to accept a Bid to any Doings except on a Guarantee. They could not turn down A. J., because his deceased Relatives had been Eminent, but they showed him how to head in and where to get off.

At last the Invites were sent out and all the names were extremely Delicatessen.

The first week-end Session was to be a quiet Affair for the antique Quackydoodles and the Spectacled Hens whom A. J. had known in the Happy Days ago.

It was to be a Combination of Chautauqua, Bean Bag, and Peace Conference.

But the second Party, it was to be Some Jubilee!

It was to be wide-open and Hoorah, for the Great House on the Hill was to resound with the Laughter of gay Débutantes, while the blithe Lads from the Varsity were to group at the Baby Grand and sing about Bonnie.

A. J. was scared over the prospect of trying to cook up a little Diversion for the Silver-Grays but he knew the Kids would cut loose and have a regular Lark.

The Host could not get it out of his Bean that he was expected to make a Fuss over his Visitors and see that they were being royally entertained.

The Rivers are dragged every Summer for Society

People who jump in to escape the Host who tries to be Considerate.

A. J. had a dandy little Time-Table all rigged out for the Old Codgers.

They were to arrive Saturday P. M.

After Dinner there would be a Session of Progressive Euchre for Neat Prizes such as Work-Baskets and Manicure Sets.

This would be all over and out by Ten O'Clock because the Fathers and Mothers of Grown Children could not sit up until all hours of the Night, playing Cards.

How to tide them over the Sabbath Day was a sure-enough Problem.

He put plenty of Recent Fiction all around the place, careless like.

The Men were to be walked around and shown the Garden and Orchard and the new Litter of Pups.

Two Motors were ordered to be on hand for those wishing to attend Divine Services in the Village.

By sorting over the Rolls, the Master of the House found some Sacred Music to be fed into the Player-Piano.

The long, dull Sabbath Evening still stood vacant on the Schedule.

As nearly as A. J. could remember back into the days of Youth, the only reasonable thing to do on Sunday Evening is to drink a Glass of Milk and Keel backward on to a Feather Tick.

He wanted to frame some kind of Time-Killing

Specialty, but Games and Pastimes were not suitable for the Day of Rest and he was not sure that any of the Ladies could Sing.

He decided that after the Group had re-assembled in what he called the Front Room he would pull a little Spiel on the Duty of America in the World-Crisis and ask for an Expression of Views and thus stall along until Nine-Thirty, when it would be time to Turn In.

The Sere and Yellows arrived on the Dot but thirty seconds after they weighed in, the beautiful Outline of Business prepared by A. J. was hit in the head and thrown over the Precipice.

They seemed to realize that they were away out in the Country, and governed themselves accordingly.

They Tested the Welkin and threw Kisses at the Life-Saving Station.

The Heads of Large Business Concerns wanted to know if they could peel their Coats and did the Ordinances prohibit Rough House?

From the first sound of the Gong, it did not look like a Progressive Euchre Party.

Only about seventeen or eighteen Persons' were talking at the same time.

A. J. had planned to move about and act as Greeter and make them feel at Home.

Before he had time to Spring the Neat Phrases he had rehearsed, he found himself hemmed in by the Shoulder-Slappers.

They gave a Rouse in the Spring-Time for Little

Playmate and told him his Road House was a Bear.

The Bridles were off and they did not have to be personally Conducted.

Every time A. J. started in to give Directions, some one proposed Three Rousing Cheers.

It was one of those Parties at which all the Host has to do is keep up.

They raved about his House and View toward the West.

They spoke in the most complimentary Terms of the Country Air which he had provided.

He felt flushed and delighted and Important.

He had spent \$30,000 getting ready for the Proud Moment and he was to the Good within an Hour after the Adult Rowdies piled in on him. They handed him \$50,000 worth of Bunk.

As he sat at the Head of the Table that evening and received a Bombardment of clamorous Conversation, he began to tumble to the Fact that Life among the Well-to-Do had perked up about 80 or 90 Per Cent while he had been wasting his Time in the Far West.

There was more Latitude in the department of Anecdotes.

Also a more pronounced Tinge of Indigo.

As long as the prominent Matrons stood without hitching he tried to let on to appear not to be Feazed.

He hooked his Feet around the Table-Leg and tied his Napkin in a Hard Knot when some of the Fe-



male Members of his old Sunday School Class began to blow Cigarette Smoke out of the Ears, Eyes and Noses.

Being a True Sport, he never let on.

Before he had a Chance to pull a Boner and suggest the prehistoric Euchre, all the Card Tables were whisked away and the Loud Needle was at work in the Ragaphone.

He saw reputable Women, with Grandchildren in the Third and Fourth Readers, get right out in the middle of the Floor and slap Father Time in the Face.

The Prizes he had on hand were awarded a couple of neat Tangoers not much past 65.

They slowed up and sought the Hay about the time that Railroad Men go to work.

The next Day being Sunday the poor old Decreps had to jump under the Showers early so as to get in 36 holes.

There did not seem to be any run on Recent Fiction, but the staring Villagers, on their way to Services, saw the Autos buzz right on, past the Methodist Mosque and out to the Country Club.

What with Food and Moisture and Bridge and a little more Stepping, the vigilant Master of Ceremonies had no chance whatever to sound them on the Situation in Europe. He could not discover that they had heard about the late War.

They arose Monday morning all freshened up, having slept a Grand Total of nearly 6 Hours.

He had to glad-hand them out of the Gate and



*He saw reputable Women, with Grandchildren in the Third and Fourth Readers,  
get right out in the middle of the Floor and slap Father Time in the Face*

listen while they boosted him and his cute little Villa and told him he was a Prince.

For two days he rested and then he began to Train for the real Joyfest.

The Old Ones had simply dazed him by their demonstration of Class and their Ability to stay in the High while going Up-Hill.

He decided that the rollicking Juniors probably would break a lot of Furniture and put his Home on the Blink.

He had the Corners of the House re-enforced and told the Servants not to come running in, no matter what Noises they heard.

A. J. was just as rejuvenated as a Lambkin when he stood out in front to welcome the Buds and the Striplings. He was all Set to be just as Young as any Nestling in the Covey.

Soon after, he found himself in the presence of pale Young Women who seemed unable to straighten out any of their Extremities and who gazed at him reproachfully, as if they had heard something about him.

Behind them stood a compact Huddle of He-Whiffets who sized him up with what seemed to be Gloomy Apprehension.

He pulled a weak Bromide about Liberty Hall but, just as it escaped him, he realized that it sounded Hollow and Unconvincing.

Some of them smiled back but it appeared to Hurt.

He saw them climb wearily to their Apartments

and then he sat in one Chair after another, wondering what he was up against.

He surmised that it would be a hefty Job to stage manage any Revels for the Troupe of Trained Chilblains.

They were all young and well provided for. He wondered why they were so Discouraged.

He knew that not one of them had been farther away than Toledo, Ohio. He could not make out why they were so blooming *Blasé*.

After an incredible Lapse of Time they began to descend the Stairway, one at a time and fall, semi-recumbent, on the Upholstery

They seemed passionately fond of long and brooding Silences but they inspected their Surroundings with a cold and filmy Eye.

Although they did not speak out and say so, the Owner felt that they disapproved of Him and the jiggly Ornament up the side of his Hose and the Grand Rapids Furniture and the Pattern of the Rug and the Tassels on the Curtains.

He had learned to do a little Mind-Reading on the Side while accumulating his Pile and he guessed that they were thinking as follows: "We are here and at your Mercy. We expect to be Bored but don't kid yourself into thinking that you can put anything Over."

Once more he sat at the head of the Board but this time he did not have to dodge any Bouquets.

He looked at the dignified Gourmets, as they



*After an incredible Lapse of Time, they began to descend the Stairway, one at a time, and fall, semirecumbent, on the Upholstery*

turned over various Specimens of Food with their Forks and seemed to be wondering if they were good to Eat.

The Topics he tried to project turned out to be Small Town Gossip and Last Year's Stuff.

He thought the Dancing would help to Ungrouch them but they looked over his Records and failed to find anything Late.

After they had paired off stealthily and hunted dim Corners and lapsed into low Death-Chamber Conversations, the genial Provider went far out on the Lawn and tried to figure why so many Young Lives had been clouded.

He did not have to worry about getting through Sunday.

Most of them did not come up for Air until the Sun had crossed the Meridian, although the Servants were busy from Eleven O'Clock on, hustling Breakfast Orders up the stairway to the Lady Vere de Veres and the self-made Young Business Men.

A. J. had read in Novels about the Duchess having her Breakfast in Bed but this was the first time he had known the Plain People to get away with it.

They finally slinked into the Light of Day and made some Inquiries about Dinner and then strolled.

He was so Buffaloeed that he made no further effort to Ring In.

It dawned on him that they were interested in Things that he had not yet heard about. He did not belong in the Picture.

When he sneaked away to his Boudoir at the usual hour, he felt reasonably sure that no one would miss him.

After they had been pried from the Husks and mobilized on Monday, the chastened Host was on hand to be sure that all of them got off the Place.

They seemed to remember having met him somewhere and spoke to him pleasantly, just before Departing.

At the Country Club he met an ancient Golfer and related his Sufferings.

"It is the new Order of Things," said his Pal. "The Patriarchs are now called Boys, and the gilded Nut, calling his Mate at Eventide, addresses him as Old Top. Don't blame the Kids because they are sniffy and condescending. The Swank and Side and dreadful Ongway are the results of Home Training. The Poor Things have been spoon-fed and indulged until they have come to regard all kindly Attentions as a mere Matter of Course. In a few years, they will have Families of their Own and about that time the Great Sorrows will come into their Lives. The Dollars will no longer grow on Bushes and these same haughty Tadpoles will be grateful to any one who comes along and splashes them with Sunshine. In the meantime you had better Lay Off and not try to get fresh with your Superiors."

*Moral: Youth is the time for Gravity.*



THE FABLE OF THE WAIST-BAND THAT WAS TAUT  
UP TO THE MOMENT IT GAVE WAY

ONCE there was a Family consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Stuffer and three little Stuffers.

Mrs. Stuffer had belonged to the Bolt Family back in Fodderville, where she put on Weight before being shipped up to the City.

Her Mother was a Gullep, and Lineal Descendant of a New England Pilgrim named Grubb.

Mr. Stuffer also was well connected, never fear.

His Mother had been one of the Gobbels and his Grandsire on the other Branch of the Tree was often referred to, for he was none other than Phillip Gormann-Deizer, with a Colonial Home near the Gorge at Eatonville.

Their Folks, as far back as Records carried, had regarded America as the Land of Plenty and Then Some.

Also one of the Traditions coming from the grand old Pioneer Stock seemed to be that the Main Tract of the Alimentary System is the Home of the Soul.

The Stuffers could say truly that not one of their previous Relatives ever permitted a Guest to go away Hungry.

Sometimes he was taking Bi-Carb when he de-



parted, but, Thank Edna, he never was craving Nourishment.

So the Family Honour stood safe and intact.

Back in the Country, where the Stuffers received their early Schooling as two-handed Scoopers, no Man could hold up his Head unless he was a bountiful Provider, and no Woman was respected unless she had Apple Butter and two kinds of Pie on the Table.

Those were the Blissful Days when the Deacon with the Throat-Warmers would close his Eyes and ask that this Food be Blessed and Sanctified to our Uses.

And take it from Hortense, when the Deacon made that reasonable Request, there was something piled in front of him waiting to be Sanctified.

No one ever heard of Luxuries during that oleaginous Period.

Anything that could be Et was a Necessity.

The family that wanted a Sunday Dinner away back Yonder did not have to hock the Morris Chairs.

The Barn Lot was swarming with Springers; the Garden had many rows of Sass; Berries could be had for the Picking.

Anything you might think of was Ten Cents.

For one measly Dime, the genial Grocer would let you have a Pound of Butter or a Dozen Eggs or a Peck of Murphys or a hunk of Bacon or an armful of Roasting Ears.

Beans were about as costly as Gravel.

Off in the Pantry, the solid loaves of Salt-Rising Bread were stacked, careless-like, the same as Cord-Wood.

The Humble Toiler who stowed away 14 to 16 Spare-Ribs smothered with Kraut, four or five helpings of Fresh Vegetables, a few light Biscuits inlaid with golden Butter, and possibly a quarter of a mile of Noodles, would trick out his Modest Snack with Spiced Peaches, frosty Doughnuts, and a little quart Bowl of preserved Cherries, to say nothing of Coffee Curdled with heavy Cream, and never suspect that he was living somewhat Snooky.

He was simply getting regular every-day Chow of the Farm-Hand variety.

It was on Sunday, when the Minister and his Wife or Cousin Elam's Family came over, that Mother extended herself and showed Class.

The Family never had Flowers on the Table, because the Space was taken up with Jams and Jells.

At that time, Dinner did not open with *Canapé Scabouche* followed by *Potage à la Bohonque*.

It opened with a Breast and a Second Joint and a couple of Drumsticks and much Gravy, with here and there a Giblet, and enough Mashed Potatoes to plaster a Small Room, and a Million Green Peas that never had been to Market, and an awful mix-up of String Beans, while the Odd Corners were chinked in with Cottage Cheese and Pickled Watermelon Rind and Sweet Peppers.

Butter was not rolled into Marbles during the Seventies.

Well, we should say Not!

It was lifted in half-pound Gobs, and those who smeared it never felt Improvident.

What is now called Service consisted of cleaning up the Trough and going back for another Load.

The Conversation was wholly made up of:

(1) Urgent Appeals for every one to Pack in a little bit more;

(2) Weak Protests from the Packees;

(3) Contrite Apologies from the Cook as to the Quality and Amount of Eatables in sight;

(4) Stereotyped Assurances to perturbed Hostess that everything was Swell, Elegant, and Hunky.

If the Fig Cake was a Triumph and the Jelly Cake held its Shape but the Hickory-Nut Cake went Blah, that called for a lot of Explaining.

There was a Time when every Woman thought that a soggy Cake was a Reflection on her Character. Then, if the Visitors moved slowly from the Dining Room with their Eyes protruding slightly, the Meal was voted a Success.

Notevery Parlour sported an upright Piano, and the Citizen who guided a team of Bays from the front Pad of a two-seated Carriage was some Rajah, but the humblest Family waded knee-deep in Vittles.

When Winter came on, each Cellar in the Township was loaded to the Guards with Turnips, Pun-kins, Bell-Flower Apples, Pop-Corn, Vinegar, Wal-

nuts, Cabbage, Potatoes, Lye Hominy, Side-Meat, Canned Stuff, Hard Cider, Sorghum Molasses, Lard, Honey in the Comb, Rutabagas, Fruit-Jars in Platoon, Jelly-Glasses in Brigades, Sage, Carrots, Navy Beans, Corn Meal, Buckwheat Flour, Onions, and other Medicinal Herbs, with possibly a few chilled Geese and Rabbits for immediate Consumption.

A barbed-wire Entanglement could have been strung around any Domicile in the Autumn, and the imprisoned Family would have come out on May 1st wearing Double Chins.

After the Stuffers landed in Town and had to use pleading Language to get a couple of fibrous Chops, they would become sentimental over Memories of Hog-Killing.

Oh, Elmer!

The Steaming Kettles of Water and the sound of scraping Knives.

Pallid Carcasses suspended in the frosty Air and the gleeful Eviscerators singing "Molly Darling" as they Rummaged.

If a close-figuring Landlady, who tries to set a Table for Seven Per, could have seen the Cans of Lard, the Platters of Tenderloin, the Hams waiting to be Cured, and the Sausage Meat ready to glide into the Links, she would have declared it was all a Mirage.

It is hard for some People to realize, along in this Stretch of Tribulation, that not long ago, out where Things are Grown, everyone who sat down to a Re-



*They would become sentimental over Memories of Hog-Killing*

past was urged to make a Grand Drive and go as far as he liked.

The mere Thought of any one going light on new-laid Eggs, or laying off on Butter, or messing around with Bran, Excelsior, Sawdust, Husks, Chop-Feed, and other Substitutes for Something to Eat would have been too Silly for Utterance.

The Practice of Economy was well-nigh Universal, but it did not involve playing a Joke on the Œsophagus.

The Woman of the House was Thrifty, for she fed her Cook-Stove a Splinter at a Time.

When Pa's red Unmentionables with the Glass Buttons became too Intimate and Itchy, they were chopped down for Ulysses or Grover.

Patches were made into Quilts and Rags worked over into Carpets.

A Peach-Basket, treated with a Nickel's Worth of Gold Paint and decked out with Bows of Ribbon, became a Hanging Basket for the Pet Geranium.

All the spare Coppers went into the little Tin Bank.

Only a favoured Few were permitted to walk on the Brussels Carpet.

Any good Citizen of Jasper Township would have assured you that Frugality was his Middle Name.

But Frugality did not mean getting up from the Table unsatiated.

For any one to back away before he felt himself Distended would have been regarded as Evidence of a cowardly Nature.

As soon as a Member of the Family began to fly at the Menu with a lack of wolfish Enthusiasm, he was subject to treatment as an Invalid.

The real Local Gazimbat was the Lad who held the Flapjack Record and was ready to meet all Comers during the Sweet-Corn Season.

A never-failing Appetite for anything that could be carried in and planked on the Table was classed as one of the Christian Virtues.

The Owner was held in Regard as one who had acquired Moral Grandeur and lifted himself above the Weaklings.

He went around blowing that he could Eat Anything, and all the Light Feeders slunk into the Background when he lifted his Bazoo.

Now that you have a Steer on the Pre-Natal Influences and Environment of the Stuffer Family, can you see the Bunch dropped down in a Residence Thoroughfare of a congested Metropolis, three miles from a Cow and six miles from a Hen that could be relied upon to come across every Day?

Although badly separated from the Base of Supplies, they were still true to the honoured Customs of the Grubbs and the Gobbels and the Gulleps.

Mrs. Stuffer often said that she would rather cut off her Right Hand than have an Acquaintance drop in and find one Section of the Dining-Room Table unoccupied by tempting Viands.

She remarked time and again that, Come what Might, she never would Stint her Loved Ones or deny



them such simple Essentials as Fresh Eggs, Sure-Enough Butter, Steak cut thick, Leg of Lamb, and submerged Short-Cake.

And there were a Hundred Thousand More like her.

If one is accustomed to the Best—and no real Daughter of a generous Mother ever compromised on Seconds or Culls—one must not Pike when telephoning the Orders.

This elaborate Overture will give you a Rough Idea of what Mr. Stuffer was up against.

He came to the City on a Guarantee.

His Salary looked like the Income of J. P. Morgan until he began to check up the Outgo.

Back in Fodderville, a neat frame Dwelling with a scroll-saw Veranda, a bed of Peonies, and Exposure on four Sides would set you back about \$15 per Moon.

Up in the City, you couldn't get a Hat-Rack for any such Money.

It seemed to the Stuffers that everything in Town was sold by the Minute or the Ounce.

It was a grievous Shock to the Missus when they began to weigh the Vegetables on her.

She had got used to having them thrown at her with a Shovel.

The Neighbours no longer brought in Produce at Special inside Prices—Eggs figured by the wear and tear on the Fowl and no Overhead Charge on Honey except the Time put in by the Bees.

The Stuffers suddenly discovered that when you



go out to spend a Dollar in the City, you don't have to take a Wheelbarrow along.

But Mr. Stuffer and Mrs. Stuffer and each of the miniature Stuffers had it firmly fixed in the Coke that the Minute you begin letting down on That to which you have been Accustomed you lose Self-Respect and indirectly confess to being in Straited Circumstances.

It was all right for those living in Huts and Hovels to cheapen the Standards of Living, but the Stuffers could not endure the Thought of giving up any of the old Stand-by Dishes.

Some Persons of a Poetical Turn mark the changing Seasons by the Trailing Arbutus, which precedes the bold Iris; then old-fashioned Roses, followed by a riotous show of Dahlias; Autumn Leaves tinged Red and Yellow, harbingers of snowy Fields and icy Boughs.

Every Sign of the Zodiac meant a new Item in the Bill of Fare for the practical Stuffers.

With the first warm days of Spring, did they go looking for Wood-Violets?

Not one Look.

They began to sit up and demand Green Onions, Asparagus, Head Lettuce, and Strawberries.

June is the Month of Roses. Also of Fried Chicken and a pleasant gateway to Corn on the Cob.

Autumn Days need not be Melancholy if one is surrounded by Turkey and Mincemeat.

Even Winter has a Charm of its own, if Sausage

and Buckwheat Cakes are ever smiling in the Background.

When Prices began to Sizz-Boom-Ah, the old Pay Envelope failed to stand up under the Strain, but can you expect one reared on the Fat of the Land to accept Macaroni as a Compromise?

The Producer would let out a Howl every time the Meat Bill came in, but he would have howled in a higher Key if the Good Woman had failed to throw him his Roast Beef and Mutton Chops.

He wielded a very consistent Knife and Fork and his daily Demand was for something that Sticks to the Ribs.

Of course, both of them saw the Article in the Paper, entitled "How to feed a Family of Five on 80 Cents a Day."

Once, just after the 1st of the Month, while Mr. Stuffer was still Bleeding, his Companion tried out a Sample Menu recommended by Hazel McGinnis Updyke, a famous Tipster weighing between 80 and 90 Pounds.

He stirred the watery Soup as if moved by a dull Curiosity as to the grains of Barley hiding at the Bottom, and then he gave Friend Wife a Look—but, Ooey, such a Look!

It seemed to say, "And this is the Woman who promised to Love, Honour, and be of some Help!"

Then came Rice Croquettes, one of the most startling Specimens of Near-Food ever touted by a Lady

writing Syndicate Come-Ons and boarding at an Italian Table d'Hôte.

You eat it, but after you get through you are not sure that anything has Happened.

After which, Bread Pudding, said to have broken up more Homes than High White Shoes.

As Mr. Stuffer left the House, his well-meaning Partner felt in her Heart of Hearts that he was going out to a Restaurant to get some Ham and Eggs.

She resolved that never again would she ask him to be Untrue to his Nobler Self.

So, at the next Meal, she jollied him up with Lamb Steak and Kidneys, Mushrooms in Cream, Succotash, Waffles and Maple Syrup, Endive Salad and Sharp Cheese, with a Finale of Blueberry Pie *à la Mode*.

Experts tell us that Blueberry Pie, showing its bold Colour between the slopes of Vanilla Ice Cream, is practically the Last Word with those who want something to hit the Spot.

It is the *Pièce de Résistance*, the *Dénouement*, the Dramatic Climax, the Grand Transformation, Little Eva ascending to Paradise.

Nothing comes after it except the Pepsin Tablet and the Hot-Water Bag.

Mrs. Stuffer watched her Husband as he lighted his Sublima.

He had a Sleepy Look, which is always a Good Sign.

Then he Groaned, and she knew that she had won back his Love.



*Mrs. Stuffer watched her Husband as he lighted his Sublima*

Any time you get them to Groaning, you are a Jewel of a Housekeeper.

Having set out to defy the Increased Cost and indulge themselves within Reason, the little Family soon found itself riding a troublous Sea with the Breakers just ahead. Man's Chief Enemies, they had been told long ago, are Pride, Lust, Avarice, etc.

Now they learned Different. They came to know that the two principal Destroyers of Happiness are the Middleman and the Cold-Storage Warehouse.

Hemmed in by extortionate Retailers, Food Pirates, and Commission Sharks, they stood Resolute and vowed they would never Surrender.

As they were riding over the Hills to the Poor-House, Mr. Stuffer made the dismal Observation that it was a Blue Finish for a Life of Honest Endeavour.

"That may be true," said Mrs. Stuffer, "but I have this Satisfaction," as she lifted her Head proudly: "I set a scrumptious Table to the very last."

*Moral: Cling to your Ideals, such as they are.*

## THE FABLE OF THE SUPERGUY AND THE DOUBLE HARNESS

ONCE there was a Man who could juggle such Words as "Vouchsafe" and "Eleemosynary."

Often he complained that the Cold Water in the Shower was not Cold enough.

At Bridge he never pulled a Boner.

On the hottest Days, his Collar never mushed.

He could wear a Cap without mussing his Hair.

In all his years of going about, he never failed on a Welsh Rabbit, got too much Oil in the Salad Dressing, picked up the Wrong Fork, or put a Mark on the Table Cloth.

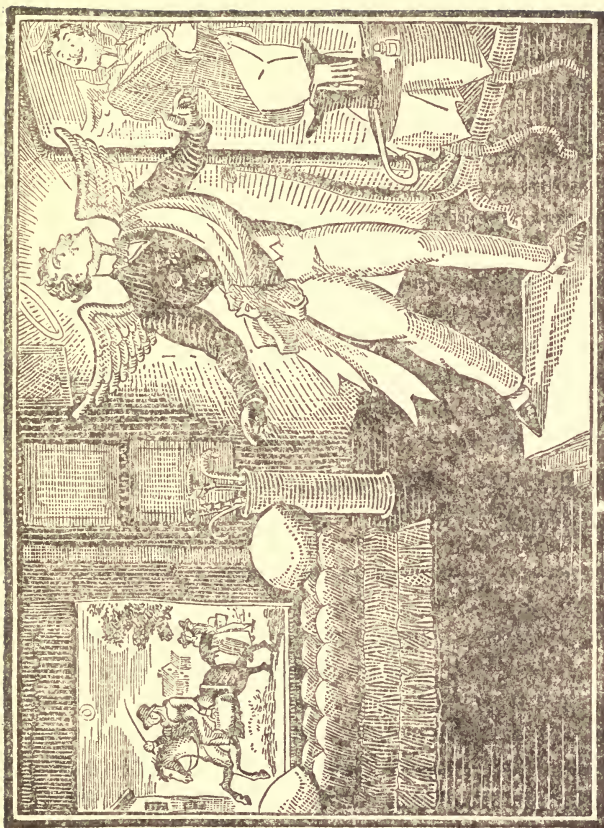
No one could stump him by asking for inside Dope on a Late Work by some Icelandic Novelist. He was a Bear on the whole Line of Tea-Gurgle.

He knew more about the Modern Dutch Painters than they knew about themselves.

Once every Two Years he would find a Play that he could sit through.

It was his Boast that he never dubbed a Mashie Shot, because he made his Execution deliberate, kept the Arms well in and looked a Hole in the Ground until the little old Pill was safely on the Carpet.





— MCCUTCHEN —

*Finally he got Married without showing a Tremor and the Wife must have been a game little Party. She stood him for nearly Three Months*

Of course he had travelled Everywhere, preferring Rough Weather at Sea, and never missing a Meal.

He card-indexed his Cravats and had a Razor for each Day in the Week.

He ate his Eggs from the Shell and his Cigarettes had to be especially blended for him, with a secret Percentage of unusual Perique.

Oh yes! And he never missed a Train!

Neither did he split an Infinitive.

When conversing, he did not gum up the minor Syllables and in the matter of Correct Pronunciation, he batted 1,000.

Finally he got Married without showing a Tremor and the Wife must have been a game little Party. She stood him for nearly Three Months.

*Moral: Don't be too Efficient, if you expect to find a Co-Efficient.*



## THE FABLE OF THE LINGERING THIRST AND THE BOUNDLESS SAHARA

ON A certain Afternoon in the year 1942 the main Frolic-Chamber of the Lucifer Club was in a state of Semi-Repouse.

Away back yonder, before an unprepared World was swatted simultaneously by Social Unrest and Nation-Wide Prohibition, this Exclusive Social Organization had enjoyed a fruity Reputation as a Bun-Factory.

One peek at the Refined Bunch in the Ex-Café on the aforesaid Afternoon of 1942 told the story of a World reclaimed.

Our Best People had long since been weaned from the baneful Booze.

The Home of the Revels had been done over into a Rest Room for White Rabbits.

Even as a Slave-Block was still shown in New Orleans and a Whipping-Post could be seen in a Delaware Museum, so the Lucifer Club retained some of the Props and Paraphernalia of the Wet Age.

Curdling Yarns were still told of the old Profligate Times when the dusty Steins, now ranged on the High Shelf as Curios, had surged and frothed with a

Hellish Compound containing as high as 4 per cent. of the Essence of Tra-la-la.

The Dents in the Furniture, so the Legends ran, had been made by Cannikins, brought down in Unison to emphasize the Fact that the Gang was present up to the full Enrollment and that all other Facts were non-essential.

An orderly group of protected and purified Male Persons sat at one of the Scarred Tables, gazing with modified Enthusiasm at a pitcher of Raspberry Shrub and a plate of Gluten Biscuit.

They were Ex-Collegians but they did not Vocalize. It is a Biological Truth that Close Harmony can not be extracted from Raspberry Shrub.

In fact, the Members were in a dour and resentful Mood.

A Servant had just brought in word that the House Committee forbade the use of Carbonated Aqua with Fruit Juices.

The Members knew that Extract of Raspberry has practically no Recoil whatsoever unless spurred to action by Sparkling Waters.

They liked to see the Bubbles jump and to feel the tickle of the Gas Beads on the way down.

Hence the Holler.

In the company was a highly antiseptic young Professor who specialized on Food Values when his Health permitted.

He explained that all fizzy Beverages were being put into the Nixey Column because Research had

shown that a Guinea Pig spreeing for days at a time on Carbonic Acid Gas became listless, inattentive and of practically no value to Society, while one moistened with the glorious Fluid that comes from every Faucet continues to measure up to the full Efficiency of a normal Guinea Pig.

Also, the Savings Banks in States which had abolished the Aërated Waters showed a marked Increase in the Total of Deposits.

Of course that left the Kickers without a Leg to stand on, although more than a few felt that the Guinea Pig should have kept out of it.

When Members cease to kick on the House Committee, a Club is no longer a Club.

"We thought the Limit had been negotiated when they stopped us from using Ice," said one of the Mutineers. "I admit that the Tummy should not be chilled and I am not here as a spokesman for anything that foams in the Tumbler, but there is a strain of Deviltry in our Family and I shall use Ice and Seltzer in my own Apartment, come what may."

"Would you continue to freeze and inflate your poor Insides even after a Majority of your Fellow Citizens had issued Orders to the Contrary?" demanded the Professor. "Are you setting yourself up against the Health Bulletins?"

The Bold One began to back-pedal.

"I can not help but feel," he rejoined, lamely, "that too many Authorities are coming between me and my Duodenum."

The Victim of the Club Soda Habit was saved from further Humiliation by the stalking entrance into the Room of a Veteran Member known as "The Colonel."

Although somewhat bleached by the kindly assistance of the 18th Amendment, the Colonel was not of the standardized Pattern which enabled the other Members to harmonize so unobtrusively with the Neutral Tint of the Draperies. He looked like a Gink who was waiting for someone to touch the Bell.

The Colonel had a Past which threw him into the Doubtful List, but the Fact which put a Dark Ring around his Local Standing was this: He still gloried in his previous Shame.

He could remember when every Vegetarian Cafeteria had been a Buffet.

He had played Poker for Real Money. Also Golf on Sunday.

He had smoked Cigarettes. He had applauded when vicious Pugs bammed each other in a padded Ring.

He had seen the Ponies come scooting into the Home Chute, and then he had hurried in to mace his Bit from Ikey.

He had stayed up until 1 A. M. feeding on the mixed Harmonies of the Cabaret.

He had shimmied in Hotels and Restaurants, on Ocean Piers and at Dancing Clubs, long since snuffed out by the Police. He had qualified as a Sport when

the Title could not be earned on the Croquet Grounds.

In other words he was a Reprobate of the Old School.

No wonder that these Sheltered Ones, who had learned to obey the Curfew and never had felt the jingle of a Bronx, looked upon the Hold-Over with a degree of Disfavour, secretly tinged with Admiration for one who had hit all of the High Spots before the Universe was planed down to a Dead Level of Decorum and Sobriety.

In the unwritten Records of the Club it appeared that somewhat previous to 1920 the Colonel had made it a sinful Practice to pull a Birthday Dinner every year.

This jovial Function, which passed out automatically when the Club climbed on the Wagon, was still treasured in Recollection by a few Survivors as SOME Party.

As nearly as could be gleaned from wistful Reminiscence it had been an exciting Combination of the Galveston Flood and a Busy Day in the Argonne Forest.

But that was before the Frontier of Civilization began to move eastward from the Missouri River.

Slowly but surely the White Jacket gave way to the triumphal advance of the White Necktie.

At last the Light of Kansas and Oklahoma penetrated even the darkest Recesses of Fifth Avenue.

And now the Lucifer Club had its Members wear-



*This jovial Function, which passed out automatically when the Club climbed on the Wagon, was still treasured in Recollection by a few Survivors as SOME Party*

ing Snaffles and Interference Pads. The Mixing-Spoon had been beaten into a Shoe-Horn. Azaleas were blooming in the silver Wine-Buckets.

And the Colonel's Birthday Parties had gone the way of the Jigger and the Jazz Band.

To show you how one hardened to Iniquity will cling to Vices, in spite of the Anti-Saloon League, it was whispered about the Club that the Colonel still protected in his Back-Yard a Patch of the Proscribed Mint.

Also, it was darkly rumoured that in a secret Cavern somewhere on the Premises he treasured an Earthenware Vessel containing the Contraband Fluid known as Bourbon.

By way of defying a Law that he disapproved, he celebrated his Birthday Anniversary by pulling down the Blinds, putting on Gum Shoes and a Mask and mixing a deadly Swig known as a Julep.

It was said that he aggravated this Illegal Performance by drinking to the Confusion of Small-Town Legislators who wear Celluloid Collars.

This extended Prelude is meant to give the Reader a correct Line on the Colonel as a Tough Nut in General.

In 1917 he had been a *Bon Vivant*, which is French for a Regular Little Fellow.

In 1942 he was merely a Relic of that dissolute Era which terminated when W. J. B. got after John Barleycorn and talked him to Death.

No wonder that the Juniors of the Lucifer Club,



who had been kept away from Mince Pie speeded up with Real Stuff, failed to find themselves on a friendly Footing with this Unregenerate.

Merely out of politeness they asked him to cut in on the diluted Raspberry.

He raised a forbidding Hand.

"In my Youth I was taught to respect the Supreme Court," he said, gazing scornfully at the so-called Refreshments, "but even that august Tribunal can not convince me that a Drink is related to something which Nature intended for the dyeing of Easter Eggs."

"Surely you are not yearning, even after two Decades, for a Dram of that which destroys both Body and Soul?" demanded the Professor. "It is a Medical Fact that the Appetite for Liquor endures only a few months after the Victim is locked up in a Dry Community."

The Colonel came back as follows: "I am not bothered by an Appetite. I am harassed by Memories. All of you have read in your Histories of the wicked Times when every Hostess had Mortimer bring in the Dry Martinis just before Dinner was served. You have found references, in forbidden Fiction, to Bottles covered with Cobwebs; to the Uncle of the Bride holding up a Beaker of some Rare Vintage and proposing the Health of the Happy Pair; to gay Banquets at which every Speaker became an Inspired Orator after 9 P. M. All these Suggestions of the licentious mid-Wilson or Pie-

Eyed Period arouse in you only a Sense of Shame. You are trying to forget that your immediate Ancestors belonged to this Club, which was kept going Year after Year by the preponderance of Bar Receipts. You came upon the Scene when the harshest Sound that greeted your Ears was the squeezing of a Lemon. In your fortunate Environment the acme of Naughtiness is to speed up the Car while going to a Tennis Tournament. With me it is different."

"You mean that you cherish fond Remembrances of the Improprieties of Long Ago?" asked one of the Younger Members.

"Life had certain Attractions for me, even before they cut off my Allowance," replied the Colonel. "You may not believe it, but the old U. S. A. was a moderately cheerful Abode even when dominated by those accustomed to touch the Harp lightly. I know that every Person who dallied with the Accursed Stuff is now branded as a Miscreant and yet I recall many useful and interesting Citizens who would walk around a Banana Split to get to a Rickey. Furthermore, among the virtuous Non-Drinkers was an alarming Percentage of the kind that no one would care to have around the House on a Rainy Sunday. They were Nice People but not to room with. And they were Ignorant. They classed all stimulating Mixtures under the general head of Rum. Any Expert will tell you that Rum was used principally for curing a Cold. Their Fanaticism was founded on Misinformation. They believed that a Drink



W. C. T. U. M. D. N. Y.

*Among the virtuous Non-Drinkers was an alarming Percentage of the Kind that no one would care to have around the House on a Rainy Sunday*

was something that induced a man to go home and hit his Wife in the head with an Axe. They did not know, never having been invited to the Right Places, that sometimes a Drink, passing to its Destination under Salubrious Conditions, will induce a Man to buy his Wife an Electric Phaeton. They were not familiar with Bottled Goods which could be used as a Social Lubricant and Promoter of Conversation. Anything in a Bottle looked to them like a Ticket to the Penitentiary. The Man who wasn't strictly on the Rainwater they classed with Joe Morgan, the Village Soak. One morning we woke up and found that 51 per cent. of the Voters had absorbed the happy Idea that nobody in all the World must ever again repeat those vile words, 'Here's looking at you.' Up to that time there had been much Suffering among the Poor. Now the suffering was transferred to the Rich."

"You mean that the Drinking Classes did not wish to be emancipated from Slavery?" asked an incredulous Listener.

"Oh, Lad! Talk about Anguish! The Corner Saloon curled up and died without a Struggle, but the Clubs threw many a Spasm before taking the final Count. Never shall I forget the Day when the Blow fell. I breezed into this Very Room and told the Boy to get to work on a Tom Collins. You Fellows never saw one but I may tell you, without giving you a downward Shove on the Road to Ruin, that it came very tall and was not hard to encom-

pass on a Warm Day. The Servant told me to shoot again. He said he could fix me a Collins except for the one Ingredient which made it a Collins. I started to Bark and was shown a Pamphlet with an underlined Statement that the Jails in Kansas were practically empty. Because the jail-attendance in Kansas was falling off, I had to make a dreadful choice between Slow Death and Sarsaparilla. While I was sitting there, trying to adjust myself to the Horrors of the New Situation, other Members appeared and began to discuss the Outrage. There was a customary Round-Up between 5 and 6 P.M. The Regulars would drop in on the way Home and get ready to meet their Wives and tell how hard they had been working all day. It was a mournful Company, the day we left the waving Trees and singing Birds and marched out into the Desert. Away to the Horizon was a dry sweep of parched Desolation and something told us that no matter how long we kept on marching we would never come to an Oasis."

The Professor had followed this amazing Confession with an Impatience that was poorly concealed. "You were better off without your Pick-me-ups," he explained. "Continued Indulgence weakens the Will and deludes the Judgment. You and your bibulous Comrades were mistaken in assuming that you were cheered and refreshed after the second or third Round. It was all Imagination."

"Possibly," replied the Colonel. "That Imagina-

tion Stuff is the principal Asset of Christian Science. I am not here to defend any Man who has been legislated beyond the Pale of Respectability. I am simply telling you that a lot of Folks who had been getting by as Respectable Members of Society suddenly found themselves dying on the Vine. Those who refused to acquiesce got it Good. Take the case of my Aunt Mattie. She was a wilful Creature but she had her Good Points. The Officers found a Bottle of Cooking Sherry in her Pantry. They gave her Six Months."

"You will admit that the World is better behaved since the dethronement of King Alcohol." suggested one who was reeking with Raspberry.

"I will admit that a deep Calm prevails over many Spots that formerly were quite animated," was the evasive Reply. "Unfortunately, the new Laws have eliminated that rugged Character known as a Moral Hero. In the bright red Days of my Youth, a good Man was one who resisted Temptation. Now that all Temptation has been legally abolished, no Person gets any Medals for being Virtuous. He can't be otherwise unless he possesses Information which I have failed to obtain. There was a Time when the man who did not drink Beer or smoke Cigarettes or play Poker or look at Ball Games on Sunday was regarded as Snow-White. Now that Breweries, Cigarettes, Poker Games, and Sunday Base-Ball have been put into the same category as Murder and Arson, the Individual who

keeps away from Satanic Influences is merely a Non-Criminal. It is a changed Universe. Golf has never been the same since the 19th Hole was wiped out. Formerly players were sustained through a Hard Match by a Vision of that which made the Alibi sound more plausible and caused every Bogey Hole to look like Par. When you rob Victory of the Celebration and deprive Defeat of soothing Consolation, you have put a good Game on the Fritz."

Suddenly the Colonel paused and looked toward the Doorway, where another Member of the hardened Type that was doomed to Extinction stood beckoning, his manner Secretive.

The Colonel walked over.

"Come with me," whispered the New-Comer. "I know of a Blind Pig where we can get some Coffee."

*Moral: Do unto yourself as your Neighbours do unto Themselves and look Pleasant.*



## THE FABLE OF THE HARD-UP YEOMAN

ONE Day a serious-minded Disturber of the Soil named Ebenezer, living out where the Prairie Loam is very Brunette and the Cattle are broad across the Hips, got up in the Morning so borne down by Business Anxiety that all he could take on for Breakfast was a few Eggs and a couple of Patty Cakes of a rare kind of Sausage containing Pork and several Strata of Flapjacks and a Tureen of Coffee.

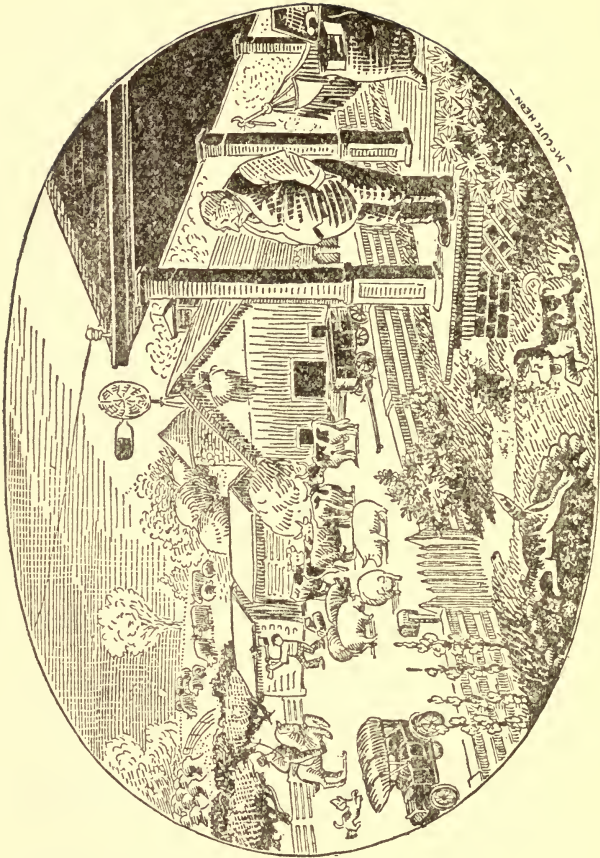
The Grief that seemed crushing him to Earth had been engendered by a steady Increase in Land Values.

Like every other nifty Agriculturist, he had a Chronic Hankering to own all the good Property adjoining.

There was one Eighty in Particular that he coveted until he couldn't bear the Thought of some Neighbour beating him to it.

For several Years he had been doing a little gumshoe Dickering to get hold of that dandy little Patch of Corn Land.

Every time he inquired the Price, the Owner boosted the Figure a mite, and then told our Good Friend that he could either take it or leave it or do a



*The Grief that seemed crushing him to Earth had been engendered by a steady Increase  
in Land Values*

Run and Jump into the Crick, it didn't make no difference which.

One of the bitter Ironies encountered during the Vaudeville Tour known as Mortal Existence is that when the Articles we sell go up like a Rocket and Life begins to look like a Feather Bed, then the Commodities we wish to Purchase likewise get into a Bull Market and go sailing, and Joy evaporates.

No matter how much of the Crisp a Fellow handles, he feels like a Lazarus if he cannot acquire all of the desirable Items that he seems to think he wants.

That is why Ebenezer was feeling awful Blue when he wound up his little hank and started for Town to pick out some new Records for the Talking Machine.

He alighted in front of the Bank, and there he plumped right into a mess of Calamity. Although he tried to duck into the Drug Store, the Trouble-Maker nailed him.

All the Overture Stuff about the Spring Planting and the Health of the Family did not camouf Ebenezer. He could feel a Touch coming.

The Person accosting him was of a Species which had multiplied without increasing in Popularity.

In other Words, this Party was around sticking up People in the name of a large Undertaking for the General Good.

He was there with a line of glib Cackle about every Citizen having a real proprietary Interest in his own Country.

He went at Ebenezer hammer and tongs and told him to Come Across with a Handful.

"I can't do it, Bill," said Ebenezer, with a quaver in his Voice. "I think all this Work ought to be done by the Govamint, but, even at that, I'd dig if I wasn't so Poor just now. You don't see me romancin' along Main Street in any Twin Six that costs Four Thousand. I have to put up with a little Coffee Grinder. Never in all my born Days did I ride in a Private Car, the same as them Railway Presidents. They're the Fellows to go after. Did I ever own a Plug Hat? Does my Woman sport any Diamonds? Here I am, strugglin' along an' just makin' both Ends meet, an' you come and try to slip me some more Tribulation. Sometimes I wonder what they do with all the Taxes I pay in. Now I've got to stand in front of a Table an' answer a lot of fool Questions about my Income. It always seemed to me that, when a real Producer gets hold of some Cash, it's His'n, an' nobody's got any Right to go feelin' into his Pockets for it. Besides I've had more than seven quarts of Trouble. Many's the Wallop that's been handed to me in the last Year. Last Season, after I sold my Corn for a Dollar Ten, it went to a Dollar Fifty on the Board of Trade. You can figure that on 5,000 Bushels I certainly lost a pile of Money. I've felt pinched ever since. I understand, of course, that it's all right for them that have it stacked up to be reckless an' throw in big Donations an' get their Names in the Paper, but it

does strike me they ought to lay off of us Grangers that are hard pushed. Why, I need more Land right now, but I can't get it without bein' Gouged, and I'm Fussed. You must know that my Grocery Bills are bigger than they used to be. Honest, Bill, I don't see how you can look me in the Eye an' tell me it's my Duty to let go at a Time like this. I think you Aristocrats that loll around in the Towns and live off of us ought to put up all the Spondulix needed just at this time."

The Solicitor was slowed up. He began to feel ashamed of himself for trying to take the Hot Biscuit and the Spareribs right out of the Mouths of Ebenezer's Offspring.

He went back to the Local Committee and reported that inasmuch as Eb had been compelled to order Gasoline at the advanced Rate and Casings at the new Price for Rubber, and had been stood up so hard by the Chicago Tailoring Firm which specializes on Garments for College Students, and had been put to extra Expense because the McCormack Records cost quite a bit of Money, and was trying to lay in such a large advance supply of Nut Coal for the Base-Burner, probably it wasn't fair to expect him to get wrought up over Public Weal.

He reported that a good many rapacious Combinations had swooped down on Ebenezer and rassled his Feelings and stripped him of his Assets.

It looked as if Eb would have to be marked up as a Dead Pigeon.

The Committee considered the Case carefully, because there were several Ebenezers right in this same Township.

The Members of the cruel Hold-Up Gang knew that Ebenezer was sincere in his tearful Declarations.

What with the High Cost of Necessary Luxuries and the Contemptible Methods lately adopted by Tax Ferrets and the Prohibitive Price on all Land adjoining him, it was evident that this particular specimen of Farmer felt that he was being persecuted beyond Endurance.

They had to admit that he was right about the Private Car and not having as much Jewellery as those mentioned in the Sunday Papers. Also, he never frittered away any time at Golf.

One Member of the Committee, having no Pity in his Heart, then suggested that Poverty was a Relative Term.

He said that Ebenezer was a well-meaning Citizen and there was just one Prescription needed to make Eb a useful Patriot of comprehensive Vision, and that was an Inspection Tour.

He called attention to certain biographical Data.

Ebenezer had started out in Life as a Farm Hand.

His only Assets at the beginning were a set of willing Muscles, the habit of Industry, and about as much technical Knowledge of Agriculture as he could absorb from his Neighbours. He believed himself to be self-made.

It never struck him that the Institutions of a Free

Country, and the Privileges sprouting under a Western Sky, and the virgin richness of a new Soil, and the kindly help of an intelligent Community had coöperated to make him a Present of 240 Acres worth \$300 an Acre.

Someone suggested that it would be a Grand Thought if Ebenezer could visit some of the other Geographical Divisions on this limited Globe and study the Daily Life and Domestic Affairs of other Men who had started with Nothing much and worked hard, and practised Economy and persevered in their Efforts to set aside a few Rubles for a Rainy Day.

So the Committee pulled off a very bright Stunt.

It learned that a smart Yank had perfected an Airplane of incredible Speed.

It could do a Mile in practically Nothing, flat.

Motor-Cars had minimized all Mileage, but the new flying Contraption simply eliminated Distance.

The Committee sent for a Machine that had a separate Perch for a Passenger and invited Ebenezer to take a free Ride.

The Lad at the Wheel was instructed to show Ebenezer the Sights that would do him the most good.

“Our respected Neighbour has got it into his Bean that a Raw Deal has been framed and that he is the Fall Guy,” explained the Committee to the Aviator. “Load him on your Rubberneck and let him get wise to the Happy Lot of those who are not subject to the Oppressive Conditions which have caused him to holler.”



They sailed away, and a strange assortment of changing Landscapes began to unroll beneath them.

By the time they had gone a paltry Thousand Miles in a southerly direction, it was revealed to the pop-eyed Traveller that even the Home of the Brave was made up largely of Mountain Ranges and Scrub Forest. The Bottom Lands were subject to overflow and the Slopes consisted of Mineral Deposits.

Presently they hovered over a sun-baked Expanse studded with prickly Vegetation.

"I invite your Attention to the Peon of Mexico," said the polite Guide. "He puts in the usual number of Hours per Day. Once in a great while he is permitted to look at a small piece of depreciated Tin Money. He lives in the Mud Hut that you see nestling among the Cacti. His food consists of Injun Meal and Black Beans touched up with Pepper Sauce. If he lives to be 60 Years of Age, he still lacks about \$18 of having enough to pay the Funeral Expenses."

They shot eastward above blue Waters and paused to admire an Island of tropical Aspect.

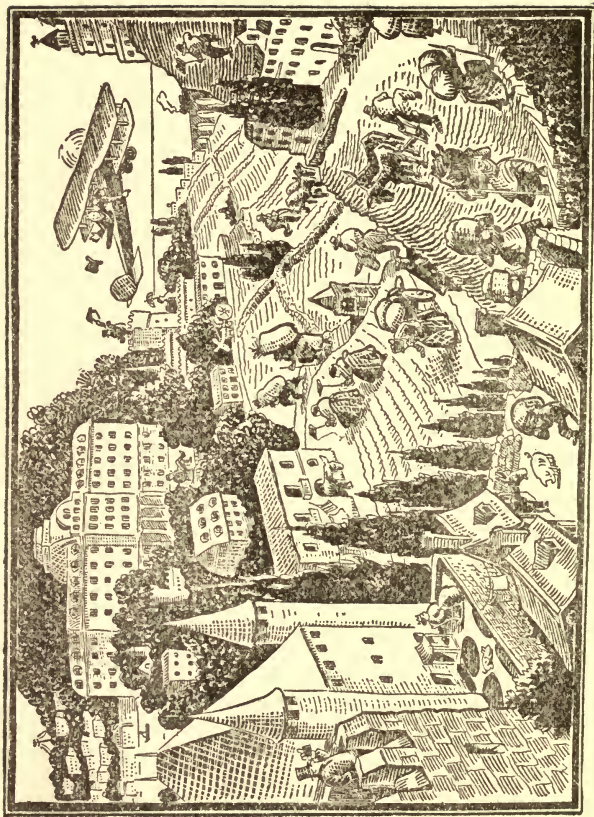
"This is somewhere in the West Indies," said the Guide. "It doesn't matter where, because the Farmer is just as well off one place as another. You will notice the Gentleman wearing the 20-cent suit of Pajamas and chopping down Sugar Cane. He is quite beyond the reach of the Coal Trust, being surrounded by a genial Temperature of 100 degrees Fahrenheit. He resides in yonder Store Box

mounted on Stilts. When he shows up after a Hard Day in the Fields, he finds a stewed Banana waiting for him. If he is frugal, some day he will own both a Guitar and a Mule."

Still eastward they clove their way, and up from the Sea rose a whole Continent of Spired Cities and tiny Gardens and first-class Scenery.

"This, in a General Way, is Southern Europe," explained the Conductor of the Tour. "I am bearing to the south because the Agricultural Districts somewhat to the North have been cultivated to a depth of 4 feet and planted with explosive Shells. It is my purpose to show you the more favoured Regions. Look at the huge Hotels and the dandy Palaces. They are not frequented by members of the Farmers' Protective Association, but the humblest Toiler can look at them every time he straightens up. The Tower you see yonder is not a Silo. It is part of a Château. Do you make out all the Truck Patches? Well, those are not Truck Patches at all. They're Farms. You will note that all the Women and Children are permitted to take Exercise in the Open. Each of them will dally with a hunk of Black Bread and a large Radish later in the day. We are now looking at what is known as the Home of Laughter and Song. This is a grand Spot in which to settle down if you don't object to rooming with the Live Stock and can subsist on the aforesaid Laughter and Song."

On they went, with tumbling Waters and white



—MCCUTCHEN—

*“This, in a General Way, is Southern Europe. Look at the huge Hotels and the dandy Palaces”*

Deserts beneath them. They came to a mere ribbon of Green bordering a River which wound through a Desolation of burning Sand.

“I thought you would enjoy a close-up of Egypt,” said the Guide. “This is where Agriculture was invented a good many Centuries before the Year One. Countless Millions have been working at it ever since, and the most that any Tenant ever got ahead was the Privilege of facing eastward twice a Day and giving Thanks to Mohammed. The Exhibit to which I call particular Attention is the Fellah with the Breech-Clout driving the Oxen and guiding the Plow made from a crooked Limb. He is still pulling the Ptolemy Stuff because he is not taxed for Free Schools and Experiment Stations. Please get next to the Bunch lifting the Water out of the Nile in buckets and pouring it into Irrigation Ditches. How’s that for the little old 20th Century? Each member of the Bucket Brigade earns almost enough every Day to buy a good 5-cent Segar. The Grain is trampled out according to the most approved Old-Testament methods. I forget the name of the Staple Food in this Vicinity, but it is a kind of Ragweed en Casserole. Please take notice that these dark-skinned Persons are Hustlers. You don’t catch one of them loafing on his Job. He scratches just as hard as any Township Trustee in the Mississippi Valley. Does he get anywhere? After a long and sweaty Day, he sleeps on the bare Ground under a Canopy of Twigs plastered with Mud. He looks at

an unchanging Horizon. After a while he dies. Don't pity him. He never heard that somewhere in the World the weary Plowman goes to the Circus and eats Ice-Cream Cones. We will now proceed to India, one of the favourite Haunts of those who go forth to Sow and Reap."

During the next Jump through Space, Ebenezer confirmed what he had learned in the Geography Class; viz., that most of the Earth's Surface is covered with Water.

He picked up the further Information that most of the so-called Land looked like a Gravel Pit that had been spread out to dry.

India, he had read somewhere, was the Land of Mystery.

The Mystery turned out to be that Swarms and Myriads of skinny Individuals with large, mournful Eyes and fluttering Cotton Nighties somehow managed to wrench a Sustenance from the blistering Plains.

Each Human Work-Animal was escorted to his daily Task by the Spooks born of Superstition, while behind him stalked the dim Specter of Famine.

"Sometimes a Crop does not come up to Expectations," explained the Guide. "When that happens, about as many People as you will find in the State of Pennsylvania curl up and die of Starvation. Land is owned by the Rajahs and Princes. The hereditary Privilege of the Son of Toil, here as in almost every nook and corner of our happy Planet, is to remain

alive for a Period of Years. I need hardly tell you that the hungry Vegetarians you see grubbing in the Fields as far as the Eye can reach never heard of Mince Pie, never attended a Band Concert, never took a Joy Ride, and never sat in a Rocking Chair to read the Home Paper. They expect to get their Reward in the Hereafter. It's a great Scheme for a Landowner to meet his Pay-Roll with Checks payable in Paradise."

They moved on. Below them spread the vast Beehives of the Old World—Burma and Java and Siam.

"These Natives over here are Nice Folks," explained the Guide. "They can't Read or Write and they don't Vote but, on the Other Hand, they don't have to conceal anything from the Assessor, because they have nothing to conceal."

China proved to be well worth seeing.

All the checkered Fields were green and gold with heavy Crops.

The wide Expanses of farming Country were unmarked by Public Highways and the Residents were far removed from the excessive Freight Charges demanded by Railways.

Each Producer carried his Crop to Market in a Basket.

"Here we find the truly independent Farmer," said the Lecturer, indicating the ornery little Villages which huddled in the Valleys. "The greedy Manufacturers and the Trust Combines have not been able



to get to him and load him up with Self-Binders and Grand Rapids Furniture and Cream Separators and Fancy Groceries and all the other Items for which you and your unfortunate Neighbours are overcharged at Home. By reason of his living far from the operations of the Octopi, he is enabled to get along on an average Wage of 2 cents per Day. Is he unhappy? Not at all. Once a Week he sits down to a Banquet consisting of a Bowl of Rice with a piece of dried Fish in it."

By this time, Ebenezer was ready to admit that almost every fool corner of the Earth that had even a skim of Soil on it was being cultivated, but he was surprised to discover that the Foreigners had failed to equip their Farms with Front Porches and Garages and other Essentials.

Either he knew something about Farming that they didn't know or else there was some other Reason.

On the homeward Tack the Airplane took in Japan, so that Ebenezer could observe Conditions in a progressive Nation where the Harvest Hand pulls down 14 Cents a Day and can afford to put dried Fish into the Rice two or three times a Week.

During the hasty skip across the Pacific, the Guide addressed Ebenezer as follows:

"Well, my jolly Home-Seeker, if you decide later on to flee from the predatory Inflictions which have caused you so much sorrow in the U. S. A., to which part of this Terrestrial Sphere will you emigrate? Of all the drudging Farmers on the outside Map, is



there one with whom you would trade Places? Can you see any one of them running a Shoe-String up to 240 Acres?"

They began to make out the white Houses and the big Red Barns and the Fat Stock and the ribbons of Macadam and the flivs moving hither and thither, while in between and all around were the unhampered and generous Fields.

"How do they look to you?" asked the Conductor.

"Oh, Boy!" was all that Eb could exclaim.

*Moral: Where Ignorance is not Bliss, get Wise!*

THE FABLE OF PRINCE FORTUNATAS WHO LIVED  
IN EASY STREET AND THEN MOVED AWAY

**O**NCE there was a Boy named Claude, born with a Plated-Ware Spoon in his Mouth.

When he was 21 he came into a very salubrious Chunk of Property.

Before the Family Plunder was pushed over to him, by order of Court, he lived on Expectations.

While the less-favoured Lads of the Village were learning Trades or clerking at the Bee Hive, Claude was reading the Ads and picking out what he would get for himself when he was of Age.

Why arise at chilly Dawn and hot-foot to a Slave Pen when it is so pleasant under the Covers?

Why strain the Ligaments for a wretched Dole of Ten Bucks Per, when both Tens and Twenties are waiting in the Bank to be wadded up and thrown at the Robins?

It is said that Parents who have Gone Before sometimes rest from their Harp Exercises and walk to the edge of the Golden Parapet to look down and Keep Cases on the Loved Ones still detained on Earth.

If the Ex-Plumber and Gas Fitter was acting as Look-Out for Claude, he did not have much News to report.

About all he got was a Bird's-Eye View of a pale Gillie engaged in rolling these little Fire-Cracker Cigarettes and watching the Fellows play Kelly.

Just about the Happy Day when Claude was getting all set to Snip the twine on his Bundle there came to Town a plain product of the Suburbs answering to the name of Silas.

Silas had failed to discover that Life held any large Percentage of Lavender for the Son of a Teamster.

Silas was simply a Rear Private in the large Army that beat it down-town every Morning, with the Wolf trotting along behind.

When his Laundry failed to get back on time he was in a Bad Way.

He wasn't a Good-Looker or a Swell Dresser or quick with the Organs of Articulation.

He was a Flumpie, which is a Cross between a Gugg and a Yap.

On the day which brought him the right to Vote against the Party in Power, his only Assets were the contents of a frail Steamer Trunk, an eager Willingness to serve his Chief, and a permeating Wish to be a Depositor and carry his own Pass-Book with an Elastic around it.

Just two Blocks away, Claude was counting the Leaves in his new Check-Book and trying to grapple with and encompass the Stupendous Fact that he had One Hundred Thousand gleaming Simoleons.

This Sum is either Large or Small, according to its Habitat.

In New York City at the present Writing, it represents what a good Head Waiter is expected to spend on a Christmas Present for his Wife.

In some of the interior Counties of Arkansaw, it would look like the National Debt.

Thirty years ago, many an Inland Town looked up to the local Croesus who had corralled One Hundred Thousand. He was supposed to be Fixed.

To Claude the Amount seemed Sufficient, and to Silas it was simply Himalayan.

Such was the Get-Away for the Long-Distance Championship—Silas without a Bean, and Claude smothered with Greenbacks.

It was to be a hard and wearing Race toward the setting Sun.

Only a real Dopester would have given the Tip that Claude carried all the Weight and that Silas was an Odds-On Favourite.

Silas believed that he had been cruelly handicapped, and Claude was sobusy being measured for Silk Underwear that he never suspected that there was going to be any Contest.

He thought Life was a Parade.

They were of the same Age. Each had enjoyed the Disadvantages of High School Training, wore a Number Seven Hat, and carried a very Moderate Voltage above the Neck-Band.

The main Difference seemed to be that Silas was a Putter-In and Claude was a Taker-Out.

Each Nightfall the humble Climber was slightly

Plus, while the merry Tobogganer was more or less Minus, thereby supplying us with the whole Plot of the Drama.

It does not signify one Iota or Scintilla where you may be pegged on the Chart at 4 o'clock of a certain Afternoon. But the Direction in which you are headed makes it a moral Pipe to bet on your Terminus.

It is not of Record that any one ever coasted to the top of Pike's Peak.

One day, while Silas was still working on Page 1 of the Red Book given to him by the Bank, he passed the mid-Victorian Morgue in which Claude was signing most of his Checks.

The shabby Servitor stood at a Safe Distance and watched the high-flown Aristocrat climb into an English Vehicle and gather up the Ribbons.

At that date, the pampered Worldling did not ride in something shaped like a U 27 Submarine while seated on his Floating Ribs and peering out through a Wheel.

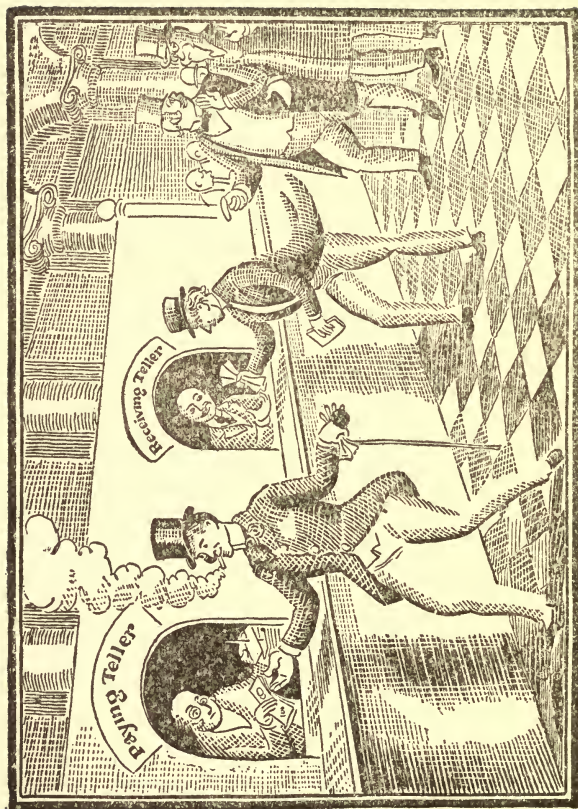
He was perched some 14 feet above Terra Firma and favoured the Brown Derby and Pearl Buttons.

Silas gazed at the Proud Pup and became coagulated with Bitterness.

For about 15 Seconds he was a Bomb-Thrower.

"It is no Fair Shake," he told himself. "Why should he spend more for Florida Water every week than I pull down in Stipend?"

As for Claude, he experienced no emotional Dis-



- MCCUTCHEN -

*Silas was a Putter-In and Claude was a Taker-Out*

turbance whatever as he glanced at the Person in Hand-me-Downs.

To him, the mere Wage-Earner was an unconsidered Item, the same as a Tree or a Policeman.

So the One Hundred Thousand Dollars went spinning up the Boulevard and the Pauper proceeded homeward, grimly determined to get some of the Coin in which so many undeserving Folk seemed to be wallowing.

Claude could have lived within his Income if he had worked at anything other than Ordering Things sent up to the House.

A yearly Windfall of Five Thousand would be Nuts for one too busy to go Shopping. It is not such a much for one of those wrap-it-up Kids.

Especially if the jolly little Spender gets led to the Altar by a Damsel who wants all of her Dreams to come true.

The Boy who makes two Check-Books grow where one flourished before is certainly Santa Claus for the Tradespeople.

Each year the Rentals and Coupons went up in graceful Curls of Smoke and the Young People, not wishing to Starve or be deprived of their Stick-Pins and Brooches, began to hack large irregular Blobs out of the Principal.

Every January 1st they had less Money working for them. With the Income dwindling and the Spending Habit asserting itself in new and startling



Ramifications, there was no let-up to the Melting process.

When Claude and Silas were 30 years of Age, the Latter was only \$5,000 to the Good but he had spikes in his Shoes and Rosen all over his Dukes and knew the Ropes.

Claude still had Seventy-five Thousand and had learned that when one needs immediate Rhino, all one has to do is open the Tin Box and sell Something. Even so.

Silas was an Oatmeal Fan and Claude was getting so that he could tell one Vintage from another with his Eyes Shut.

And now, grabbing the License afforded every writer for the Movies, flash Sub-Title "Five Years Later" and dissolve into Close-Up of Claude seated in a Booth at the Safety Deposit Vault anxiously shuffling his Securities. Let the Picture reveal the Fact that he is alarmed over the High Cost of Living High.

He has Fifty Thousand of the Original Stake. His Income has been sliced in two, the same as a Cantaloupe. His Expenditures have doubled. He is thinking that probably he had better do a quick Sashay into Wall Street, fill a couple of Suit Cases with soft Jack and then get out again, just like that.

It was a very pretty Inspiration, of the kind that enables the Stock Broker to play Golf every Summer for a Box of Balls a Hole.

Just as Claude started out to place an Order for a Thousand Shares of anything that was sure to go

up, he met Silas coming in to plant the Deed for a Desirable Corner.

Claude did not speak to Silas. He could not be expected to know a Grubber of the Middle Class, who controlled only about Twenty Thousand and never had Dined Out.

Silas did not pause to envy the Social Leader. He was too busy with his Mental Arithmetic, figuring what his Real Estate would fetch ten years hence, after everything had moved farther Up Town.

Without going into all the Details of eating the Tape as it came out of the Ticker, the occasional call for Bromo Seltzer, and inside Tips from prominent Head Waiters, it may be announced without fear of Contradiction that Claude's Operations on the Exchange did not lead up to any extensive Slaughter.

It was not generally known at the corner of Broad and Wall that he had been sitting in.

Claude knew it, however, because he had so much more Room in his Tin Box.

When Silas was 38 years old, he met Claude at a Dinner given by Prominent Citizens to a Statesman from Washington who had Hopes.

They were brought together because each was a trembling Conservative.

Claude had Twenty Five Thousand Bucks of the evaporating variety, which he wished to retain as long as possible.

Silas had Forty Thousand Iron Men, trained to

work 24 Hours every Day, which he proposed to pyramid into a Million if Congress did not get fidgety and spill the Beans.

Silas no longer hated Claude. He did not so much as recall the Day when he gnashed his Teeth at the Young Swell in the Driving Togs.

At this Stage of the Game, Silas reserved his Envy for someone who could show more than Forty Thousand.

It was Claude's turn to be set back into the Two-Hole.

He found himself deferring to the Money-Maker; it being fairly well understood between them that one was a Comer and the other was a Goer.

In fact, they closed a little Deal involving two encumbered Lots right there at the Table.

The Reader will be given Three Guesses as to which of the Traders had an Ace in Reserve.

The Shift from Crackers and Milk to Guinea Hen can be managed nicely, as we learn by glancing into any First-Class Hotel.

But a Jump from Guinea Hen to Dairy Products by one never having gone against the Lacteal Stuff is what Sherman said about People shooting at One Another.

Shortly after Claude went limping past the 40th Mile Stone, he had to blow the Whistle on Friend Wife, who was getting ready to send Daughter to Europe and put Son in Yale.

The Family threw three individual Fits when the

Producer showed them his Stack and warned them to get braced for a rattling good Bump.

He had a few scattering Assets but he could not remember the names of all the Mortgage Holders or when the Paper fell due.

All he knew for Sure was that the proposed Income Tax would not gouge him very deep.

The Loved Ones felt that they had been double-crossed and flimmed.

For 20 years they had been permitted to nurse a Delusion that Papa had Nothing But.

His Private Fortune had seemed to them a pleasant and permanent Source of Supply, something like the Croton Reservoir.

Mother sat there with her Fingers spread apart by the Rings and wanted to know what he had done with it. She seemed to wonder if he had been slathering it on Another Woman.

It was agreed that Claude had to get busy and Do Something.

The Idea of chopping Expenses just when the Children were making Headway in the Younger Set was almost too painful for Discussion.

So Claude decided to put his Pride in his Pocket and accept a Position as Head of some Respectable and Hefty Corporation, starting in at Ten Thousand a year and working up.

He had a Proud Chance.

All of those Show-Me Sharks who pull the Strings probably toss about on their Pillows every Night,

wondering where they can find a high-salaried Gazimbo who looks well in Evening Clothes and knows how to carve a Duck.

Silas had elbowed his way into a gigantic Merger Proposition and was just getting his Full Stride when Claude blew.

So it was to Silas that Claude hied himself and said he was willing to accept a Position as one of the Executive Heads of the blossoming Combine.

He knew how to walk into an Office and sit at a Mahogany Desk, because he had been managing the Estate.

In fact, he had managed it so much that he had worn it out, and now he wanted to start in on Something Fresh.

Silas should have pulled something like the Following:

“Well, Claude Dexter, the Tables have been turned. Yuhs ago, when I was a struggling Strippling, your Eyesight did not carry 10 Feet in my Direction. Now that I am Rich—Aye, and Powerful withal, you come to Cringe and Fawn. Take That and That!”

On the Contrary, he merely Stalled.

He felt sorry for the poor Fluffie and respected him moderately because of the superior Cut of his Clothes.

He had the Application put on File and promised to speak to the other Directors.

In fact, he showed that he was willing to do almost anything for Claude except hire him.

Claude had a fretful Time trying to discover a good Business Opening for one whose Training had consisted of telling the Waiter to keep the Change.

Sometimes he felt that he should have clapped on the Brakes before smashing into the large Boulder at the Foot of the Grade.

While he was thus Brooding, the Creditors divided up the Residue.

In the period of Blue Gloom following any Domestic Catastrophe, it is usually the Wife who takes off her Long Gloves and proceeds to save the Pieces.

When it came to reorganizing, Claude was just as useful as a One-Legged Man at a Fire.

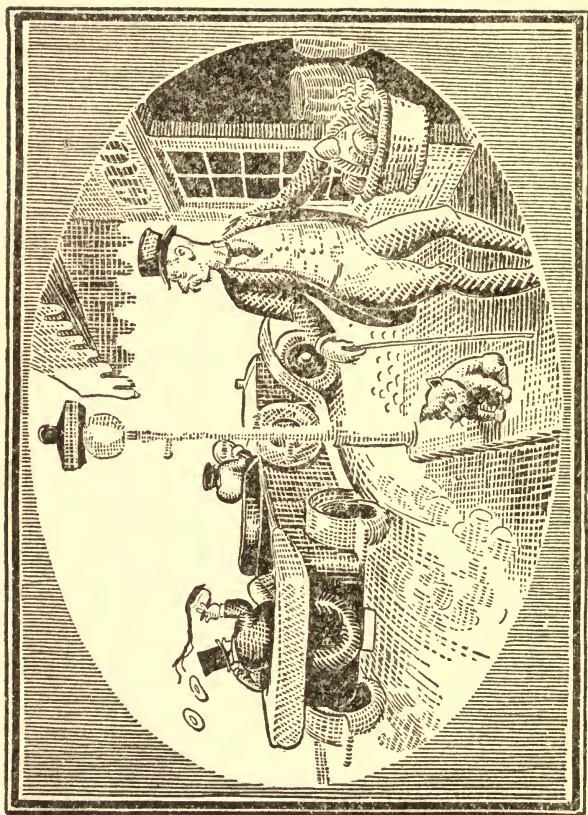
He sat back with his Head in a Sling and watched the Society Matron get ready to conduct a Boarding House for Refined People of Moderate Means.

Claude is now 50 years of Age and a great help to his Wife, because he does nearly all of the Marketing.

He would play a fairly good game of Cards if he could remember what is Out.

At that, he has the Manner of one who has enjoyed Advantages. Otherwise he is Nix.

Sometimes, when he is on his way to the Corner to order the Lamb Chops and Celery and a few boxes of snappy Crackers, he hears a low purring Sound, which continues to crescendo until a huge Motor Car of next year's Design goes zipping by. Within



— MCCUTCHEON —

Sometimes, when he is on his way to the Corner to order the Lamb Chops and the Celery and a few boxes of snappy Crackers, he hears a low, purring sound, which continues to crescendo until a huge Motor Car of next year's Design goes zipping by. Within the Car sits Silas



the Car sits Silas, one of the most hateful specimens of the Newly Arrived.

Silas knows that about next September he will be taken up by the Old Families who have been prominent since the Panic of '73.

All of the Phenomena herewith related have been observed time and again in every town on the Map.

The only surprising Climax to the Tale is provided by Silas, who now has four Children.

He is planning to make them happy and useful Citizens by leaving each one of them about a Hundred Thousand.

*Moral: The only safe Income is Self-Hatched.*

THE FABLE OF THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH  
LEADING TO THE REFRESHMENT COUNTER

ONCE there was a Getter named Ichabod Roxworthy. His Father had married into the famous Clamm Family of New England, and one of his Ancestors was that godly Character, Jonas Wolf, of York State, who traded a Demijohn of Squirrel Whisky and two Looking-Glasses for all that portion of the New World lying west of Albany.

Mr. Roxworthy had it in every Pocket because he was a Good Man.

He knew that some day or other he would Shuffle and two Minutes after his milk-white Soul had winged skyward he would be checking in at the Pearly Gates and Saint Peter would be showing him a Diagram and urging him to take a Room with a good view of the Lower Regions, so he would be sure to Enjoy himself.

Even those who had been stung by Ichabod could not deny that he was booked for the Pearly Gates. They merely hoped that all of the Pearls would be fastened from the inside by Rivets.

One Monday morning Mr. Roxworthy arose feeling sure that he would be prospered during the Week to come if he carried the right Tools.

The Sabbath had been dedicated to Meditation, Prayer, Dark Clothes, and Overeating.

The Motor-Car had remained cold in the Garage.

No soul-destroying Golf for Mr. Roxworthy on the day of Rest.

Instead of desecrating the long Sabbath P.M. he preferred to sit back in some quiet Spot and frame up a few air-tight Cinches.

As he came out of the Zone of Sanctimony into the cold Realities of Monday morning, he was working full-time under the Bonnet and getting ready to slip over some Hot Ones.

He was worried as to the Future of a Manufacturing Venture in which he held a hatful of Stock.

This Stock never had declared a Divvy, and the whole Venture was commonly regarded as a Quince.

Only the watchful Deacon and a few Insiders knew of a cheapened Process and the certain Prospect of Juicy Contracts which would convert the Fliv into a Baby Doll.

So he was worried.

He saw a lot of Soft Collateral finding its way to those who might waste it in Sinful Practices.

That is why we catch him on Monday, at close quarters with a Lawyer who could walk in fresh Snow without leaving any Tracks.

Mr. Roxworthy made a candid Statement of Facts, after assuring himself that no one was lurking on the Fire-Escape.

The Property might have a Future if taken over by Responsible Parties of known Integrity.

The Lawyer said everything would be quite Legal. A little roundabout and more or less in the Twilight, but Legal.

They would send a Goat into Court and ask for the appointment of a Receiver.

Then a few carefully selected Pall-Bearers would go out and buy up Stock held by the poor Flatheads likely to go Cold in the Feet when they heard of the Receivership.

When the controlling Interest had been garnered by a capable Minority, the Receiver would jump gracefully out of the Window and the real Business Guys would go ahead and collect the Pickings.

It was all just as regular as melting the Lid off of a Child's Tin Bank.

Mr. Roxworthy felt intensely relieved to know that he could put it across without snagging into the Revised Statutes.

He and the Limb of the Law went out to Lunch at a Club where some of the Lockers were still doing Business.

The Counselor suggested a little Shake-Up with a Foundation of Gin.

Mr. Roxworthy recoiled as if from a Blow.

"How dare you?" he demanded, putting on the Tremolo. "How dare you offer me Rum? I want you to know that not one Drop of Anything ever passed these here Lips. Would I be the loved and



J. C. M. NEFF

*The Lawyer said everything would be quite Legal. A little roundabout and more or less in the Twilight, but Legal*

honoured Citizen I am to-day if I had licked up Cock-tails? Take my Advice and flee from the Tempter."

Tuesday was all to the Happy for the He Seraph.

The kindly Providence that notes the fall of a Sparrow saw to it that Ichabod more than made his Expenses on this same Tuesday.

A certain Boyhood Friend, who was slowly sinking into a morass of Mortgages, still held on to a piece of Corner Property just on the border of the Business District.

Mr. Roxworthy sometimes purchased reliable Advance Tips from needy Persons employed by Architects and Real-Estate Promoters. He understood it was not against the Law.

On Tuesday he learned that the Transfers had been made and the Plans approved for the construction of a huge Department Store right across the Street from the property owned by his Boyhood Friend.

At the same time he had an awful Hunch that Boyhood Friend was not wise to the projected Improvements.

So he dropped in, casual-like, to see his dear old Side Kick and Playmate of other Days.

A tale of Grief was waiting for him. It involved a Sick Wife and Premiums due on Insurance Policies and the longing to send Daughter to College.

Well, when Mr. Roxworthy found his Old Friend lying face downward in the Gravel, he sure did a Magnanimous Thing.

He took over the Corner Property at about 80





— MCGUTHRIE —

“How dare you?” he demanded, putting on the Tremolo. “How dare you offer me Rum?”



per cent. of the recent Market Value and about 30 per cent. of what it would Fetch after being taken into the Retail Shopping District.

Of course the Friend was grateful. He offered Mr. Roxworthy a Cigar.

"I don't use Tobacco in no Form," said Mr. Roxworthy, severely. "It is a vile Habit. I'd say that any Man using the Weed could hardly be called a Moral Man."

He walked up street with the Option next his Heart and a great Peace seemed to flood his Soul.

He had copped 40,000 Louies, just like picking Fruit, and, at the same time, he had rebuked a Wrong-doer.

That was his Idea of a Perfect Day—to kick Satan in the shins and then bring home the Bacon.

Wednesday was a fairly trying Day for the Benefactor.

No sooner did he get through with a meeting of the Committee to investigate Charges against the Minister than he had to sit down with his Book-keeper and figure out a Declaration of Income for the Treasury Department.

When it came to coughing up Taxes, Ich was what you might term a Conscientious Objector.

He never had any way of knowing, when he turned his hard-earned Spon over to the Government, that the Coin would be wisely expended by someone whose Private Life was Pure.

It seemed to him that the surest way to corrupt

Public Officials was to give them too much Money to handle. So he tried to keep them Honest.

Poor Mr. Roxworthy! The Book-keeper would ask about this Item and that Item, referring to Bunches of Grapes that the True Believer had plucked in the Vineyard.

Mr. Roxworthy was in doubt regarding the Propriety of including these Side Issues and Pick-Ups in any Sworn Statement of his regular Income.

He studied the various sub-headings and didn't see just where they could be worked in and, rather than make a Mistake and cause Confusion at the Collector's Office, he left them out altogether.

He knew, away down in his Gizzard, that the Declaration he attested before the Notary did not include all of the scattered Receipts during a busy year, but he had the Satisfaction of feeling that, even if he held out a little Kale, he more than made up the Shortage by setting a Good Example to all other Citizens Day by Day.

Mr. Roxworthy was so relieved over his successful negotiation of the Income-Tax Hurdle that he took his Daughter to a Stereopticon Lecture on Egypt.

She timidly suggested going to a Play which had been fumigated for the Family Trade, but he explained to her that the Playhouse was an Evil Influence, even when it masqueraded as a Teacher of Correct Behaviour.

The Lights and Music and False Excitement

Helped to distract attention from the Solemn Realities of Life and substitute Frivolities for humble Virtues.

Furthermore, while waiting his Turn at the Barber Shop, he had read some terrible Stories about Actresses in *The Police Gazette*.

Thursday called for some lively Stepping.

The Directors of an Interurban Electric were to meet in the Afternoon and place a Contract for much new Equipment.

A majority of the Directors were Papier Mâché and subject to the Domination of the more forceful Characters of the Roxworthy Type.

Before casting his Vote, Mr. Roxworthy wanted to know all of the Facts in the Case, so he happened into the Office of the President of the Concern that was angling for the Contract.

He asked many pertinent Questions.

He (Roxworthy) was friendly enough, but they had a few Stubborn Ones on the Board who would be mighty hard to handle.

Mr. Roxworthy said he would feel a good deal freer to put up a Battle if he knew that the Company receiving the Contract was under conservative Management.

Here was an Opening too wide to be missed. The President of the Company tumbled.

"Suppose," said he, "that we drop a few Shares of Stock into your Pocket when you are not looking and then put you on the Board? You would have

supervisory Power and could protect your other Company."

Oh, the Look that Mr. Roxworthy shot at the One who spoke the Above!

"How dare you?" he demanded. "Evidently you are not acquainted with my reputation for Probity. Do you realize that you are offering me a Bribe? If I am to acquire any Stock in your Corporation so as to protect my Associates in the Interurban, it will be by Purchase. Everything Regular and Aboveboard—that's my Motto."

He took quite a hunk of Stock at Par. The Market Price was 280, but it was agreed by all Present that Mr. Roxworthy was entitled to come in on the same Terms as the original Incorporators.

After the Contract was let, the 280 Stock was 300, which shows that Values are enhanced by Legitimate Methods rather than by Manipulation.

Friday was devoted to what you might call Inside Stuff.

It happens that in almost any State indicated on the Map, Corporate Interests are constantly harassed and menaced by Legislators who are trying to pay off Mortgages on their Homes.

Oppressive and confiscatory Bills are introduced by hungry Highbinders.

These are the customary Preludes to a Shake-Down.

The organized Interests which find themselves threatened are supposed to charge up a Jack-Pot

to Operating Expenses and then select a Trusty to go and feed the Animals.

With much reluctance, Mr. Roxworthy had made a Date with a slippery Go-Between for Friday Afternoon.

Although Mr. Roxworthy had always kept his Skirts clean and would have refused to dicker with Corrupt Influences, he naturally had his doubts when the Hired Man brought in an Expense Account of \$8,000 for Cigarettes.

If there was any Crooked Work going on, Mr. Roxworthy preferred not to suspect, so he wore Blinders.

The useful Bird who could handle the Boys had been summoned by Mr. Roxworthy because there was pending a Measure which would put an awful Crimp in certain Public Utilities.

The Fixer had a couple of Shortcomings, but Mr. Roxworthy was inclined to drape them with the mantle of Charity, because any one who protects an Investor against Legislative Oppression cannot be wholly Bad.

It appeared that the Menagerie was in a restless Mood, with much Howling and showing of Fangs.

According to the Middleman, it would require quite a bale of Mazuma to finance the Campaign of Education and counteract the misleading Propaganda.

Mr. Roxworthy, speaking for his incorruptible Associates, said they were willing to Dig, in order

to protect Property Interests against vicious Socialistic Tendencies, but they would suggest that no Improper use be made of the Currency after it had been tied into Bundles.

The Gum-Shoe Specialist scouted the Suggestion. He said that practically all of the Funds would be paid as Fees to Country Lawyers for drafting Substitute Measures from which Objectionable Features would be eliminated.

He confided the Information that a Party Leader with a heavy Drag happened to be in Town, and he suggested that Mr. Roxworthy could make a ten-strike with the Tall-Grass Statesman by showing him a Swell Time.

"He votes Dry on Roll-Call, but is a Bust-Over when he sees the Electric Signs," said Wise Ike. "Take him to a Cabaray where the Cuties hop on one Foot, and you'll have your Ticket on him for Life."

"I am sorry that you have misjudged me," said Mr. Roxworthy, coldly. "I have heard tell of these gilded Dumps where the perfumed Sirens pivot on the Toe and otherwise Cavort, but I look the other way when I pass one. In all the Years since I began to hide a Surplus, I never once got tangled in the Ribbons of a Jezebel. If all Men were like me, the Head Waiters and Almost-Castles would be in the Poorhouse."

"I get you," was the reply. "The rough Party is off."

"Not necessarily," said Mr. Roxworthy, brightening up. "I know a Fellow Director of marvellous Capacity and extreme Moral Turpitude. I will call him up and O. K. the Outlay, and he will take whatever Steps are necessary to win our Law-Making Friend over to the Side of Justice and Fair Play."

Having thus maintained his miraculous Average of batting 1,000 in the Purity League, Mr. Roxworthy went home to his Chipped Beef and Tea, with his Conscience clear and a Heart like that of a Little Child.

It just seemed on Saturday that every one was trying to annoy the Kind Gentleman.

In one of the Plants he helped to operate, the murmurs of Discontent had crescendoed to a Mob Scene.

The Employees wanted in on the Velvet.

Mr. Roxworthy found at his office a glowering bunch of Unionites with a square-jawed Walking Delegate at their head.

Oh, how Mr. Roxworthy disliked Walking Delegates! He preferred gentle Characters that would take the Halter.

The men left an ugly Ultimatum, and then a Delegation of Social Workers came in to plead for the Women and Children employed at the Works, claiming that they were underpaid and not properly safeguarded as to Moral Welfare and Physical Comfort.

It was the Old Story—a lot of Outsiders trying to filch the Profits of Honest Enterprise.



Mr Roxworthy sent for the Superintendent and asked how about it.

"Well, the Men are strongly organized," was the Reply. "If they walk out, it's 'Good-Night, Myrtle,' for us. Give the Men their Raise. We can afford to do it under the new Boost in Prices, provided we don't have to increase the Pay-Roll in the cheaper Departments. The Women and Kids have no Organization and can be handled."

Some quick work with the Pencil convinced the Captain of Industry that he could compromise and still pull down a lovely Return.

His Better Nature asserted itself and he gave his faithful Men Employees a nice Raise and wondered if it would get into the Papers.

It is Saturday Evening.

Sitting before the Grate, with an Apple at his Elbow, and reviewing a week of Combat with the Philistines and those who live in Outer Darkness, who could blame Mr. Roxworthy if he seemed to feel a Halo resting, light as a Nimbus, upon his leathery Brow?

Or who will deny the Statement, made to the Bible Class on the subsequent Morning, that those who obey the Precepts seem to find a Special Guidance to the delectable Pastures, where Milk is ever on Tap and Honey may be had by those who know how to get it?

*Moral: Restrictive Regulations are made to jack up the Wicked and not to inconvenience the Righteous.*

## THE FABLE OF THE FILM-FED FAMILY

**O**N A desirable Corner of the Yappian Way glistened the Abode of the Wiggamores.

It had started out to be a Bungalow but bulged into a Swiss Chalet at one End.

The Main Stem and loving Provider for the Domestic Plant was one Alpheus Wiggamore, a nice Man who still wore Alpaca in the Open Season.

Mrs. Wiggamore was the Lady Superintendent of the Works. She was slightly Gray, having strained herself through many years trying to keep Cases on the World of Feminism.

Randolph was the first-born. He was employed in a Bank, and had been photographed while wearing a Dress Suit.

The daughter had been christened Maidie, so as to save her from being a Dorothy. When she was 19 she sported jet Ear-Bobs and was undecided between being a Barefoot Dancer or a Trained Nurse.

Then there was Kid Brother who spent much time sitting low in his Chair and brooding darkly while Randolph and Maidie told the Parents what to do by way of regulating That Boy.

Christine, the combination Cook, Housemaid and

Division Superintendent, was an imported Luxury and a natural Blonde.

Not overlooking Mr. Bucyrus Dunwell, who, at irregular Intervals, approached via the Alley to rattle the Furnace or push his little Safety over the Sward.

Now you have the Colony as it itemized not many Snows ago, on a certain Morning when Christine went forth for guaranteed Eggs and came back with a hot slice of News.

She reported that the Sweepers and Scrubbers were busy around the Paupers' Home and somebody else was getting ready to have dealings with the Sheriff.

You must know that although the Avenue on which the Wiggamores fronted was very Kaswozzle and Ipskalene, the Domicile was only one Block removed from a Side Street given over to narrow-chested Shops, imitation Modistes, and now and then a White Coffin in a Show Window.

Just around the Corner in this benumbed and backward Byway was a squat Building with a Plate-Glass front and an Interior copied from one of the McAdoo Tunnels.

The older Children could remember when the place was a Delicatessen, with Dill Pickles and Goose Livers set out to tantalize Passers-By.

After Creditors snuffed out the haggard Foreigner, a Placard appeared in the Window urging some other Hero to have a Go at the Desirable Location.

Under the glorious law of Supply and Demand, there is a Soft Mark waiting to nibble at every Jonah Proposition.

The Tailor Man came with his Bolts of Blue Serge and large framed Pictures of wooden-faced Willies exhibiting the decrees of Fashion.

When he evaporated, the come-on Card in the Window played a Return Engagement, whereupon a Tonsorial Artist dropped from the Blue and began to buzz around. He figured that the Street needed another Shaving Parlour, because sometimes as many as eight People could be seen moving hither and thither at one time. So he displayed the National Colours and sat down to wait for the Rush. Finally two men came in. One sold Hair Tonics and the other was a Collector.

The world seems strangely supplied with Persons of low-burning Ambition who wish to sell Daily Papers and free-smoking Five-Centers in the placid outlying Districts, where the Dealer is seldom annoyed by prying Purchasers.

After the Barber Shop died, for want of Conversation, another Wanamaker of the smallest known Caliber grabbed the Lease and got ready to carry on a brisk traffic in Peppermint Drops and Briar Pipes. By spreading his Merchandise, he made the Interior look like a Place which was offering Things for Sale.

Although the Proprietor put in many Hours shaking the Box with the Larrikins and Hooligans, he

could not seem to get into the Commercial Stride of the late Marshall Field.

When he blew, the Assets could have been taken away in a Wheelbarrow.

One of the regular Topics around the quiet Corner was the Jinx that seemed to hover over Number Thirteen.

Even the bright Lad who put in two Pool-Tables and charged  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cents a Cue fell by the Wayside.

For several years the ill-starred Premises continued a Rotation which included Opening-Up, Closing-Up, and the little old Card in the Window.

Now you will understand why Christine got a Big Laugh from the Wiggamores when she came back from her Scouting and reported that one more Unfortunate was going to tackle the Cavern of Blasted Hopes.

But you should have heard the incredulous Cackles next Day when Kid Brother pulled the astounding Bulletin that a Guy with a plaid Ulster was converting the Mausoleum into a Nickel Theater.

Both Mr. Wiggamore and Randolph, being very Cooney and far-sighted in a Business Way, opined that any poor Nizzy who thought he could operate a Theater in a Delicatessen was just about due to begin looking out through an iron Fence.

Word came to the wondering Wiggamores that the brash Intruder had hung a Screen at one end of his cramped Cubby-Hole and was flashing Animated

Pictures of brutal Low Comedy Alternated with Cowboy Murders.

To a Family that patronized the Circulating Library and fell for an annual Lecture Course, the Magic-Lantern Trick in the undersized Storeroom was about two miles beyond the Pale and absolute Zero in the register of Intellectual Refreshments.

Besides, the Wiggamores did not see the use of any one going to the Theater, since Joe Jefferson no longer played Rip Van Winkle.

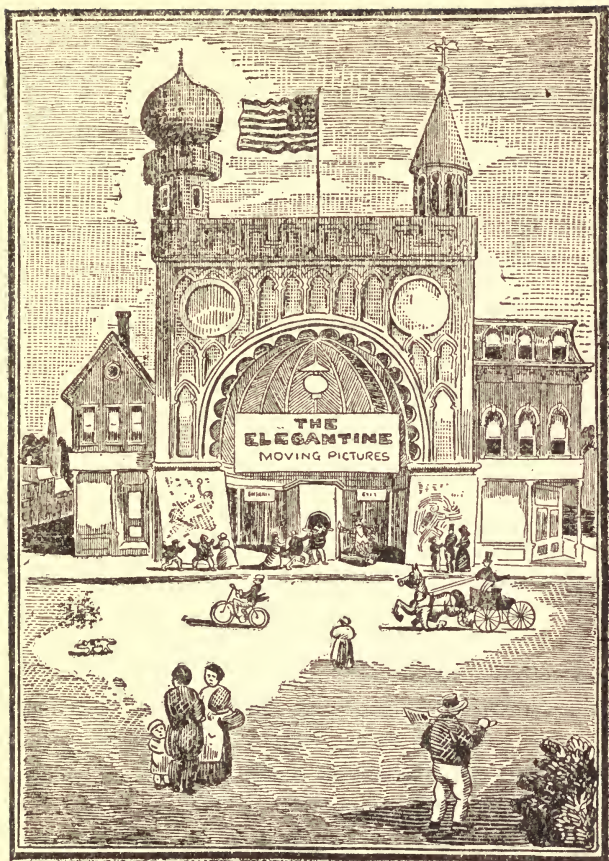
Kid Brother took formal Notice that he would be skinned alive if caught anywhere near the fuzzy little Show Shop; so he was not caught, but he went against the Pictures every time he could dig up a Jit.

The bewildering and transfiguring Developments in and around the Wiggamore Settlement probably had their definite Beginning on the Day when the Senior paused at the Corner and noticed that the Peanut Parlour of Pseudo-Art, instead of popping like a Toy Balloon, according to Prediction, had absorbed a Gents' Furnishing Emporium and was blossoming out with a Double Front rivalling the Architectural Splendours of the Taj Mahal.

It was some Jolt to the Prophet.

Mr. Wiggamore was a true Yank, ready to give his polite Salaam to any Game that could start the Berries to falling into the Basket.

If a Pin-Head in a Plaid Ulster could take a Hoodoo Location in a Comatose Neighbourhood



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and pull down real Velvet, it was a Cinch that he had a sure-fire Commodity.

While Mr. Wiggamore was pondering whether he could horn into the Gift Enterprise without endangering his Church Membership, the Missus came home all het and strung up, because she had been put on a Committee to investigate the Movies.

You can gamble that any Activity appealing to the Investors and the Reformers, simultaneous-like, is not to be overlooked.

Mrs. Wiggamore thought she was slumming when she first descended upon the Cinemas, accompanied by two other Joans of Arc, all breathing heavily.

In order to make their Report comprehensive, they had to inspect about 1,000,000 Feet of Film, and they never hurried out of any Dump until the Fellow and the Girl came to the final Clinch and slowly melted away into Polka-Dots and Bobbles.

They first endured, then pitied, and then ate it up as fast as the Boy could push it out of the Projector.

After Mrs. Wiggamore and the associate She Martyrs had been on the Job for two weeks, hot-footing from the Élite to the Arcadia and thence to the Paragon, the Rosebud and the Elegantine, they were so used to sitting in the Dusk and watching several forms of Excitement pop out on the White Curtain that they became restless if compelled to take a day off.

They reported to the Club that the new form of Amusement played up Hugging and Kissing, com-

plicated with Gun-Play, and might serve to demoralize any Weakling under the Age of 16 or over 42.

Still, it struck them that the Movies could be given an Educational Twist if censored by Ladies of Intense Refinement.

They showed a Willingness to buckle down and continue their Investigation, even if they had to catch every important Reel the day it was released.

While the Lady of the House was all fussed over the Moral Aspect of the spreading Contagion, her respected Side-Partner got rid of his Qualms and butted right into the Show Business.

The last Qualm went flickering when a gabby Promoter proved to Mr. Wiggamore that the Movie Game, to those who got in on the Ground Floor, was just like shooting Fish in a Barrel.

So the Pillar of the Church took a slice of Stock and became part Owner of two Ballyhoo-Joints, with screaming Lithos in Front and somebody inside trying to kill a Piano.

Long before the Wife put her O. K. on the Silent Drama, the old Fox looked at his share of the Split-Up and decided that any Game so profitable couldn't be real Sinful.

Daughter began to slip when she passed one of the dinky Dime Places and saw staring from a One-Sheet the name of a prodigious Star residing in Europe.

She dared some of the other Tessies to look in, just

for a **Lark**, and discovered that several **were already** broken out with the Habit.

After she had trailed in with the Shop Girls a few times without seeming to put any Chips, Cracks, or Blemishes on her Social Rating, she just let herself go and became a Fan.

Although a Bank Clerk who is trying to live up to his first Spats can be almost as Aloof and Unemotional as a Corporation Lawyer, even Randolph began to size up the Billing as he came homeward.

If he spotted a Society Drama with a big-eyed Queen recoiling from Harold Armytage, he would find himself strolling down that way along about 7:30.

It was a Pipe that Christine went plumb off her Noodle as soon as she learned that, by giving up a mere Pinch of Change, she could witness a lovely Scene in the Death-Chamber with all the Actors weeping.

Mr. Bucyrus Dunwell, manage of the Furnace and Lawn departments and dispenser of Neighbourhood Gossip, brought in daily Tips which Christine passed on to the front of the House.

Mr. Dunwell had the number of every rising Star in the new Firmament. He professed a Brotherly knowledge of Doug and Charley Comic, and just the same as discovered Mary Pickford.

Two years after the despised Delicatessen became a Temple of Art, the Wiggamores had the range on no less than five Photo-Bazaars within a mile of their residential Headquarters.

When they rallied for their daily Grape-Fruit, did they speculate on the Situation in Europe?

No, ma'am. They compared Notes to find out which had grabbed off the largest number of Goose Pimples and Giggles while out Film Hopping the night before.

The old standby Newspaper, noted for its Powerful Editorials ever since the days of Hayes and Wheeler, seemed to be going dippy with the rest of the Outfit.

Instead of staying on the regular job of panning the Senators from the South, it began running large Half-Tones of Lottie Le Page, smiling *ingénue* of the Kafloozem Company, Cyril Paget, curly-haired Darling of the Premier, and Bob Indestructo, break-neck Artist and champion Stair-Slider of the Matteawan Service.

When the Wiggamores pawed for the Journal of Civilization and skinned the Columns with hungry Eye, were they after the Wall Street Forecast or Myrtle Cerebellum's Book Reviews? Nary a Myrtle. They were getting the very latest Info from the Exchanges and laying out work for the Evening.

Mr. Wiggamore had been an Omnivorous Reader in days ago.

In the placid Past, preceding the deluge of Buzz-Dramas, his regular Schedule was to ignite a mild Domestic and groan a few times before pushing away from the Dinner-Table; then a long Session with some Book that was Meaty and Historical; after that a period of Gloating over his Collection of

Flies for Casting; possibly an Apple, and some tender caressing of the Feet before he turned in.

But Literature and Fishing-Tackle lost their Drag when he got all snarled up with three beautiful Women, each of whom was being separately persecuted by Lions, Tigers, Elephants, Motor-Cars, Hydroplanes, and Villains with Eyebrows.

It will be five years, come next House-cleaning, since Ma Wiggamore accepted the appointment from Madam President of the Oolong Uplift Club and began to scrutinize the Output.

Her Commission has expired, but she is still on the Job and going along in Bogey.

Just to give you a correct Line on a Good Woman gone wrong.

In the Spring of 1910, shortly before the Kinetoscopic Bacilli began to bite her, she started to crochet a kind of Dido, or Throw, which could be pinned to the back of a Chair, used as a Bath-Mat, or drawn about the Shoulders on a Chilly Evening. It is still unfinished, and she would not know where to find it at this identical Minute.

What do you say about a Young Fellow, with a berth in a National Bank and a swell chance to work right up and be head Shylock, who wants to duck on a Business Career and act out in front of a Camera?

Randolph actually asked the Guvnor to put in a Plug for him, so that he could escape the Irks of Office Toil and be a regular Leading Man with Powder on the Face.

There were two or three Reasons why Randolph did not become a high-salaried Actor on the order of Jack Barrymore, but he will always believe that he could have put it over the Plate.

His is what you might term a Blighted Life. He watches all the Late Stuff but the new Successes only feed his Grief, because he is thinking all the time how much niftier He would be than the Stiff who takes the Principal Part.

Had you heard that Maidie Wiggamore is writing Scenarios? Mercy, yes! Oh, rather!

The Piano hasn't been limbered up for weeks, and she has to be dragged to her Meals.

She has had MSS. returned from some of the very best Concerns.

Also it is Common Talk among her Friends that several of her Plots have been stolen.

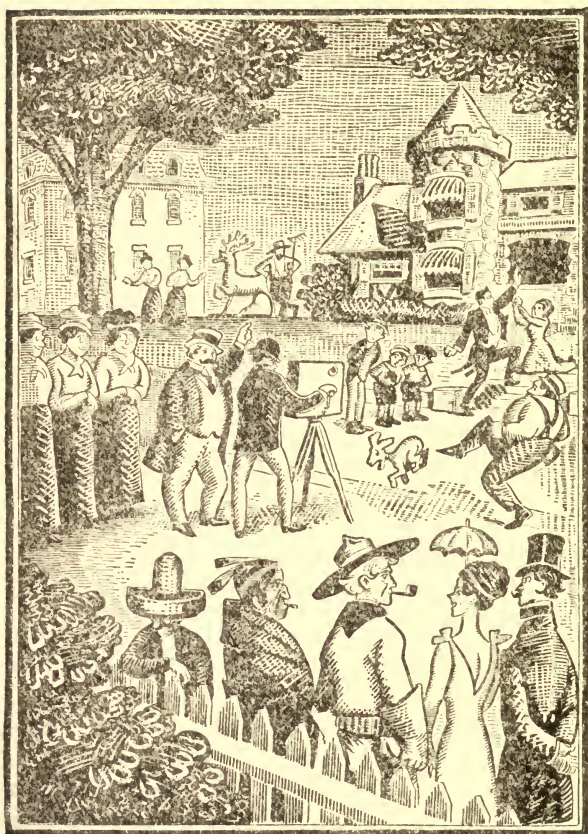
Refusing to take the Count, she is still working away on a five-reel Inspiration in which a Pure Girl suffers a lot at the hands of a Viper in a Riding Costume, but finally wins out and slips him the Gaff.

It is all New Stuff and will be a Riot if she can find a Director to give it a Belasco Setting.

Probably the largest day in the History of the Tribe was that on which the Troupe consented to put the Wiggamore House into a two-part Sob Special called "Aching Bosoms."

With the Street full of painted Thespians, and Mr. Legree shouting through the Megaphone, and





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the Trusties winding their Boxes, no wonder that Kid Brother became the envy of the Gang.

Think of going to the Columbine Playhouse and seeing your own Home standing out as the Palace of Mortimer Lonsdale, the aristocratic Parent of Celeste, who is in love with Gerald, and a Pipe Organ playing softly!

There are moments in Life that seem to repay for all our Struggles and even up on the myriad Disappointments.

Of late, however, the Family has been against it plenty.

Mrs. Wiggamore decided that someone should hang around the House in the evening to see that no one carried it away.

She couldn't be a Night Watch and a high-brow Researcher at the same time.

So she passed the Buck to friend Husband, who handed it on to the First-Born, who tried to wish it on to Sis, who promptly decided that Kid Brother was the Logical Goat; but the Youngster had to have a couple of Melodramas and a slap-stick Comedy every evening before he could go to Sleep, the same as all the others, so he nominated Christine as the Patsy.

She couldn't unload on any one else, so she sent in her Notice and left them Flat, rather than lose those Happy Hours with her Ideal, Bertrand Blithingham, who always smiled right over toward where she was sitting as soon as he walked out on the Curtain.

Right on top of that, Mr. Dunwell worked into a political Drama as an Extra. Down at the Studio it came out that he was a Type; so he was put on the Pay-Roll. Now he comes as near being an Honest-to-Gosh Actor as many others toiling at the Celluloid Mills.

The Wiggamores are living on Canned Stuff and the Lawn needs clipping, but they should fret.

Two new Places have just opened with First-Run Features, and they are going to have a Good Year, no matter what happens to the Stock Market.

*Moral: The Principal Ingredient of real Entertainment is the Absence of Talk.*

THE FABLE OF THE RIPE PERSIMMON AND THE  
PLUCKED FLOWER

ONCE the Home Paper had to announce that a couple of Residents had been wafted to the dim Beyond. Ye Editor pulled out the Tremolo Stop and rendered a sentimental Obbligato in his Over-the-Rivers to Uncle Philo Dilbry and Schuyler Colfax, alias "Red," Montgomery.

He opined that Uncle Philo had rounded out a highly resultful Career.

When the Grim Reaper swished his Sickle, he brought down a very fine Specimen of ripened Grain that had grown in the same Spot for a long time and thrown out a lot of Capillaries.

Shifting the Record and putting in a new Needle, the Obituarian went on to liken the recent Old Settler to a Ship that comes into Port after a long and tempestuous Voyage.

The Staunch Craft had withstood the howling Gales and buffeting Waves and finally had found Anchorage in Safety Harbour, with right smart of Cargo stowed away.

Those who had been close to Uncle Philo read the Figurative Allusions and made the usual Discounts.

It seemed to them that he had been more like the bearded Grain than the gallant Ship.

A Canal Boat? Yea, Bo! It never gets more than 8 Feet from the Shore and is built for Safety rather than Speed.

What the weeping Biographer wanted to convey was that Uncle Philo had lived in the County a long time, had looked out for Number One so consistently that he was simply crawling with Collateral, had never been apprehended by the Grand Jury or mixed up with Untamed Women; therefore his life had been a Glorious Example.

Between the Lines one might read that the Good Citizen is he who keeps out of the Calaboose.

Sweet Consolation dripped from the Piece regarding Uncle Philo.

He had continued to breathe for many Decades and thereby had accomplished the main Purpose of every Homo born into this Vale of Speculation.

He departed before the Estate was tapped for the Inheritance Tax; so everything seemed to work out for the Best.

The Valedictory to "Red" Montgomery was more tabloid.

The Lad never had loaned money at Eight per cent. and so there was mighty little to put in the Paper about him except that the whole Community had been Shocked to find his Name in the dreaded black-type List.

You could see that the Editor wanted to give

“Red” a fair Shake, but what was there to say about a Sorrel-Top who had played a little Baseball, and then some Football, and then had messed around a Small College until the first Call came, and then had gone out with grinning Cheerfulness to die for his Country?

There wasn’t a great deal to add up in the case of “Red,” because the Kid never had accomplished anything very definite.

That is, he never had Camped long enough and hard enough in one Place to make an Impression, whereas Uncle Philo had left quite a Dent.

“Red” stepped beyond the Threshold and was cut down, and his Taking-Off was so sad and heart-breaking and gave so little opening for Reflections of a compensating Character that the local Biographer rather threw up his Hands on the Job.

The only Condolence he could manufacture was that “Red” had shown himself to be a Game Guy and a true Patriot.

The Records proved that Uncle Philo had stayed along until he was 82, while Schuyler Colfax Montgomery dropped out at the immature Age of 23.

According to the time-honoured Mathematical Scale for the Measuring of Achievements, Uncle Philo had it about four ways on “Red” and finished a dead heat with the long-tailed African Parrot, which lives to be about 80 years of Age and hands out a stereotyped Line of Conversation to the last Gasp.

The Preacher who was asked to make a little

Spiel for the late plunging Half-Back was up against it, the same as the Editor, when he sat down to write his Remarks.

What was left of "Red" had not been sent home.

A good Minister who specializes on Sob Stuff finds himself handicapped and short of Cues if he cannot look down at the Floral Tributes and the Silver Handles.

The Dominie somehow felt that it was up to him to pull something besides the sure-fire Hokum about a brilliant Career being headed off and the Ways of an all-wise Providence being beyond mortal Ken.

It happened that the Parson had the Courage to be candid and the Vision to see beyond the Township Limits.

It came to him that when they had the Special Service for "Red" it might be a bright Idea to can all the Weeps and ring the Bells.

For it was "Red" who had rounded out a full Career, and it was Uncle Philo who had been prematurely snatched away.

Just to prove that even a Funeral Sermon may be invested with the Charm of Novelty, here is what the Vicar handed out to the hushed Assemblage:

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We find our text in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," under the heading of "Longevity."

It reads as follows: "There is a species of large Tortoise, found in the Galapagos Islands, which is known to live over 200 years."

In the same Chapter, and throwing side-lights on our Theme, we read that Buffon was personally acquainted with a Carp that was 150 years old, and it is a common Belief among Scientists that Whales continue to operate in a perfectly cold-blooded manner, unhampered by altruistic Considerations, for several Centuries.

Within the week we have planted an old Residenter who was a familiar Figure on the Depot Platform.

His Demise calls attention to the Fact that, when it comes to hanging on, the Crab can show some Class along with the Carp and the Tortoise and the Whale.

Many of you have made doleful Comparisons between the Symmetrical and extended Life-Span of Uncle Philo Dilbry and the abbreviated, unfinished Mission on Earth of our Young Friend commonly known as "Red" Montgomery.

If it grieves you to reflect that Uncle Philo was here eighty-odd years, while "Red" stayed just long enough to cast his first Vote, what Anguish must you experience when you consider that a careful Carp has 70 years' Edge on Uncle Philo, and the Tortoise on Galapagos Island skins him by 120 years, and a Whale that takes any care of himself puts Uncle Philo away back into the Infant Mortality class!

The comparison between these various long-lived Specimens becomes more Significant when we note various Points of Resemblance.

Uncle Philo, like the Carp and the Tortoise and the Whale, gave undivided attention to his own



Sustenance and Welfare, was coldly indifferent to Public Improvements, never showed a voluntary Interest in a Liberty Loan, and never recognized the necessity of either the Red Cross or the Y. M. C. A.

Like these other perennial members of the Animal Kingdom, he was strong for his own Habitat and sought for himself such Environment as favours Perpetuity.

He avoided the Dangers incident to Travel and Rash Adventure, never wandering from his own Precinct after the Railways stopped giving Passes to those who ship Live Stock.

He has been much lauded, since his Departure, because he was Cautious and Conservative.

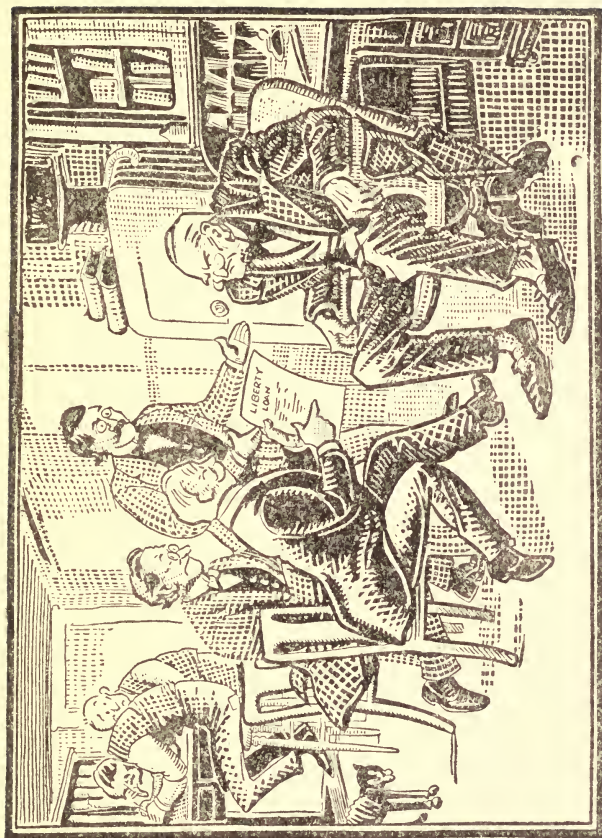
For 82 years he never took his Foot off of Second Base.

If there be among you any who figure that dear old Uncle Philo, with the soap-stone Eye and the leaky Whiskers, had no Occasion to envy the Carp or the Tortoise or the Whale, let us adopt the same Course of Reasoning and ask if the Mortal Existence of any Being can be measured by a Yard Stick or weighed on the Platform Scales?

Shall we count the Ticks of the Clock or shall we take into account merely the High Spots?

Is it better to eat three Squares a day for a great many Days and be true to the same Mattress all the Time, or go down the Highway of Experience for just a few days, blowing a Silver Bugle?

I have no desire to knock Uncle Philo to those who



*Uncle Philo never showed a voluntary Interest in a Liberty Loan, and never recognized the necessity of either the Red Cross or the Y. M. C. A.*

had a Mortgage Acquaintance with him, but I am wondering if he had as much on the Carp and the Tortoise and the Whale as "Red" Montgomery had on him.

I learn that "Red" once carried the Ball 55 yards for a Touch-Down, while 5,000 of his Fellow-Creatures stood on their Hind Legs and shrieked his darling Name.

You know that when most of the Burlies were praying for Leaky Valves and Flat Feet, "Red" Montgomery had his Hat off and his Hand in the Air, offering his Flag all that he had to give and a little sore that he couldn't give more.

I happen to know that the most adorable Girl in all the World leaned up against his Khaki Coat and gave the Boy a Look such as Uncle Philo never got during the whole 82 years.

You all have heard that the Charge which he led across the muddy Craters and through the tangled Wire did not fail. He dropped out, but he saw the Men go on.

I hold that he who makes a Touch-Down and then enlists and holds the Woman of his Choice in his Arms, and then goes through Hell-Fire to carry a Trench, has hit the High Spots to which I referred a short time ago and that his Life has not been Brief.

Is it not better to deliver a Pinch Hit in a World's Series than to sit on the Bench for 5 years?

Behold the Aviator circling a White Cloud and,

three thousand feet below him, the Yokel seated on a creaking Wagon!

The Flyer does as Many miles in an Hour as the Teamster would do in a Week.

He sees 10,000 times as much of the Landscape and breathes a new and tonic Air, and yet we still find Individuals, pretending to be People, who believe that a Day's Journey means riding from Morning to Night in a Prairie Schooner!

What Edison shall yet invent a Meter so delicately responsive that we may find out how a bold Example affects the laggard Aspirations of those who came up against it?

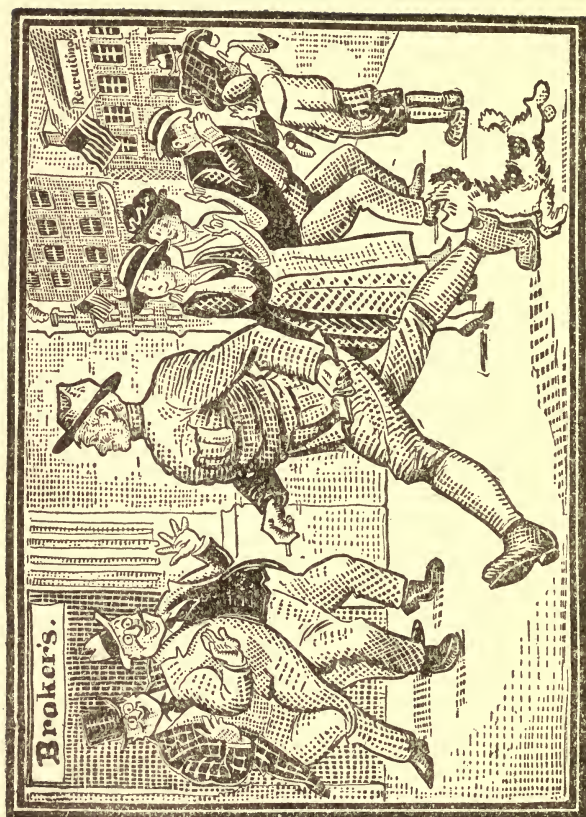
Every time "Red" Montgomery walked out on the hammered Turf of an Athletic Field, he preached a Sermon for clean Living and self-denying Habits and the Courage that knows no faltering.

After he got into his Soldier Togs, who could look at those square Shoulders and the beaming Freckles and that beautiful bulge of Chest without feeling a new Pride in what we call our Native Land and a reinforced Desire to be of Service?

Slackers looked at him and inquired the nearest way to a Recruiting Station.

Young Women watched him up the Street and then hurried to roll Surgical Dressings.

Prosperous Speculators, extensive as to Girth and short of Breath, sized him up as One beyond them and superior, entitled to such Backing as mere Dollars can provide.



*Who could look at those square Shoulders and the beaming Freckles and that beautiful bulge of Chest without feeling a re-enforced Desire to be of Service?*

Can we doubt that the tempered Steel of his Resolution made the Thrust effective, even when his Comrades had to leave him behind?

By way of playful Comparison, what was the general Effect when Uncle Philo was seen starting out on some Errand of utilitarian intent?

Young and old alike observed, "Ah, this is the day when some unsuspecting Geezer gets it in the Cervical Vertebrae!"

If you can follow me further without getting a Headache, let us think of each earthly Transient as a Weaver.

I don't know what Warp and Woof mean, but they are old Standbys and here is where I work them in.

We see a Weaver at his Loom Day after Day, through a long Period, say 80 Years or more.

He is Johnny-on-the-Spot at Sunup and camps on the Job until the Whistle blows.

Let us give him Credit for Industry and Patience, but let us not hang any Medals on him until we examine his Output.

He throws the Shuttle back and forth, Day after Day, Week after Week, Month after Month, Year after Year, and turns out Bundles and Bales and Wagon-Loads of Burlap.

He is responsible for a slew of moderately useful Product, but it is all Burlap—unpoetical, loose-woven Burlap.

If you could have your Wish, wouldn't you rather weave something besides No. 3 Sacking?



How about the Artist Workman whose only Handiwork is one Banner, but the Texture is Silk and the Colour is Royal Purple and the flaring Design in the centre is of the rarest Cloth of Gold?

The Weaver leaves his Loom and carries his matchless Oriflamme up to a bold Peak and plants it there so that those who are in the Valleys may look up and be inspired and learn that the World is not all Burlap.

If you get me, it will not be necessary to make insulting Local Application as to which of the recently Departed worked on Burlap and which one placed a Standard on the Heights.

My friends, there is no intangible Item so contemptuous of Weights and Measures as the Lapse of Time between the Birth Certificate and the Death Certificate.

Some of you may still harbour the Delusion that "Red" Montgomery lived to be only 23 years of Age while Uncle Philo Dilbry lived nearly four times as long.

I now advance the unusual Proposition that we are not Living unless Something happens.

There are condensed Days and diluted Days.

From that Autumn Afternoon on which "Red" Montgomery became a Gridiron Hero, all of his Days were extra-condensed.

He placed the Experiences of an ordinary slowpoke Year into one Week.

By a simple Gilbert and Sullivan process of



Computation, we know that "Red" Montgomery lived 200 years before he went West.

We also know that the Angels came out half-way to meet him and pat him on the Back.

In conclusion, we may reasonably believe that when he was lying in No Man's Land, if he had any time to make a swift Review, he did not regret that he had been a Regular Person, and he did not wish that the Lord had made him a Carp or a Tortoise or a Whale or even Uncle Philo Dilbry.

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The next day after the Services, certain Relatives and Beneficiaries of a highly respected Citizen, now in the Probate Court, called the Preacher almost everything except a Pro-German.

*Moral—It isn't how long you Stick Around but what you Put Over while you are here.*

## THE FABLE OF WHAT THE BEST PEOPLE ARE NOT DOING

**I**N ONE of the countless Honeycombs of an Office Building sat a General Manager.

He had a tasteful Rug spread under him. His Finger Nails were shiny. One would have said, after a quick size-up of this well-groomed Executive, that here was a Ganook for whom Luck was breaking very nicely.

It is true that he received a peachy Check every Month. He earned it by sitting in a Swivel Chair and answering the 'Phone. When he felt unusually keen and ready to grapple with Details, he would dictate crisp Letters beginning thus: "Yours received, and in reply would say."

The pale-faced Subs in the outer Room trembled at sight of him and the Elevators waited for him. The Chief should have been Content with his Lot; but was he? Not so that you could notice it. He was bleeding inwardly.

In the first place, his name was Elmer Floozey, which is not an easy thing to live down. Also, he had a Past. He had come to his present Exalted Station from a Tank Town via the Shorthand College.

Mr. Floozey could, at a Moment's Notice, take an ordinary Lead Pencil and make a List of at least 40 Blood Relatives who wore Suspenders in the Summer-Time and inhaled from the Saucer.

He had toiled to the grass-crowned summit of the Long Hill, but his Shoes were still full of Gravel.

Elmer had an aching Desire to be a Regular Fellow.

No one had tipped it off to him that a steel-blue Gentleman of the Beacon Hill Type has to be evolved by a laborious Burbank Process through several Generations.

He believed that any Onion could, by Concentration and Perseverance, make itself an Apricot. He Hugged the delusion that he could cut across Lots and catch up with the Drum-Major.

The prize he sought was the privilege of sitting down on terms of Equality with the Bashaws and the Hidalgos.

In order to qualify, he had his Eyes wide open, his Fingers crossed, and his Muscles set, and was trying to refrain from doing anything that was not being done by our Best People.

He had a moderate hunger for Wealth and a laudable willingness to splurge in a Commercial Way, but the solemn and consecrated resolve which governed every Move related to membership in a Club.

It was not a large Club and it was housed in a made-over Mansion of the darkest Mansard Period,

but Mr. Floozey wanted to be seen lolling in a leather Chair by the Window.

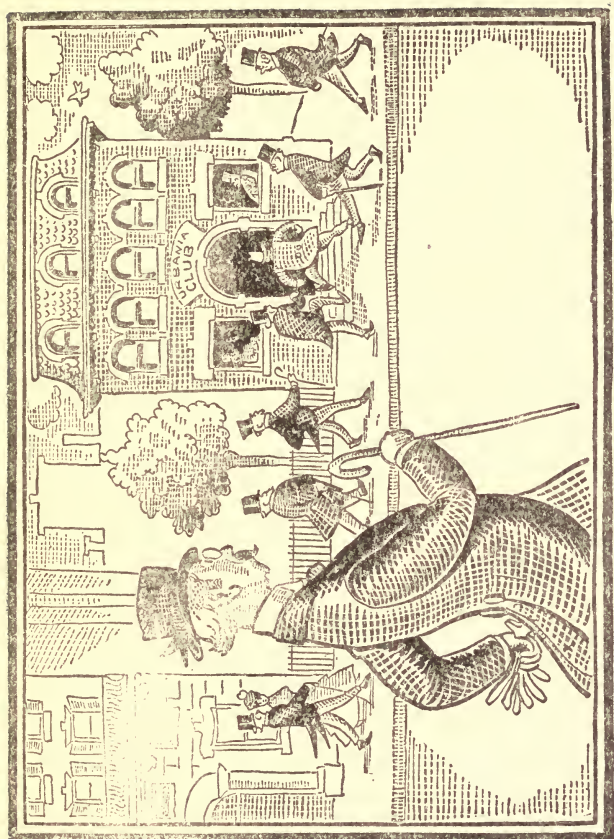
Most of the Lollers exhibited at the Windows represented what a Society Gusheress would call the Old Families, or the Hoopteree. Their remote Ancestors had trapped Muskrats on the site of the present City Hall. Also, these revered Forefathers had traded with the Indians, after getting them Stewed.

Mr. Floozey's father had kept a Hardware Store with Agricultural Implements as a Side Line, so Mr. Floozey knew that he would have to step a Bit to overtake a bunch of Patricians tracing their Pedigrees right back to the time when four City Blocks could be secured for a cannikin of Medford Rum.

Elmer was crafty. He observed that the Climber and the Pusher never had a look in. It was possible for the Self-Advertiser or the Spender to butt into one kind of Club Life and dapple the fair pages of the Evening Paper with pleasant mention of Himself, but these crude Methods cut no Asparagus with the Landed Gentry.

The one chance for a poor Goof of the Floozey Species was to keep on doing the Correct Thing and comport himself after the manner of a Chevalier and wait for Merit to be Discovered. So the General Manager was straining himself to do only the Things that were being Done.

We find him at his massive desk, trying to hold back the salty Tears. He had just concluded a brief



*It was not a large Club and it was housed in a made-over Mansion of the darkest Mansard Period, but Mr. Floozey wanted to be seen lolling in a leather Chair by the Window*

Business Talk with a Gentleman of the deepest dye whose Grandfather put the Scenery along the Erie Canal.

When the Caller affixed his proud Signature to a Contract, Mr. Floozey observed that his Nails had been done in the Dull Finish. The Visitor departed, and Mr. Floozey was left alone with his own Finger-Nails, which had been burnished until they fairly twinkled.

He was In Wrong again.

It was proving to be a long and slow Battle.

No wonder. For Mr. Floozey had started with a two-ton Handicap.

Mr. Floozey could remember the early Hick period of his Genesis, when he oiled his Hair and wore Cameos.

He had come a long Way since then, undoubtedly, but he still had a lingering Suspicion that he was merely a veneered Rube. The Finger-Nail Episode helped to confirm this Suspicion.

Back in the Boarding-House days he had entered manfully on his Life Work of eliminating the Hereditary Instincts.

First, he conquered the Perfumery Habit, and then, by an Effort, he gave up the silk Handkerchief with the vivid Border.

While he was still a Menial, he tried to pass himself off in the Street Cars as a Harvard Man home on a Vacation.

In those days he had longed to wear Socks with

zigzag Patterns peeping saucily from under the reefed Trousers, but he took notice that the Lads who lived in the Big Houses of the Frigid Zone went in for Somber Effects.

In the effort to acquire the quiet and unobtrusive Elegance which would distinguish him from the ordinary Charleys of the Quick-Lunch Route, he was compelled to shed his Jewellery.

He had signalized the arrival on Easy Street by purchasing a swell Ring of several Carats and a Watch Charm which looked like the working model for a Memorial Window.

These glittering Ornaments seemed to impress the Newsboys and were quite apropos when he stood in front of a Soda Fountain.

But one day he took Dinner at a Place frequented by the Élite. After the Head Waiter had secreted him behind a Palm, he compared himself with the Thoroughbreds placed along the Windows.

All of them wore an air of being slightly Bored, but not one of them was bedecked with expensive Gems.

From that day he played Safe, assuming the garb of a *blasé* Undertaker rather than queer himself by making up as a prosperous Crap-Shooter.

He became a mere Copy-Cat, but he chose for his Models the acknowledged Head-liners of the ice-bound Elect.

By constant practice he learned to speak softly to a Waiter without incidentally giving the Waiter





*After the Head Waiter had secreted him behind a Palm, he compared himself with the Thoroughbreds placed along the Windows. All of them wore an air of being Bored, but not one of them was bedecked with expensive Gems*

any License to regard himself as a Human Being. So he was allowed to come out from behind the Palms and sit among the Socially Prominent, who were still 8,000 Miles distant, to all intents and purposes.

He did not seem to be getting any closer to them as regards letting them know that he was in the Room. But he was getting farther away from the Waiter all the time; so, naturally, he felt heartened.

He had his Wardrobe built by a whispering Tailor who had held the Tape Measure against all the Pinks of Fashion.

He took an apartment in a highly refrigerated Hotel, peopled by X-Ray Notables, so-called because they could look right through Mr. Floozey at something beyond.

Although he had been brought up as a Shouting Methodist, he attended Services at a Church frequented by successful Bridge Players. The Rector looked like a Leading Man with an English Dramatic Company and had a Marmalade Accent.

Elmer thought he was forging ahead somewhat when he became a Regular at this Temple of Deportment. He carried a closely wrapped Umbrella to help convince the Hity-Titys that he was Some Cuss, but the only Parishioner who came near him was an elderly Nicodemus with a Contribution Basket.

By standing on the outside and peeking through a Knot-Hole at the Hallowed Reservation, he became wise to the fact that the Best People made a spe-

cialty of being interested in Things that did not appeal to the Strap-Hangers.

Mr. Floozey was very keen on Kelly Pool, but he gave it up when he learned that it was not being Done.

His early Training in a Center of Sociability prompted him to discuss the Weather with total Strangers and likewise get a little Choice Scandal now and then from the Bell-Boys, but he learned that any one wishing to be approximately Knickerbocker should treat a member of the Serving Class as if he were Linoleum.

In other words, better be Lonesome than Common.

Can you see Mr. Floozey at a Symphony Concert? His Musical Ear had been trained by listening to the Silver Cornet Band of Squantamville. Regular Music sounded to him as if the Boys had started to play something and then disagreed.

Just the same, he would put on the extreme Terra-pin-and-Duck Regalia, with the Pearl Studs and the snowy Mittens, and occupy a seat on the Aisle. He suffered, but he stuck.

To show how carefully he had planned his Campaign, he had the extreme foxiness to refrain from giving liberally to guilt-edge Charities.

It seems that the Outsider who crowds into the Charmed Circle and makes a Grand-Stand Play with the Bank Roll is thanked effusively and listed as a vulgar Pretender.

Mr. Floozey was surcharged with a passionate

Longing to ring in with the *Haute Monde*, but under the Rules of the Game he didn't dare to let on.

His policy was to acquire the Hauteur and the Chesterfield Manner and the gentle Dignity which would qualify him. He felt that if he continued to obey the League Rules, some day the Drawbridge would be lowered over the Moat and the huge Gates would be opened and he would pass into Glory.

In order to get the right Dope on Dress, Decorum, and the regular order of Business in Drawing Rooms, he read all the Books.

He wanted to get Tips on the Line of Talk he would be expected to pull after his arrival in the Promised Land.

In the Novels dealing with High Life, he would fellow Sir Geoffrey and the Lady Barbara into the Formal Garden, and try to get them when they were devoting a long Chapter to a discussion of certain elusive Moods of the Soul.

It is doubtful if any student of Current Fiction ever read more Chapters and muffed more Points than Mr. E. Floozey.

It will be recalled that we first met Our Hero in his hardwood Lair, enduring Mental Anguish on account of the Finger Nails.

For twenty years he had worked overtime at being Refined. He had shunned unimportant People, trained his rude Vocal Cords to a faint imitation of the Massachusetts Dialect, frequented such Places

of Amusement as bore the O. K. of the Drama League, and rubbed his Escutcheon with a Chamois Skin every blessed Morning.

What could he show for all these years of Purification by Fire?

Well, he had been admitted to a League for Civic Betterment, and he had a nodding acquaintance with at least eight Touch-me-Nots whose undergarments were supposed to be Royal Purple.

He had rehearsed until he was Letter Perfect, but the date for his Début among the Dinner-Givers still glimmered in the uncertain Future.

Every few days his Past would rise up and swat him.

He knew too many People with Good Memories.

That's the Curse of having *Hoi Polloi* Antecedents and a Record involving Coffee and Sinkers.

Someone said, somewhere, once, in a gush of Originality, that the World is Small. To an eager Aspirant for Vanity Fair who went barefooted every Summer until he was 14, the dear old Bromide goes Double with a Side Bet.

The threads of Memory connecting Elmer Floozey with his humble Origin and impossible Kin-Folk were about the size of Log Chains.

What was the good of acquiring Courtly Graces and looking like a registered Van Something, if a Boob from the Home Town could walk in at any moment and spring a forgotten Nickname?

Can you imagine how Mr. Floozey suffered

when Cousins in Mail-Order Suits came to his exclusive Hotel and requested him to take them to the Zoo?

Mr. Floozey could not go to the Zoo. Neither could he ride on a Rubberneck Auto. Such things were not being Done.

He writhed in Mortification and choked with Excuses when two Maiden Aunts, who had put the first Swaddles on him, reappeared on Earth one day and asked him to point out the House in which the Prominent Society Girl had been murdered by a well-known Clubman.

Sometimes it seemed to him that all of the corn-fed *Canaille* of the obscure Birthplace had moved up to the City and were in a conspiracy to joggle him every time he tried to stand on a Pedestal.

One Chap in particular nettled him to the very subcuticle.

Away back in the hateful days of the Pin Hooks and the Stone Bruises, he had consorted with an unwashed Kid named Orlando.

Fain would Mr. Floozey have chiselled the name of Orlando from the tablets of Memory, but he could not get the right kind of Chisel.

However, he felt a half-way Sense of Security so far as Orlando was concerned, believing that his Boyhood Friend probably was serving a Long Term in some Penal Institution.

Conceive the Dismay which chilled the Heart of General Manager Floozey when Orlando blew into



the office one day and greeted his former Playmate with blatant Enthusiasm.

Within five minutes, Orlando had the Premises festooned with grinning Skeletons of the ignoble Past.

It seemed that he had sidestepped all the Prisons and jammed his way into the Railway Supply Business and was getting away with it.

He had his own Office, the same as Mr. Floozey, and was forcing himself upon Directors and Purchasing Agents, who never suspected that he was the only son of a Horse Doctor.

According to all the Standards which Mr. Floozey had set up, this Orlando Person was a Cad and a Bounder and a Boor. He was ineffably *Bourgeois*, even if he did pull down a fat Salary and show himself at Public Resorts.

Mr. Floozey had to be diplomatic in order to escape Orlando and his boisterous Hospitality. He figured that the Strategy and Finesse of his deep-laid Plans for acquiring Social Recognition would certainly get balled up and skyfugled if he became identified with a cheap and noisy Element.

Even while the remaining section of his Conscience rebuked him for turning down one with whom he had slept Spoon-Fashion, the higher Necessity prompted him to give Orlando the Go-By.

But it was no easy matter to eliminate Orlando. The latter had a way of being Among those Present when there was aught Stirring.



Theoretically, Orlando was due to come an awful Cropper if he ever pulled any of that fresh Guff on the hard-faced Aristocrats.

Mr. Floozey could hardly believe his Eyes when he looked across the Room one day and caught Orlando taking Luncheon with three eminent Railway Officials whom Mr. Floozey had worshiped from afar for fifteen years.

Instead of effacing himself and sitting back subdued and reverential, as became one of inferior Rank, the audacious Orlando had taken charge of the Conversation. His Manner was one of jaunty Superiority.

He was joshing the Heavyweights.

No doubt about it. He was bawling out the Gray-beards—kidding the Millionaires.

Instead of calling the Head Waiter and having him removed, the Colossi were laughing their heads off.

Mr. Floozey felt the Theories of a Lifetime toppling about him and settling into Ruin.

He made terrified Inquiries and learned that Orlando had been taken up by the Best People because he was Breezy and never had learned to be awe-stricken.

The Great Men would go home and tell the Women Folks what Orlando had said at a Luncheon given to the President of the Trunk Line, and the Women would insist on having Orlando brought up to the House sometime, because they knew he must be Killing.

Then Orlando would call them up on the 'Phone and string them scandalous and tell them to leave him alone because he was an unprotected Bachelor with a spotless Reputation. So it was generally known that any Queen of the Tiara Tribe who snared Orlando for one of her Dinners was certainly playing in Great Luck.

In the meantime, Mr. Floozey, so blamed Genteel that it hurt, moved sadly along the Side Lines.

He would have given any Vital Organ that you might select for just one of the scraggly Invitations littering the desk of Orlando.

The whole Situation was very baffling to him. It seemed that Polite Society not only lacked the Sense of Justice but operated without particular Method.

Mr. Floozey had schooled himself until he was as cold and glossy as a Dress Shirt.

He was just as particular as could be about his Vocabulary, giving the Preference to Words that were worth from Eighty Cents to One Dollar each.

He seldom smiled, and then only at some Sally made by a Person above the grade of Employee. He was exceedingly Fromage.

For lo, these many Snows he had done nothing but Prep himself for a sweeping Entrance into the Sanctum Sanctorum of the Select Minority, and he could not understand why he was kept waiting.

There came a day when he lifted a furtive glance toward the Windows of the Club which meant to him the Ultimate in all things worth having.

Orlando was sprawled among the Magnificos, acting like a Charter Member.

A generous Impulse came upon Mr. Floozey. He decided that one should never pass up old and tried Friends.

So he sought out Orlando and almost kissed him.

That is how it came about that Orlando appeared before the Board of Governors and worked his Drag.

He asked them to admit a certain Applicant, who would be attaining the Acme of Bliss if he could sit quietly in a corner of the library and read the *London Times*.

He said that Mr. Floozey was so Correct that he was Colourless, and therefore would be in Harmony with any Background.

Inasmuch as Orlando was the Life of the Card Room, the Governors strained a Point and admitted the Unknown.

As you pass the Windows, you may identify Mr. Floozey as the one with the Rapt Expression, sitting over by Himself.

*Moral: A cultivated Gentleman may get Anywhere if he knows the right kind of a Rough-Neck.*

THE FABLE OF HER BIRTHDAY AND THE DWINDLING  
GENEROSITY

ONCE a Young Man employed in the remote corner of a buzzing Beehive alighted from the Horse Car and hurried to his Suburban Dove-Cote.

He found Peaches-and-Cream in the two-by-twice Kitchen, superintending a Soup-Bone.

Just to prove that Honey Boy had kept Tab on the Calendar and knew when Jelly Roll would arrive at her 22d Milestone, he dangled in front of her a Necklace which was pure Imitation Coral, all except the teeny Pendant, the latter being shaped like a Heart and plated with real Gold.

The gurgling Honeymooner had laid himself out to the Tune of Three Bucks.

Clara acted as if the Dinky had set him back at least Three Million.

She said he was her Darling Otey and so Kind to her that sometimes she felt unworthy.

The Moons waxed and waned, Harvest following Seed Time.

Under the bright Sunshine of Prosperity the vaporous clouds of Love's Young Dream became condensed into pleasing Actualities.

One morning Clara awoke at 9:45 to the horrifying knowledge that she was 52 years to the Worse.

Ahead of her were the Dark Woods, where the Ravens Croak, the Fox-Trot is left behind, and Knitting grows on every Bush.

She arose with but one Thought in operation and that was to guard well her Secret.

Otis was waiting for her in the Breakfast Room, flanked about by Pale Servants.

He said he had ordered up the new Car as a trifling reminder of the awful Anniversary, and would she go out and see what was Wrong with it and have it over with.

On the sheltered Driveway stood a next year's Motor.

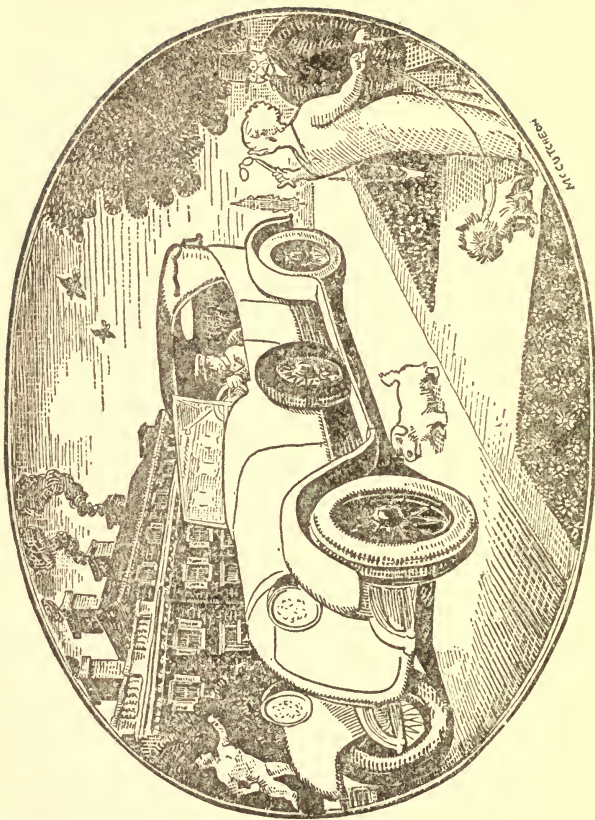
It was a beautiful Monster, with the sheen of Satin, the well-ordered compactness of a Swiss Watch, and a Purr like that of a Pet Kitten.

Hundreds and hundreds of men had delved in Mines and chopped in Forests and wrought with complicated Machines and computed with delicate Instruments and worried over Blue Prints to produce this domesticated and refined Juggernaut.

A woman sewing in a tenement Sweat-Shop could earn in 30 years enough Money to buy such a Car if she saved every Cent and never took a Day off.

The Check which paid for the Car would have meant a comfortable Fortune for any Man in the year 1850.

Clara once-overed the whole Layout through the



*Clara once-overs the whole Layout through the Specs that she carried  
on a Mother-of-Pearl Handle*

Specs that she carried on a Mother-of-Pearl Handle, and then she remarked, as if she had received a Knife Thrust right into the Heart, that Mrs. Williston-Gibbs had one that you ordered from England two years in Advance because the Output was only 8 a Year.

*Moral: The easiest Thing to get used to is Letting Go of it.*



## THE FABLE OF THE UPLIFT THAT MOVED SIDE WAYS

**D**URING the later Puff-Sleeve Period and shortly before Stout Ladies began to ride Bikes, a dignified Episcopalian found himself in the County Court, trying to stave off his Creditors.

When a College Graduate goes on the Rocks, he has to cast about for something other than Manual Toil, so the Party of whom we are speaking circulated a Petition and landed a Berth in the U. S. Consular Service.

The Fact that Rodney J. Whipple sailed away in 1887 for the Port Town of Comato on the Island of Dolsifar has no important Connection with the present Recital.

He boarded a single-screw Chugger and steamed on and on.

Finally, when the Coal was about to give out, there arose from the Azure Sea a steam-heated Possession pin-feathered with spidery Palms.

A scattering of whitewashed Dobes against a background of Jungle was the Capitol City in which Mr. Whipple was to keep the Starry Banner from drooping.

The Consulship at Comato was a Dream of a Job for any one of crippled Pocketbook, shy on Ambition, and willing to be forgotten by his former Cronies.

It was so far beyond the edge of the Map that it was overlooked by Beach-Combers, Remittance Men, and the State Department.

A Steamer hove into View once a Month, and the Lulls in between were broken only by the murmur of the Surf.

It was the sort of Tropical Paradise in which the maddest Fling is to ride along the Sea Wall in what had been a Victoria at one Time.

Year after year the Yankee Consul loafed in his White Clothes and Siestad and read out-of-date Books.

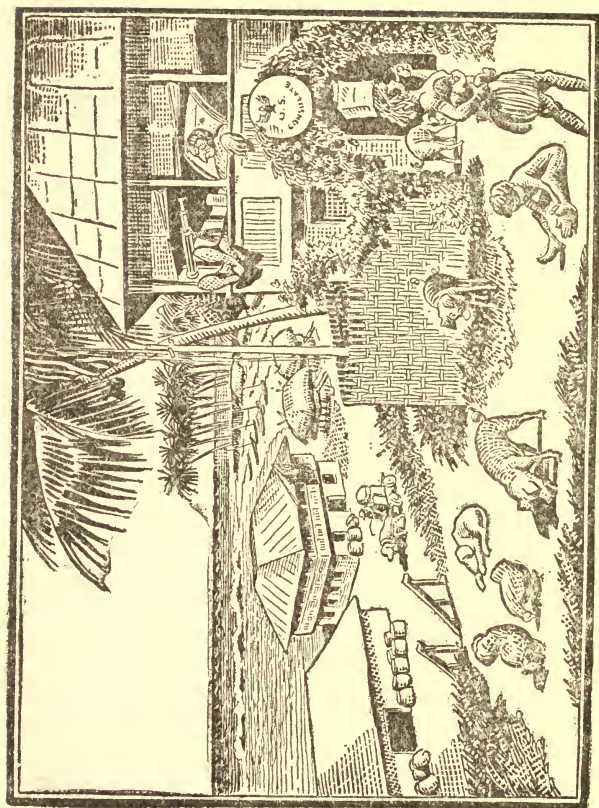
The Noises of the Great World could not carry across the deep Drink.

He felt no yearning for the scenes of previous Disasters and no one urged him to come Home, so he stuck along until after the Champion Trouble-Maker tried to get astride of the Globe and dig in with his Spurs.

In other words, it was in 1919 that he opened a Letter and learned that a durable old Uncle finally had let go.

The real Plot of the Message was that our Consular Representative had Dough once again and could go back to the old Diggings and hold up his Head and be a regular Cuss.

He could see himself riding in a Brougham on his



*Year after year the Yankee Consul loafed in his White Clothes and Siested and read out-of-date Books*

way to a Progressive-Euchre Party, for he had been away Thirty Years and had kept no Tab on the shifts of Scenery leading up to the Grand Transformation.

He stood at the front end of the Ship so as to be in ahead of the Others.

He wondered if there had been many Changes.

Enoch Arden and Rip Van Winkle were piking Amateurs compared with Rodney J.

Here was a well-preserved American, holding an A. B. from an A-1 College, who never had dodged a Motor Bus, looked up at an Airplane, or waited for a Suffrage Parade to pass by.

Here was a high-grade Specimen of old Colonial Stock who never saw William Jennings Bryan or foozled a Niblick Approach.

He was just as ripe for Impressions as if he had come from the planet Mars hanging to the tail of a Meteorite.

What he wanted to know was, had the old Universe reformed or backslid while he was absent from the Side Lines?

He took his first Taxi ride and looked into the face of Death 100 Times.

The city he remembered had disappeared and on the former Site were Mountains girded with Steel, and Bedlam frothing in every Valley.

Most of the curdled Impressions of the first Day were utterly trivial.

The first Fact striking him hard was that the Derby Hat was no longer shaped like a Turtle.

His old Friend, the Cigar Store Indian, had been sent to a Reservation.

Where were the box-toed Boots of yesteryear?

The Cravat encircled by a Gold Ring was no longer a Mark of Gentility.

Where once the Oyster Parlour smiled, a Cafeteria lifted its pale Front.

Whiskers had ceased to be an important Trade-mark.

Policemen rode on Horses and Street Cars had burrowed into the Ground and Food was being served in Drug Stores.

Hotel Rates had been whooped and Meals were no longer included.

He hurried to collect his Legacy and listened to Strange Talk regarding Inheritance Tax and Income Tax and Excess Profits.

It seemed that each Good Citizen kept his Money in plain sight so that the Government could reach over at any time and swipe what it needed.

Back in the 'Eighties, any one who spoke of a Million Dollars did so in a Choking Whisper.

Now the World of Finance was playing Ring around the Rosie, with a Jack Pot of ever so many Billions stacked up in the Centre.

There seemed to be a new breed of Woman since the bygone Period of the Mazourka and the 13-inch Waist.

The Female seemed to have come into her Own and then kept on coming.

It seemed that she knew a great many Things that had been kept from her Grandfather.

Rodney J. Whipple could remember when the Daughter of the Household was not permitted to leave the Verandah. If she read a Novel containing a Love Scene, the other Maud Mullers thought she was a bit Daring.

Now the Débutante could look straight at any Cardinal Truth and never bat an Eye.

So far as the Knitting was concerned, they seemed to be Regular Women, but the Exile went dizzy in the head when he saw them blowing Cigarette Smoke through powdered Nostrils.

He knew that Emancipation meant being Free, but he did not see why it should mean being Free and Easy.

It was pretty hard for any one with an 1885 Training to believe that a really Nice Woman could be so Skittish.

He was told that people had become more Moral but less Particular, which you can figure out for yourself.

Reforming Influences certainly had altered the face of the Landscape.

Nearly all of the Race Tracks had been closed.

Thirty years ago the Pool Room had been as open-faced as a Delicatessen Store. Betting on the Races was a daily Weakness among the Best People.

Mr. Whipple learned that the Race-Track Gambler was now classed with the Well-Poisoner and Pacifist.

The Gambling House, with its red Brussels Carpet and free Midnight Supper, had become a dim Memory.

The Red Lights of long ago had been snuffed out.

Mr. Whipple wanted to shake the Box in a Cigar Store and was warned by a Cop.

He began to realize that the Average Citizen of 30 years ago was little better than a Crook.

He recalled that in the 'Eighties he enjoyed going to Prize Fights and liked to see the Ponies gallop and knew how to keep Cases at Faro and was personally acquainted with the Genius who invented the Manhattan Cocktail.

He learned that even the Manhattan had become Prehistoric, and every form of Exhilarator containing above 2 per cent. of the Useful Ingredient was about to be thrown overboard.

It was certainly a renovated and sterilized and fumigated Community in which Mr. Whipple found himself.

He had been a great Show Fan in the old days, and he felt a natural Longing to revel in Theatrical Entertainment after all the Years on that lonely Island.

"But what is the Use?" asked Mr. Whipple. "All the rational Enjoyments of my Youth have been put into the Discard. Public Entertainments are now under the direction of the Epworth League. What is the good of going to a Show Shop? I just know that I won't be able to see anything Snappy and Devilish, the same as 'The Black Crook.' That



certainly was a Mango! The Girls wore Tights and you never saw a Woman in the Audience."

Mr. Whipple bought a Front Seat for some new-fangled Drama called a Revue and went in prepared to take a good Nap.

One hour later, just as the barelegged Dancers were performing a Classical Number entitled "The Satyr's Saturday Night," Mr. Whipple dashed out of the Theatre with his Hat in front of his Face.

He was the only Quitter.

All the Seminary Flappers home on a Vacation, and the sweet-faced old Chaperons, and the various Pillars of the Baptist, Unitarian, and Congregational Churches stuck in their Places and continued the Anatomical Researches, while Mr. Whipple leaned against a Mail-Box outside gasping for Breath.

He recalled that in 1878 he had slipped away from Home one Evening to attend a Performance by the British Blondes.

The imported Fairies had been tabu and outcast because they came out in short Skirts and Kicked up.

He compared that evening of guilty Pleasure long ago with the brazen Indecencies and the flaunting Shamelessness of what he had just witnessed in a first-class \$2 House catering to the Family Trade.

The Cycle of Change evidently had been making about 2,400 Revolutions per minute.

A Policeman came along, and Mr. Whipple urged him to call for a lot of Blue Wagons and pull the Joint.

"Evidently you are behind the Parade," said the kindly Officer of the Law. "This one isn't a Marker compared to the one that ran 38 weeks last Season. We are living in an Era of Candour and Confidence. Our present Motto is that there shall be no Secrets among Friends, even when Moles and Freckles are involved."

"Have you no Censorship?" asked Mr. Whipple.

"Yes; but it is quite busy closing up Movies."

The poor Has-Been went home to tell his Relatives of the Shock he had received.

They informed him that the Ox-Cart had gone to Limbo and Folks now went in for Twin Sixes.

Grand Opera seemed a safe refuge for an Old-Timer.

Sure enough, he found the same dependable Faust with Oakum Beard trailing the heavy-weight Marguerite, and Romeo trilling to a Juliet with Grandchildren on the Police Force.

He was pleased to know that the best Traditions of Music had not been lost in the Shuffle.

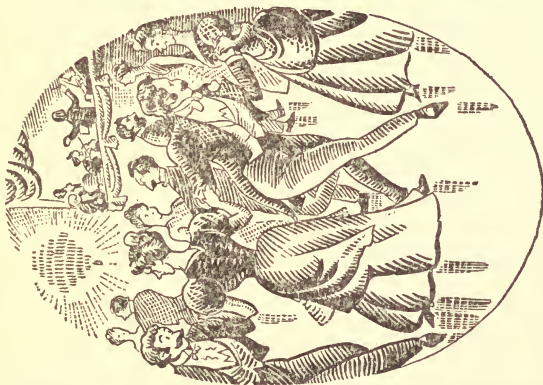
Then he happened in at a Small Dance and looked over the Card for the Lancers and the Polka and the Military Schottische, after which he secreted himself behind a Palm to await Developments.

The Band began to Jazz.

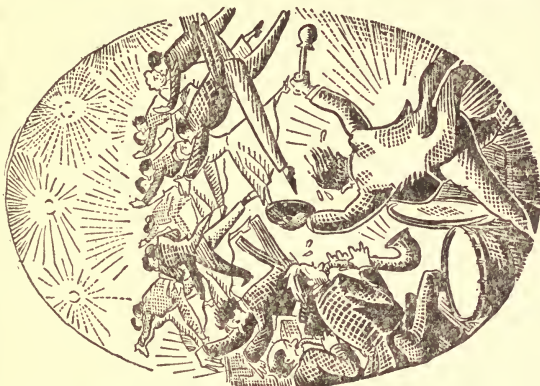
Mr. Whipple held his Head.

Either the Orchestra had forgotten to tune up or he was going off his Dip—he couldn't tell which.

He knew it wasn't Music, but they were on the



*In the Old Days*



*At the Present Time*

— MCGUTHRIE —

Floor, making epileptic Efforts to ride on the choppy Sea of Discords.

They shuffled in close Formation, writhing as if in Agony.

Mr. Whipple wondered if he had made a Mistake in leaving the Island.

"Music has ceased to be," he said. "Modesty is a Lost Art, and Gentle Woman has become an Acrobat. I know it is an Age of Progress, because the Country has gone Dry and sanitary Paper Cups are being used on every Railway Train. Home Life seems to be slightly disarranged, but I suppose that is part of the Game."

Next day they took him to a Club Meeting, but it turned out to be a Clinic, so he ducked for fear someone would catch him Blushing and denounce him as a Reactionary.

Last week he wrote to the State Department inquiring if any one had been named for the Post at Comato on the Island of Dolsifar.

He thinks he can best serve his Generation by getting away somewhere and calming down and giving Absent Treatment.

"Do you notice many Improvements?" asks some former Friend.

"Yes, indeed; there have been many Changes," replies Mr. Whipple, with his Fingers crossed.

*Moral: Familiarity breeds Contentment.*

## THE FABLE OF THE POLITE POISON COUNTER

**I**T BEFELL that Uncle Granby got in sideways by telling little Anastasia and her brother Elderkin about the old Zip-Zip Days, when Bourbon High-Balls were peddled over the Bar and Public Dancing was tolerated and Women wore 4-inch Heels.

The Yarns he spun often led the Bairns to suspect that he was Spoofing.

They asked Questions without number about the Bad Men of the Past, such as Captain Kidd and Simon Legree and Wm. Hohenzollern.

It is a perverse Fact in Heredity that well-brought-up Children are always more interested in Jesse James than in Lyman B. Abbott.

They wanted to know about the sheltered Cove where the Pirates held Wassail.

They were likewise on edge to hear Tales of that Lawless Period when any Desperado could walk right in from the Street and buy himself a lot of Liquor and then Start Something.

When Uncle Granby told of Alcohol being served in the Homes of Church Members, the Kiddies suspected that he was drawing the Long Bow just to make their Blood run cold.

They were slow to believe that the Grandfathers of some of the Children they knew had come home from College Reunions at 2 A. M., Plastered to a fare-ye-well.

With pop-eyed Wonder they listened to stories of Wedding Parties at which both of the Male Parents involved in the Sacrifice were Carbonated and had to be laid out in the Check-Room.

It was not easy for them to understand why Bar-Flies should work for years to build up a Thirst and then turn around and be shot in the Arm so as to get rid of it.

Their most burning Curiosity was in regard to the Public Dispensary, home of Song and Argument, which had prospered under various Names and was latterly known as a Buffet.

Uncle Granby was almost stumped by some of their Queries.

Why did the Customers take chances the Evening Before if they knew they were going to be in a Dying Condition the Morning After?

Why was it considered Bad Form for a Regular to Quit, even though he was already Whittled?

What was the Lure drawing Citizens away from the green Parks to stand around in the Sawdust and discuss the Tariff?

He tried to feed their gaping little Minds with Plausibilities.

He expounded to them that up to a certain Time the Women never had voted and the Kaiser never

had been trimmed and the Saloon Boss never had taken Orders.

There had been an Era of Uncertainty during which any number of well-meaning Folks believed that it was a mistake to do anything for the First Time.

The Proposition to abolish something which always had been seemed a good deal like revising the Plans of Providence.

The Option of going to it or leaving it lay was an Asset which had come down to us from the Birth of Time, the same as Original Sin and the Gambling Instinct.

To revoke a Franchise which had been running 6,000 years seemed sudden and irregular.

Besides, there was a Tradition, Centuries old and frequently verified over the Mahogany Bar, that the drinking Gink would always get what he wanted, regardless of the Statutes.

After a lucid Explanation of this kind, little Elderkin would ask, "Why was the Bar made of Mahogany?"

"Because," Uncle Granby would reply, "as the Current was gradually turned on and the Radiance became more incandescent, it seemed most appropriate that all within the Illuminated Area should be surrounded by Kingly Trappings."

This Line of Talk was just as clear as Mud to Elderkin and Anastasia.

Uncle Granby said it was hard for them to grasp



the Plot unless they had visited a regular old-fashioned Emporium dealing in Wines, Liquors, and Cigars.

He said that he never got Gettysburg straightened out in the Knob until after he visited the Battlefield.

Unfortunately, no Historical Society had preserved for succeeding Generations a typical Poor Man's Club, with its heavy Mirrors and Paintings from the Salon.

Uncle Granby supposed that every Grog Shop had long since passed into Limbo, along with the gold Toothpick and the Roller Towel.

Imagine his Surprise to find in a Side Street, one Day, a Corner Establishment which still wore above the Door a faded Signboard reading as follows: "Tom's Place."

He peered through the dusty Window and saw all the Props and Paraphernalia with which he had been familiar in the moist Days of his Youth.

The Eddies of Suburban Development had swept around and beyond the Spot.

Vacant Storerooms and decrepit Hold-Overs told of the Blasted Hopes of Many a Renting Agency.

That very Day he borrowed a key from the Real-Estater.

When he went back to the children, he carried a Secret and a Surprise.

He tantalized them by promising a Visit to a real Show.

Elderkin and Anastasia were keyed up and eager

when they started out under his Guidance next Day.

He came to the Corner and turned the rusty Lock and led them into the stuffy and bedraggled Antiquity.

They followed timidly and took a slow and puzzled Survey of the deep Carvings, the cobwebbed Mirrors, the cold Array of Empty Decanters, the latticed Screen, the yawning Ice-Box, the mottled Brass-Work, the sleeping Cash Register, the yellow Prints of bygone Champions.

Upon the Wall certain Placards were still decipherable.

One gave assurance that there was not a Cross Word in a Barrel of anything made in Kentucky.

Another suggested that if Drinking interfered with Business, it might be a bright Thought to omit Business.

Still another, brief and cryptic, said, "Tie the Bull outside."

"Where are we?" asked little Anastasia.

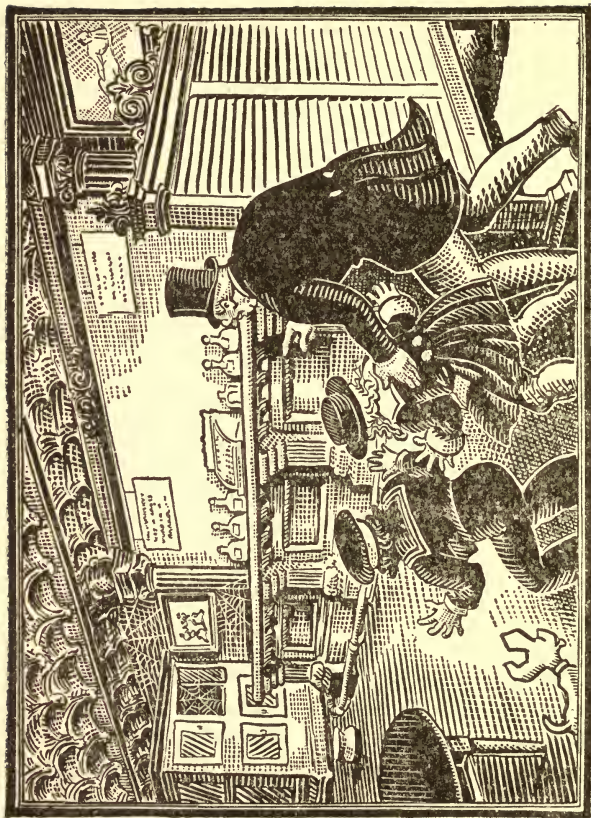
"Can't you guess?" asked Uncle Granby, much amused by their Bewilderment. "This is what I told you about all last Winter. It is a Saloon."

Both Anastasia and Elderkin clapped their Hands with Delight.

They began to pump Questions.

Uncle Granby gave them the Modus Operandi.

He explained that the Screen had been set before the Door because the Patrons believed that



They followed timidly and took a slow and puzzled Survey of the deep Carvings, the cobwebbed Mirrors, the cold Array of Empty Decanters, the latticed Screen, the yawning Ice-Box

a Desire for Privacy is instinctive among the Well Bred.

In the Decanters had shimmered the more Fiery Compounds which gave Quick Results.

From the Grains of the Field came spicy Distillations, enabling the Dumb to speak and the Dull to open the Book of Knowledge.

Those tarnished Faucets had gushed for Years with a Brew which foamed in the Mug and carried a scant 4 per cent. of the necessary Ingredient.

Because of the Kick being thus diluted, the Bulk absorbed in the course of a busy Evening had to be very Impressive in order to get a satisfactory total.

The Purchaser who was out for a 20 per cent. Effect had to return to the 4 per cent. just 5 times in order to arrive at his Destination.

These Mathematical Exercises, being often repeated in a spirit of Rivalry, developed incredible Storage Capacities.

To be the Custodian of a large Fluid Cargo was to be respected and admired.

"Why?" asked Elderkin.

"It was part of the Code," replied Uncle Granby.

He showed them the Free-Lunch Department.

"Would you believe," he asked, "that such expensive Rarities as Roast Beef and Turkey and hard-boiled Eggs and imported Cheese and White Bread and Baked Beans and golden creamery Butter were spread upon this Board? The solitary Piker who purchased One in the Light could saunter across and

grab off a Banquet which would now stand you about \$6 in a good Hotel."

"They fed them free of charge?" asked Anastasia, seemingly skeptical.

"The Lunch was a Come-On for the Wet Goods," explained Uncle Granby. "Besides, many who had Homes of their own touched the Layout lightly. They ate just enough to sustain a reasonable Thirst. Between Rounds they would punish a few Links of Sausage or mayhap dally with a dried Herring."

"And the Rum-Seller?" suggested Anastasia.

"Ah, he was not marked with so harsh a Title in the days of his Social Supremacy. Those who had won his Favour could use the First Name, but Strangers and those amateur Stews who were still on Probation usually addressed him as 'Professor.' His Post of Duty was behind yonder massive Slab. He wore a costume of virginal Whiteness. It was touched off by one or two costly Gems and a fresh Carnation with Tin-Foil around the Stem. I find it difficult to convey to your Meagre Understandings all the Complexities involved in the Practice of his Profession. He was a Composite of Guide, Counselor, Friend, Referee, Diplomat, Reception Committee, Medical Adviser, Weeping-Post, and Political Prophet. To set out the Glasses and ring the Cash Register were the least of his Obligations. Sometimes he had to listen, for an hour at a Stretch, to the Hard-Luck Jonas whose wife had been to see a





*Between Rounds they would punish a few Links of  
Sausage or mayhap dally with a dried Herring*

Lawyer. Beer and Sympathy were on Tap at all times."

"You mean that those who were in Trouble came to receive Consolation?" asked Elderkin. "Why so? I never heard of a Soda-Clerk being made the Custodian of Family Secrets."

"The Soda-Clerk, even in his most glorified Aspect, is merely a Servitor," explained Uncle Granby. "In his Day, the Booze-Clerk was Pythias to every Damon who came in for a Pick-me-Up. A man might play foxy with his Attorney and hold out on the Family Doctor, but he would give up the whole Interior Works to Steve in the White Coat. Every bruised and battered Soul would flee as a Bird to the Life-Saving Station. It was the one Spot where tortured Sensibilities were always sure of getting First Aid. It happened that every Drinking Man was either maligned or misunderstood. The only Mortal who could look beneath the Surface and detect Pure Gold was the kind-hearted Mixer. No matter what the Wife had said at Breakfast or what his Business Partner had been telling around about him, the injured Hero was always 100 per cent. Infallible when he submitted all the Facts to his good old Pal at the Pub. Out of the Black Depths would rise the Star of Hope. Sometimes there would be two Stars. All Debts would be paid off and the Enemies laid in the Dust. Then next Morning, the Party of the First Part would find himself out of the Airplane and lying among the Jagged Rocks in a valley 10,000 feet deep."



Anastasia by way of Corroboration had read somewhere that during the Alcoholic Age the Victims would tea up in order to Drown their Sorrows.

“Right-o!” said Uncle Granby. “But don’t get the Idea that there was only one Pretext. Any Gentleman who had it in the back of his Head to go down to the Corner and get all lit up like a Triumphal Arch could always pull a swell Excuse. Also, every Family Man who came home at 3 A. M. with a Breath which showed as a Phosphorescent Streak in the Darkness was always there with a peachy Alibi. In all the years during which I played more or less Tag with the Liquor Traffic, I can’t remember one Case in which a Lush went to the Bad because of a low-down craving for the old Juice. He was either led astray or his foot slipped. He lined up with the Indians and began to hoist, not because Strong Drink was anything in his Young Life, but because the Occasion seemed to warrant an Exchange of Hospitalities and he could not afford to ignore the strict Tenets of Sociability. Thus, one Man would drink because he had just received a Wire saying that an Uncle was Dead in South Dakota. Another would insist on Buying because his Wife had given birth to Twins, or his Son had graduated from High School, or he himself had been awarded a Contract. This very Ken in which you are now standing was a favoured Rendezvous for Collegians attending Athletic Contests in yonder Field. After the Game, the

Victors would surge into the Joint and battle for Frontage and Lick it up by the Gallon because they were Celebrating. The Vanquished likewise would appear in vast numbers and imbibe copiously because they wanted to Forget. Can you beat it? Let us suppose that A, standing for Adams, had been in the Country with his Family and came Home feeling very Top-Hole and full of Frisk. Just because he was Aces and Eights, he would beat it to a gilded Dump and pound on the Bar and tell the Bosun to pipe all Hands forward for Grog and let the others hide their Coin. Reversing the Picture, B, standing for Blazinsky, would have a Dull Pain in the Coke and a Prairie Fire under the Belt. He would come into the Home for Wayward Men and lean his Body up against the Rail and tell McGlue how he was punk and seedy and desiccated, even as a Faded Flower. Then Mac would look him over and put on the Manner of a Diagnostician and say, 'What you need is a little Skee with a dash of Peppermint.' I can assure you that the Boys behind the Spigots saved many a Trip to see the Doctor. If an Unfortunate came with his Feet wet and his Teeth chattering, he was given a full Gill from the Black Bottle. If the next Patient had Heartburn and a sort of a Sofa-Pillow Taste in the Mouth, he would be given a Slug of the same Panacea."

"What was in the Black Bottle?" asked Elderkin.

"If the Government Chemist couldn't find out, what chance did the Customers have? The only

two Ingredients we felt sure of were Fusel Oil and Prune Juice. It smelled like Liniment, and those who did not fancy it as a Beverage used it for removing Rust from Metals. Before twanging the Harp, it was customary to study the Label on the Outside and then breathe a Silent Prayer. A much favoured Superstition was that the longer it was kept in the Barrel the more deadly and altogether desirable it became. As to that, I cannot say. My clearest Recollection is that almost any well-known Brand would induce a Dove of Peace to challenge the American Eagle. After pouring about Three Fingers it was advisable to stand on a Concrete Base in order to take up the Recoil."

"If it was so dynamic, why did our Ancestors trifle with it?" asked Elderkin.

"My Boy, the vinous and malt Ceremonials which illuminated Family Histories and gave zest to Standard Fiction were held in pleasant Esteem. It didn't seem possible to rally round a Pump. No one had seen or heard tell of a Dry Banquet, and the more influential Citizens didn't think it could be accomplished. To you, in Retrospect, the Festivities of the last Century look to be very Bacchanalian and what you might term Rough Stuff. I can assure you that when the whole World was tinctured with the Essence of Hilarity, the only Dipsomaniac was the Other Fellow. Even the Sanatorium Inmates called it Stomach Trouble. The Legislators who voted against their old side-kick, John Barleycorn,

did so with extreme Reluctance. I say to you Young People, be forgiving of the Past. Because you live in a Regenerated Era and have known from the Cradle up that both Slavery and Cocktails are wrong, don't turn the Family Portraits to the wall just because some of the Beaks are rosy Red. Your bibulous Forebears simply adapted themselves to Environment. When they were Associating, it was not the common Practice to ask for Tea with a Slice of Lemon in it, so they took hot Applejack with a light grating of Nutmeg on the Surface. The essential Weaknesses of Human Nature endure, but Fashions change. In our enlightened Day, the Village Souse sings in the Choir because even the Drug Stores are afraid to sell anything. In taking your last shuddering Look at this Relic of Barbarism, do not regard it altogether as a Symbol of Physical Debasement. Remember that it is also a Reminder of a Period of extreme Benevolence, during which someone was always Buying for somebody else and the Golden Rule was in operation right up to the Closing Hour. You cannot understand why an enlightened Community put up with a Joint of this Woolly Description after 2,000 years of trying to be Civilized. Probably your Children will wonder, 50 years hence, why we lock People in Jail to cure their Moral Infirmities."

"I'll say that I'm fed up for one Day on the low-down Traits of our deceased Relatives," said Anastasia. "Lead me to a Movie."

“That’s another Item that you’ll have a hard time explaining to your Offspring,” said Uncle Granby, as he led the way into the cheerful Sunlight.

*Moral: Nothing is Improbable until it moves into the Past Tense.*

THE FABLE OF THE NINNY WHO SWAM AWAY  
FROM THE LIFE PRESERVER

**O**NCE there was a Citizen who put in most of his Time acting as Custodian of a Thirst.

He could inhale through a Straw, bury his Nose in it or leave it flow from the Original Package.

After he had bombarded the Innards with Aqua Fortis for a matter of 20 years, he awoke one Morning suffering from a combination of Pin-Wheels, Moving-Pictures and a General Alarm of Fire.

Doc came in answer to a Hurry-Up and found that he was on the Job about 8 years too late.

The Patient had something like 15 Things the matter with him, ranging from Cirrhosis of the Liver to Water on the Brain, although the latter did not sound Reasonable.

He had six Weeks in which to settle up his Affairs before receiving the Wreaths and Pillows.

During that time he chopped on the Fire-Water because he somewhat blamed the Old Stuff for sending him away at 42 when he might have stuck around to be 87.

His Pals came to see him just before he winked out.

They found him very white and drawn and sort of Aghast at the Record he had established.

After the funeral the Pall-Bearers took off many Dark Gloves and flew at the High Balls.

One of them expressed the Opinion that what killed Jim was cutting out the Stimulants. The Shock was too much for him.

All the other Diagnosticians nodded their heads gravely.

And the Host went to the Cellar for another Load.

*Moral: It is absolutely Harmless unless Discontinued.*



THE FABLE OF THE TWELVE-CYLINDER SPEED OF  
THE LEISURE CLASS

**I**N A Town where Prunes were still organized against Grapefruit, might have been found Mr. and Mrs. Basker.

He had controlling Interest in a soiled Factory which could be seen from the Car Window, and she was proud of her Geraniums.

They were somewhat better than Culls, but neither could have been graded as Select or Fancy.

He had Flowers on his Suspenders, and she was the style of Lady who can be seen almost anywhere west of Pittsburgh, sitting in the back seat of a Ford.

Although he went to the Mat with a big Pay Roll every Week End and she was in all parts of the Domestic Establishment at the same time, raising Children by hand, putting up Fruit, and working the Index Finger to discover traces of Dust, they seemed to bear up. In fact, they were bursting with Rude Health.

So they decided to take a good long Rest.

It came about in this wise:

The First-Born was back from the Knowledge Works, having been canned by the Faculty before he lost his desire to be In Trade.

Having flopped as a Glee-Clubber it was supposed that a glorious Career awaited him in the Business World.

Father was beginning to lean on him. He leaned so hard that the dutiful Son advised him to try a Vacation of 10 or 15 years.

Daughter had been wished onto an awful Nice Young Fellow with only a few Bad Habits.

The junior Male Offspring was in an Eastern Incubator, trying to hatch out as a Lawyer.

For the first time, the Old Folks were unshackled.

Then came the scourge of War and a juicy Contract, and the Works, instead of earning a beggarly 14 Per Cent., made a quick Clean-up.

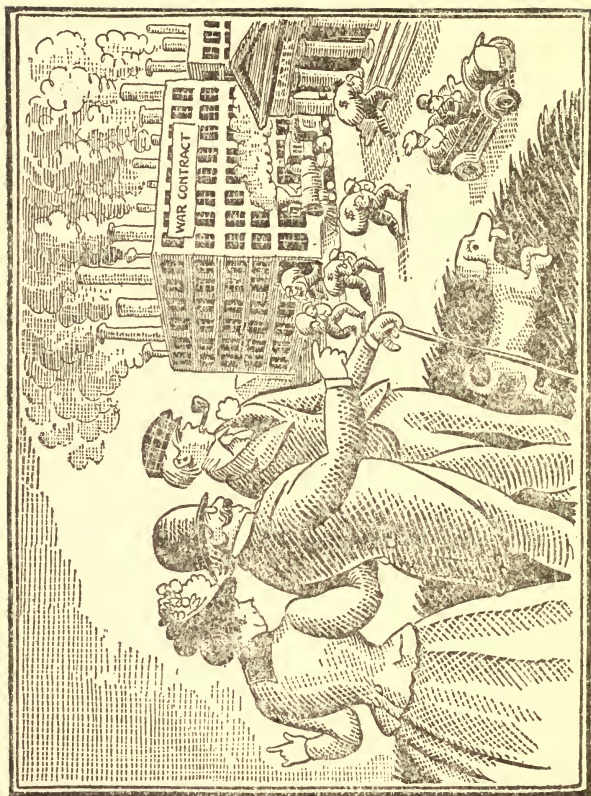
It became known as one of the Babies, and the Principal Owner had the Vertigo every time he tried to figure what he was Worth.

Mrs. Basker was taken with a rush of Money to the Head, and Father likewise began to mumble in his Sleep.

She discovered, all at once, that she could not walk down Main Street without encountering two or three Hundred representatives of the Middle and Lower Strata who could remember when she had to take her choice between wearing a Tam O'Shanter or going Bareheaded.

So she went to see an eminent Specialist who had Axminster Rugs and Pink Finger Nails.

He was billed as a Practitioner, but he was really a Booster for the Pullman Company.



*Then came the scourge of War and a juicy Contract, and the Works, instead of earning a beggarly 14 Per Cent., made a quick Clean-up*

He laid several shiny Utensils against the Person of Mrs. Basker and discovered that her Heart was beating and that she had a Blood Pressure.

But there was Hope if she would pick up and Travel, accompanied by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and a French Maid named Celeste.

So, after years of placid Toil, the Baskers went on a terrific Bat in an effort to Relax and Recuperate.

The first act on the Bill was to buy seven times as many delirious Duds as they could find Hooks to hang them on.

The first night they went down to Dinner in New York, one of them felt like Gaby Deslys in the Third Act and the other looked like a Safe-Blower disguised as William Faversham.

They thought they were regular Begoshers—Mom a Niff, and Dad a Slicker.

Oh, how soothing it was to sit eight feet from an orchestra of 14 Pieces and watch 200 Couples trying to dance in a Space about large enough for the beating of a Rug!

Mrs. B. resolved to be a Stepper.

So betweentimes, and when not being Measured or reading the Authorities on Bridge or else having a plain-faced Giantess knead her into modern and more graceful Outlines, she was paying a Spidery Instructor more than Woodrow Wilson received from the Government.

Out where she had been registered, a Lady did not



*The first night they went down to Dinner in New York one of them felt like Gaby Deslys in the Third Act and the other looked like a Safe-Blower disguised as William Faversham*

have to be a Perfect Thirty-three as long as she was Moral.

In the wider and freer life of the Cosmopolites, it often seemed that Gold Slippers were more important than a Membership in the Baptist Church.

She studied a Standard Work on Auction, so as to avoid being trimmed every Afternoon. It was just as lucid as the Book of Deuteronomy in the original Sanskrit.

She steamed herself in a marble-lined Bath, sustained in her agony by a Spartan Determination to look less like a Barnum Attraction and more like Pauline Frederick.

She took from the Professional Trotter until the poor overheated Doggies, encased in a Size two Numbers under the real Dimensions, threatened to explode like Shrapnel.

Just when she felt like Lying Down, she would have to shift Scenery and go and hear somebody Sing.

There are only 35 or 40 People in America who care for Good Music and they are Aliens, and yet you can always see a line of Limousines in front of a Concert.

Mrs. B. was in Society, and she had to Follow the Leader around the Corners and over all the Hazards.

Mr. and Mrs. Basker nearly ruined themselves drinking Tea. It looked for a while as if they would get to liking the Darned Stuff.

The fashionable Vermifuge who had touted little



old Manhattan as a Rest Cure certainly got the Basker Outfit in very Hollandaise.

After a few weeks in one of those 20-story Excitement Factories, with day and night Shifts of Hungarian Fiddlers and all the other Comforts of a Madhouse, the female Pace-Maker began to weaken in the Fetlocks and was ready for another trip to the Medicine Man.

She worked her Pull and succeeded in getting an Audience with one who knew all the Germs along Fifth Avenue.

He told her the climate near Forty-second Street was too rigorous for one of her delicate Build and she had better beat it to a Playground in the South.

So they headed for the Palms, both Itching and Coccoanut.

About this time, the Fortunate Couple began to devote all their Nervous Energies to that absorbing Pastime known as "Watch the Bag."

It is a Game unknown to salaried Minions but a never-ending source of Agitation among those who are painfully Prosperous.

The Good Woman had, by Frugality and Perseverance, accumulated over two Quarts of Twinklers, some of them running as large as Pecans.

Her job on Earth was to keep tab on the Chamois Pouch, because the moment it was swiped, she would be out \$90,000 and practically Nude.

It was too valuable to trust to Servants who were



Stupid, and all who appeared Bright were suspected of getting ready to frame an Inside Job.

The Bag could not be left in a Safe, because Madam had to wear an Assortment to Breakfast and another Constellation at Lunch Time, while the Dinner Display was simply Magnolius.

Ma loved her Trinkets, but she knew that, sooner or later, she would be tapped on the Noodle and relieved of the whole Works.

We find the two haggard Vacationers in a large wooden Hotel resembling five or six Hotels that had run together.

Father had been trained to crouch like a Bird Dog and watch the Jewels for Hours at a time, and the Job was beginning to pall.

It was one of those Resorts at which the Guests are afraid to turn in at Night for fear the Building will burn at a Time when they are not Presentable.

They had to open each day of Relaxation by getting into the Dining Room before it closed.

Then they hiked back to the Ten-a-Day Attic and made up for the first General Parade, otherwise known as the Veranda Inspection, under the control of the Enamel Sisters and the Jowl Brothers.

One of the Unwritten Laws among the Elite was to lay off of Alcoholic Nourishment until along toward Tiffin Time, after which it was considered Good Form to fly at it with outstretched Pinions.

Mr. and Mrs. Basker sometimes read in the Paper

that the whole Country had gone Dry, but it did not seem Possible.

Between 1 and 2 o'clock, a great many Ladies fixed up to represent the Aurora Borealis or a Cream Puff or a Zebra or something like that, would blow in for Luncheon, one at a Time, and delay the serving of Food.

Mrs. Basker would give the Gimlet Eye to each Zipper and then rush back to her Apartment to slip on something a little more Ultra.

She had come South to enjoy herself, and she did not propose to be shown up by a lot of Maudies.

In the Afternoon, she wore a dainty \$900 Contrivance, made loose and sensible around the Shoulders, so that she could either watch a game of Tennis, go riding in a Roller Chair, or lift a Slice of Lemon into her Young Hyson.

Along about Dusk, all of the Relaxers showed an earnest Desire to round out a Perfect Day.

The Dollar Princesses began to get on their most V-shaped Lumties and the Tired Business Men began to get on their Brannigans.

All who had been put on a Diet found themselves attending frolicsome Dinner Parties at which any one who welshed on the Bumpers was likely to have his Name stricken out of the Social Register.

After a 14-hour Day, with no Let-Up, the poor tired Slaves of the Society Column would escape to the Husks with nothing to worry them until the Sun showed again.

They stood it for quite a Spell and then jumped 800 Miles to a Cure recommended by One who seemed to be Refined and whose Dog had become friendly with their Dog.

It looked like an Asylum at a distance of a Half-Mile, and it did not altogether stop looking like an Asylum after you got a good Flash at the Mugs on the Piazza.

The Rocking-Chair Phalanx of Knitters and Knockers was flanked by Gentlemen of uncertain age who sat in drooping Attitudes and listened to the hardening of the Arteries. ✓

The Bathing Facilities gave the whole Place a Laundry Smell, complicated with suggestions of the Hereafter.

The Baskers had been aching to go to Europe and see the Ruins. When they arrived at the Spa, they got their Wish.

Mrs. Basker would go into the Oven every afternoon and reduce 8 Ounces and then hurry to the Grill Room and put on a Pound and a Quarter.

One day, Mr. B. wandered out to what was called the Golf Course because it was no longer used as a Dump. If the Flags had been removed, it would have been a Task to find the Greens.

He took on a Crip and trimmed him, getting one Hole in 8, which was only 5 above the Colonel.

Everyone said it was a Dandy Game for a Man above 55 who was a good Matchmaker.

He had to find an Occupation or else go Blooey, so

he took up Golf, or, rather, he permitted it to take him up and carry him over the Mountains and down to the Seashore and up into Connecticut.

If one had looked at his shiny Scotch implements, inspected his Knicker Suit with the fuzzy Hose, and computed what he had slathered on Lessons from Jock and Sandy, one would have ventured a Guess that here was a True Disciple of the Ancient and Honourable Pastime.

Then, if one had watched him founder his Drive, top his Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth, dub his Approach, overrun on the Long Putt, and rim the Cup a few times before marking himself up with a 6, one would have said that here was a Bermuda perhaps, but some Counter.

Mr. B. justified the Phony Stuff on the Ground that most of his Opponents were retired Business Men who had been Successful and he had to protect himself.

The Happy Couple put in most of their Time on De Luxe Trains, looking for Resorts that could offer the following Advantages:

A Rate high enough to alarm the One-Trunk Tourist.

A House Physician who could show Mrs. B. how to stuff and grow slender.

A Golf Course frequented by Neurasthenics who would be Pie for any one with a Mark of 120.

A Ballroom supervised by someone who had taken from the Castles.

A Suite with Southern Exposure and Wall-Paper to match the Complexion of the Occupants.

An exclusive Clientele of the Kind worshipped by every Sunday Newspaper.

A Room Clerk with lovely Eyes.

Sometimes they would pull into a Place that looked Fine and Dandy, until Mr. B. had come in 3 down and Mrs. B. had discovered the wrong kind of Jewellery on the Person at the Desk, and then they would have to gather up their large Boxes marked with Blue Ribbons and the Man Servant and the terrified Female who hooked up Mrs. B. and away they would Hike.

After Folks have had Money for 18 months, they know Good Service.

No one can Put anything Over on them.

At present, they are visiting the Son back in the Jay Town which gave them a Start.

They would like to call all Bets Off and stick around a while, but the Doctor has ordered them to Move on.

There are two Places in California still to be tackled.

After that, if Europe remains closed, they will be up against it good and plenty.

*Moral: Since Money became Careless, only the Plutes are Homeless.*

## THE FABLE OF THE SONG-BIRD AND THE CYCLONE

ONCE there was a Borough that had to employ a Guiding Star.

When the federated Marching Clubs were assembled in a Grove with several Trees in it, a Lawyer stood out on the Rostrum and intoned so effectively that little Children began to Cry.

He had an aquiline Beak and the raven Locks stood out behind.

He and an Undertaker in Urbana, Ohio, and the Capitalist in the Movies were the only three men in the World still wearing Prince Alberts.

The Loons standing around in their Regalia listened to the symphonic *Vox Humana* and allowed that he was Immense.

The Winds of Chance played upon the taut Strings of his emotional Nature, producing sweet Harmonies which have no Market Value but are wonderful to listen to.

That is how he became the Whole Cheese.

He sang his way into the Job.

In a short time everything was wrong-end-to, although there never was a Moment when the Thrush could not offer voluble Explanations.

A great Crisis impended.



*The Loons standing around in their Regalia listened to the symphonic Vox Humana and allowed that he was Immense*



The Community had to marshal all Forces and husband all Resources and direct them toward an important Result.

The hard Necessities of the Moment did not call for the services of a Nightingale, so the aroused Citizens told the two-legged Ukulele to stand aside and make room for a quiet Lad with steel-gray Eye and square Chin.

The Ark of the Covenant came through without a Scratch.

After all the Danger and Hard Work had been put behind, the Minstrel Boy emerged from the Cellar and brushed himself and announced that he was ready to go back on the Job.

“Oh Pish and a couple of Tushes!” exclaimed Public Opinion. “Sit on a Limb and warble but don’t come near the Machinery.”

*Moral: Soldiers were not the only ones killed off.*

## THE FABLE OF THE BEWILDERED MAVERICK

ONCE there was a Single-Harness Performer who, at the age of 22, had put a curse on Women because a Hat-Trimmer threw him.

He was testing his Endurance at a Hotel patronized by Stags and large blonde Ladies who tooth-picked in Public.

He was past 45 and in great Danger, because, the riper they are, the easier they fall when you shake the Tree.

It is an accepted Fact among Writers on Zoology that every sun-dried Bachelor who goes to the Mat with Club Servants, Pullman Conductors, Taxi-Drivers, and Elevator Boys still believes that he would be a dandy Companion for any Woman of fair Social Position and a little Property in her own Name.

Ahead of him the sloping Pathway sinks into the dim Grotto of a lonesome old Age.

Each tree is a Weeping Willow.

The Mile-Stones suggest a growing resemblance to Head-Stones.

No Traveller ever went far enough into the Deep Woods to come out on the Other Side.

Is it any Wonder that the poor Mullet examines

the Road Map with growing Apprehension, and looks furtively for a Detour which will land him almost any where except his inevitable Destination?

It is the Immune who always has the highest Temperature, and the Arctic Explorer catches Cold if he sits near an Electric Fan.

And when the drooping Has-Been starts in to warm over Love's Young Dream, he thinks he has discovered a new Recipe.

The aforesaid Hotel Gipsy was fed up on the Camping-Out stuff.

He began to show a shamefaced Desire to discuss the Forbidden Topic with other Social Pariahs marooned in the Menagerie.

Alienists tell us that this is the first Sign of a general breakdown in the Filbert.

He wouldn't come right out, but a good deal of his Chatter was intended to carry the Suggestion that Life is not all Lavender to one who has to stay up every Night so as to postpone his Creep to a Cell overlooking Steam which escapes from a Laundry.

After the Kelly Pool was all over and the chalk-smearred Pikers were wending their way back to the Home for Neglected Men, he would observe:

"Well, any Gink that spends Twelve Months out of Twelve at a Garage ain't living, that's all. He's simply holding out on some good Embalmer."

Or, on a Summer Evening, as the genial Apaches sat in the Open, with their Armchairs lined up, the old Regular would spot a beaming Householder

herding his Tribe toward a Douglas Fairbanks Film, and then he would bust loose and gurg as follows:

"Heigh-ho! Pipe the lucky Stiff! He's got it on us forty ways from the Jack."

He began to spill Bromides of the following Pattern:

To know Life, [pause] one must know Love.

The only True Happiness is that which we share with Others.

The Man whose chief Concern is his own Physical Welfare remains forever on the Outskirts of Existence.

Worse yet, he was seen buying Sheet Music, Something about "The Love-Light in your Eyes, my Baby Doll."

His Comrades in Crime finally caught the Drift of his Sentimental Oozings and begged him to lay hard with his Foot on the Emergency Brake.

They gathered about him in the Office of the Eucalyptus European Hotel and told him to look at the Wrecks along the Shore before he ordered a Sailor Suit.

They urged him to wander into the Park any bright Sunday and check off the first 20 who came along pushing those folding or jack-knife Perambulators, and see if he could find one who didn't need a Hair Cut.

They suggested that it would help some if he would stand on any Prominent Corner and take a Straw Vote of all the stoopshouldered Kind.

They reminded him that a lot of the Boys who might have claimed Exemption didn't. When a Guy would rather fight 4,000,000 Boches than one Jane, it proved something, didn't it? They'd say it did.

One Pal was especially frantic in his efforts to pulmote the Victim.

"Get this!" he said, putting a Finger all the way through a Buttonhole. "When I was attending High School at Skinnersville, we had a Debate on Friday Afternoon. I spoke for 20 minutes on the Affirmative Side of the following: 'Resolved, that the Planet Mars is inhabited.' What did I know about the Planet Mars? Whatever you may estimate, it was less than that. All right! My knowledge of the Planet Mars is 8 quarto Volumes, bound in Half Levant, compared with your Knowledge of Married Life. Don't you know that every Boob who has a Hubbard Squash balanced nicely on his Collar sooner or later wants to write a Comic Opera, buy a Gold Mine, or get Married? Don't you? The Opera goes into the Waste Basket. Any Gold Mine can be charged off in the Column devoted to Ducks and Drakes. But the Matrimonial Speculation—that's more than a Flier. Margins don't go. The Geek has to set in his whole Stack."

"What do you advise me to do?" asked the Bachelor, employing a tone which a trained Nurse would use to a wealthy Patient.

"Do? Get some inside Dope from those who have

caught the Flossies at short range. Some of them are not afraid to Tell."

So we find our Hero traversing timidly that stretch of No Man's Land lying between the Vivid Haunts of Single Misery and the Concrete Battlements of Connubial Uncertainty.

He got some dandy Steers from a cluster of Grass Widowers infesting a Club. They had taken refuge in the Club after losing their Keys.

They told him to control the Impulse, if possible, but if it began to overpower him, then the only Thing left for him was to go over Niagara Falls in a Row-boat.

They admitted that Martha Washington got along fairly well with the Other Half of the Agreement, but they couldn't remember another Case like it since then.

They said that every Floribel hopped out in the Morning with only one Idea hidden under the Coiffure, and that was to pick out some new Angle from which to shoot up the Check-Book.

The old Retriever kept himself Stony Broke all week, and then had to stand on the Carpet of a Saturday Evening and sign Affidavits that he hadn't been spending Money on Other Women.

His Reward? Every Thursday she wished, in his Presence, that she had met Donald Brian before the latter got Married.

The Convalescents told him to count whatever he had on him each Evening and then give himself

Credit for that Amount, after which he was to stand before a Mirror for several Minutes and laugh heartily.

The Seeker after Knowledge was almost convinced that only one Sex could be trusted, when he met an old Pal of Prep School Days, moving blithely, as if following a Military Band.

As they grappled, the former Matie opened up.

"Don't tell me that you are still an Outcast!" he exclaimed. "Look at me and go pink with Envy. Until six weeks ago I lived in a Hutch, even as you. I peeked out each Morning at the joke Furniture and began to brood over the approaching Ordeals. I hated to get up and renew Association with the soiled Menu Card and read over the same old phony Items, knowing all the time that Ham and Eggs was the only Safe Bet. All that was left of my Soul revolted at the sloppy Service. I had a Loathing for the Dead Faces of those who were waiting to Bolt their Helpings. As the weary Day receded, I felt a growing dread of Nightfall. If I do say it myself, I aspired to some nobler Avocation than Chair-Warming with those who were no longer invited to Christian Homes. I failed to get any Uplift from their punk Persiflage. Now I'm living out where we inhale Ozone instead of Cinders. When I knock off and commute myself far from the Temptation Zone, I know that the Best Little Woman in the World is laying out the Slippers and the Pipe and all



the other Props used in that highly successful Production entitled 'Some Home.'"

"The Picture you paint is the one I have been seeing in my Dreams," said the quivering Bachelor. "I knew that, somewhere in the world, there must be a Married Couple still in favour of Marriage. The Boys up at the Club assured me that the whole Proposition had gone Cold."

"You never will get a real Line on the members of the Alimony Club until you talk to their Ex-Honeys," said the Bridegroom. "They could hand you an Earful regarding certain Gentlemen who have been Wronged. No matter what the Women did to get even with the United Order of Telephoners, you can lay a Bet that the Proposition is no worse than Fifty-Fifty. Don't deny yourself the One Great Happiness because an occasional Darby hears the Call of the Wild and goes back to rally round the Head Waiters."

"Your words are Music to my Ear," said the Investigator. "Let us hope that you didn't Cop the only one of her Kind."

Back to the Scoffers went the happy Convert. He told them the Story of Six Weeks in Paradise.

They barked at him. It seemed that a Newlywed can live on Marmalade for about three months, but after that he begins to hang his head over the Fence and admire the Clover in which he formerly cavorted.

The Principal Adviser of the Group prescribed an Antidote.

"You know a good many that are serving Time," he said. "Put it up to them. Drop in on them just as if you happened to be passing by. Explain to them that you are tired of Flying and ready to Roost. Ask them to slip you a little Expert Testimony. Tell them to go as far as they can without tipping their Mitts. Promise them that whatever they divulge will be as from one Brother Elk to another, and will not be pulled against them, later on, in the Divorce Court."

So the Seeker after Truth began to Make the Round and Catechize as directed.

Number One listened attentively and then replied:

"So you contemplate going off the Spring-Board do you? How very interesting! Suppose we make up a foursome for To-morrow Afternoon."

Number Two was more reassuring.

"Don't worry," he said. "Everyone has those Feelings once in a while."

Number Three was philosophical.

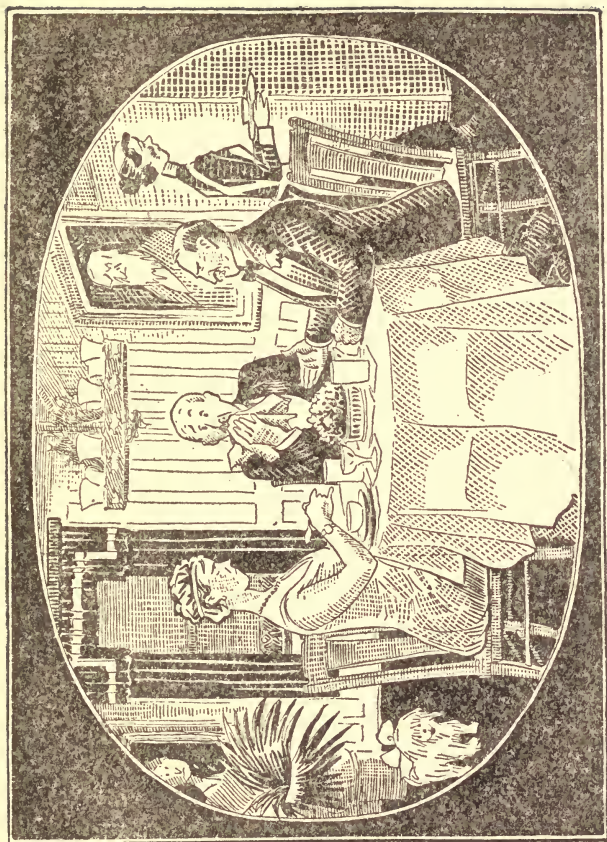
"It's like this," he explained: "You'll be sore all the while if you don't, and you'll have occasional Regrets if you do. I think I'd toss a Coin."

Number Four was enigmatical.

"Go ahead by all means," he advised. "That is, if you're fond of Dogs."

Number Five was sympathetic.

"You look Peaked and All In," was his Comment. "Why don't you spend the Winter in California? I wish I could."



*Mr. and Mrs. Abercrombie seemed to be getting along Great. They were more than Polite to each other*

Number Six was mysterious.

He simply extended his Hand and said, sepulchral-like,

“Go to it.”

Secret-Service Methods did not seem to get him anywhere, so he began some smooth Espionage on his own Account.

He began to hint around that he was fond of Home Dinners and succeeded in worming his way into several respectable Homes, where he could size up Domesticity at Short Range.

Mr. and Mrs Abercrombie seemed to be getting along Great. They were more than Polite to each other and the Eating was A 1. He discovered a Servant Problem hovering in the Background but the Layout as a whole made the Eucalyptus Hotel look like a Hovel out in the Fever Swamps.

The Buswell Family interested him deeply because the Union had been blessed just about 100 per cent., as nearly as he could figure it.

Our Bachelor Friend was very fond of Children, having played with one in the Park one day for nearly Ten Minutes.

He envied the Buswells, and wished that he could be about one-sixth as Fortunate as they were.

A few Evenings later, he envied also the Cadburys, who were likewise battling with Race Suicide.

At the Buswells', all the Tokens of Mutual Regard had been brought to the Table, and our Good Friend

had a chance to see what a two-year-old Athlete can accomplish when left alone with much Gravy.

The Cadburys had their Covey led into the Show Ring for Inspection, but just as the Maid distributed the Non-Skid Cocktails, the Little Ones got the Chivie and the visiting Barbarian from the downtown Hotel found himself marching into the Dining-Room with a Mrs. Livermore, who had suddenly appeared from Nowhere, and who was All Right, whether the Albino Mop was on the Square or not.

The little group of Iconoclasts down at the Eucalyptus had a tough Subject to work on when the Bachelor got back to the Bear-Pit late that evening, with a Flower in his Coat and a delirious Gleam in the Orbs.

"Listen," said the Chief Skeptic and would-be Rescuer: "Don't you know that when an Outsider walks into the Bird Cage, the Inmates immediately begin giving a Theatrical Performance for his Benefit? Aren't you Wise to the Fact that nothing is on the Level when Company is present? I suppose you think Mr. Cadbury has Brook Trout and Alligator Pears every Meal? You got a Corona with the Coffee, no doubt. That means he'll be back to the old Brier to-morrow night. I'll tell you, the only Way you can get the Goods on Married Life is to use a Dictaphone."

After the Bachelor had hurried to his Cell, so as to get the Gardenia into a Glass of Water, the Council of Defense had a Session and decided that extra-



*A few Evenings later, he envied also the Cadburys, who were likewise battling  
with Race Suicide*



ordinary Efforts would be required to prevent their Comrade from going over the Precipice.

They were all set to work on him next Evening, but he had gone to the new Movie Theatre with Mrs. Livermore to see "Hearts Aflame."

It was afterward rumoured that she picked out the Show.

Yes; you have guessed it.

She was a Widow—the real Sod Variety—and she wanted to know what Securities would stand up under the Strain of Reconstruction.

She seemed to be looking for a Good Man to lean on.

They saw him after that, but their Conversation could not pierce the Trance.

One of them made a Bet with the Night Clerk that he could not be Parlour-Broke, but the Money never passed.

That first night up at the Cadburys he told her all about the Gang and their Views, and not one of them ever saw the Inside of the Flat.

*Moral: If the North American Jay-Bird chooses to Mate in the Autumn, let Nature take its Course.*



THE FABLE OF THE RISE AND FLIGHT OF THE  
WINGED INSECT

**M**R. FULGROVE BLIMLEY started as a Desk Worm and finished as an Asteroid. He inherited a Few of everything—a few Thousands in the Bank, a few bundles of Securities in the Tin Box, a few pieces of improved Real Estate, and an Office at which a few chalk-faced Fridays sat at a few quarter-sawed Oak Desks.

He went to call on Bertha McGonnigle a few times, and next we find him purchasing a few necessary articles for a few Offspring.

Any good Forecaster might have predicted that the light of Blimley never would effulge beyond the limits of the Eighth Ward.

He seemed cut out to be a carrier of Pork Chops and a mower of Lawns, a Porch Warmer, a Perambulator Pusher, a passer of the Contribution Box, a reader of Evening Papers, a Furnace Feeder, a Strap-Hanger, a believer in Government through the moral Uplift of all Persons wearing Goloshes and Wristlets.

In other Words, a Deuce.

But you never can tell how much Heat there is behind the Asbestos or how wildly a Heart is beating underneath the starched White Vest.

It was early in the Game that Mr. Blimley became Hep to the vital Fact that no matter how much of a Blob a man may be in his own Bailiwick, he becomes a Mastodon as soon as he is 80 miles from home and wearing a Badge.

So it is better to ride away on a Special Train and be a Member of the Committee on Credentials than to pace back and forth along some local Cow Path and gradually camouflage oneself into an uninspired Background.

The one who is of .22 Calibre cannot make himself .38 by Wishing, but if he stands close enough to the Camera, he will look like a .44.

Fulgrove Blimley was not born to blush Unseen. In fact, after he had been sitting on Platforms and pulling the Chautauqua Beam on helpless Audiences for a few Years, he forgot how to Blush at all.

Solitude had no charms for the Subject of this Sketch.

He loved to lope with the Herd.

The Babble of many Voices as Delegate greeted Delegate and the Joe Millers sped from Tongue to Tongue was music to his Listeners.

He relished a whiff of the overcrowded Assembly Hall.

To stand beside a Table bearing a Pitcher of Lecture Juice, and gaze at the Wide Eyes and pendulous Sub-Maxillaries of all the other Beetles—Oh, that were Joy enough for Fulgrove!

Admitting that there is no cure for Conventionitis,

let it be said in the same Breath that the Blimleys who sleep five in a Room with the Windows down never want to be cured.

One of the inalienable Rights granted by the Constitution to every Citizen pulling down more than \$800 a year is that of Membership.

Fulgrove looked out from his early Obscurity and discerned many Organizations waiting to be joined.

It came to him that every Lodge, or Society, or Union, or Club, or Association needed a full set of Officers, Delegates to Interstate and National Round Ups, Members of the Banquet Committee, some one to wear the Ribbons marked "Reception," some one to receive the Loving Cup or the Solid Silver Service.

His first working Capital was a connection with a Protestant Sect that still believed in Hell, and an inherited affiliation with a Political Party that believed in whatever sounds all right in the Platform.

You have no idea how many Brotherhoods and Leagues and Unions and Alliances a busy Blimley can scare up inside of a perfectly good Protestant Church and a well-rooted Political Party.

And every one of them has to throw a Convention once a year and have Group Pictures printed in the Newspapers and listen to an Address of Welcome by the Mayor and raise Cain generally.

It has been suggested that Mr. Blimley came into some Real Estate.

Because he was Custodian of two Dwelling Houses

and four Vacant Lots, he took a front seat in the Chamber of Commerce and was a Bright Light in the Business Men's Booster Club and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Federation of Taxpayers.

It may be urged that almost any small-sized Gillie can horn his way into a Chamber of Commerce or enlist as a Booster or claim the doubtful distinction of being a Taxpayer.

True, but Hearken!

Once in a while, or ortener, all the Chambers of Commerce get together for a Conference at Columbus or Omaha or Atlantic City, and then there are Tall Doings, with Cabaret Features.

As for the Boosters, they may go along without attracting much attention until the Governor or Vice-President or somebody like that looms on the Horizon, and then they leap to their Places and begin naming Committees.

As for the Federation of Taxpayers, it might suddenly be called upon to appoint a few Spokesmen to lay certain matters before the Legislature, and, naturally, these visitors to the State Capital would be interviewed by the Newspapers and would be seen whispering around the Hotels, and what more could any one ask?

On the Farm which Mr. Blimley discovered among his Assets were several kinds of growing Crops and some of the best known varieties of Domestic Animals.

The products were relatively unimportant except as providing Mr. Blimley with a bonafide Pretext for joining every Agricultural, Horticultural, Live-Stock and Conservation Society within range.

He had the satisfaction of knowing that he came as near to being a Farmer as most of the other gentlemanly and well-dressed Faddists who were plowing Corn by Proxy.

If Mr. Blimley's Fingers seemed to be a trifle Spread and his Hands slightly warped out of Shape, it was because every whispering Order had a different kind of Grip, with much interlocking of Digits, pressure on the Wrist, and other Hanky-Pank.

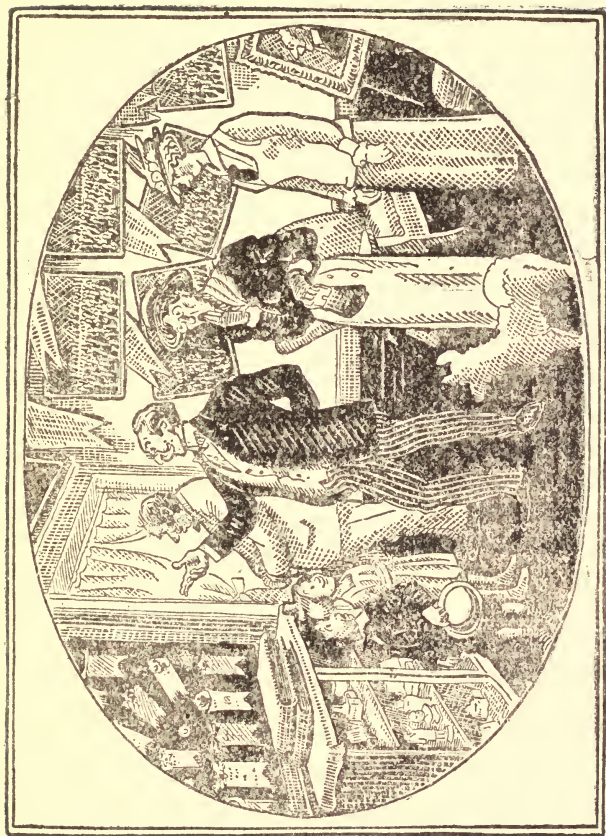
Secret Mottoes and Passwords and Grand Hailing Signs and Signs of Distress may seem to be Fol-de-Rol and Pish-Tush to cold-blooded Skinics but they were the real Paprika to old Fulgrove.

He was a Joiner from away Back and some Funeral Attender. By the time he was 35, nothing seemed to give him greater Satisfaction than the sight of a well laid-out Corpse.

And he could truthfully say to Friend Wife, any old night in the week, that he was due at a Meeting and the Brothers expected him.

The more Degrees he took and the more kinds of Insignia he accumulated to wear on the Watch-Chain and in the Cravat and through the Button-hole, the more he craved.

In the final Stages of what is known as Fraternal Fever, the Victims are not satisfied with belonging



*Some are born Great; some achieve Greatness, and others have it pinned on them*

to all the Clans listed in the back part of the Directory.

They incorporate and apply for Charters and frame up new Rituals and have a simply Wonderful Time.

If Mr. Blimley had found himself troubled with the Hives and had learned that two Neighbours were similarly afflicted, he would have called a Meeting of all such Persons as were differentiated from the ordinary Run of Humanity by reason of their possessing Nettle-Rash.

Out of the three founders of the new Society he could have selected at least a dozen Committees.

There would have been a Constitution, By-Laws, Ritualistic Description of Inside Stuff and Paraphernalia, and an Exposition of Symbols, prepared in Cipher.

Suppose the secret name of the Brotherhood to have been Philanthropic Hive Victims.

Then the jeweled Pin worn by a Member would have borne the mystic Letters, P. H. V., which might mean Parrots Have Voices, Pickles Help Violinists, Pups Hate Vivisectionists, Papa Hires Veterinarians, Please Help Violet, or any other Fool Thing.

To further tantalize and mislead the Outsiders, the official Emblem would have carried an engraved Representation of a Hive, which might easily be mistaken for Pike's Peak, thereby adding to its Value as a part of the oath-bound and underground Bosh-marosh.



## FLIGHT OF THE WINGED INSECT 311

The Foregoing may sound Pipey, but if all the Boys who Belong could violate their Solemn Obligations and Snitch on what happens behind the Drawn Curtains, it would come out that most of the Benevolent Ku Kluxes are more or less P. H. V.

Why, then, do the Fulgrove Blimleys climb a dark Stairway every evening, and give a certain number of Raps on the Door, and whisper a little Bunk through a Peek-Hole, and do other Things for which the High-School Fraternities are severely punished?

The Answer is that eventually each Frater who stays on the Job gets a chance to twinkle at the Olympian Revels in the Supreme Conclave.

When first he is despatched, all bathed and barbered, as Special Emissary of the home Verein, he tries to leave the impression that he is hard-working Patsy and serving under Protest, but after a few Pullman rides he blossoms out as a shameless Professional.

He becomes one of the Minutemen who keep their Grips packed and are ever ready to sacrifice Private Interests and step modestly into the Spot-Light.

When one has climbed to a dizzy Pinnacle and is Recording Secretary of the United States Poland-China Breeders' Association, the Wife and Children in the Valley below look very much foreshortened.

One is not inclined to speak in disparagement of F. Blimley's whetted Ambitions when One comes to learn that the Pomp and Glory of Conventions are

more filling than Roast Beef and more exhilarating than Cocktails.

For several Days previous to one of these sublime Pow-wows, it could be seen that Mr. Blimley was working himself into an Exalted Mood and accumulating Steam.

He wrote many Letters and sent cabalistic Wires, mostly in regard to the Election of Officers, for many a benevolent Order is 8 per cent. Brotherly Love and 92 per cent. Tomahawk.

Then there was the annual Report of the Subcommittee on the Revision of By-Laws, proposing the Omission in Article 23, Section 7, of the Comma following the word "Effervescent," and the substitution therefor of a Semicolon.

That meant two or three Days' hard work in the Library, and some long-distance 'phoning, because one Faction was bitterly opposed to the introduction of the Semicolon, claiming that it would involve a distinct departure from the Traditions that had been handed down in the Organization ever since about 1898, which meant that Blimley and the other fearless Revisers would have to be Alert and hold their Forces well in hand and be prepared instantler to meet and repel a Covert Attack from the Reactionaries and those who submitted blindly to the Leadership of Malcontents who were not in touch with the Modern Spirit now animating the Chapters throughout the Length and Breadth of the Land from Bangor, Maine, to San Diego, California.

## FLIGHT OF THE WINGED INSECT 313

Hence the Necessity of getting up a Report that would cover all the Points.

And so on.

Then the portentous Morning would arrive when Mr. Blimley had to mobilize himself and entrain, after giving due Notice to both of the Newspapers and reminding them that he was the K. M. B. of the 9th Province.

As soon as the Train had started for Mecca, Delegate Blimley would move down the Aisle and size up his Fellow Passengers, and if he found one with a recent Hair Cut, he would take a Chance and flag him.

If the Challenged Party responded by placing the Right Hand on the Abdomen, then the Challenger would sit alongside of him and begin to warm his Ear with important Dope.

For the inside Machinery of any Association of Indefinite Purpose and the apparent Specific Gravity of a Gas Balloon is more complicated than the Russian Political Situation.

If a lot of confirmed Propagandists start for the big Camp Fire and find that no Business of Importance is in sight, then some Comrade always gets busy and cooks up an Issue just to enliven the Proceedings.

Usually it is a Resolution either approving or panning to a Whisper something geographically remote.

Mr. Blimley seldom left home without carrying

at least one Resolution, fully loaded with Explosives and supplied with a Fuse.

The war was a Godsend to the Resoluters.

Let us observe the eager Pilgrims alighting at Union Station.

The official Greeters rush forward, glad-handing with the Grip, but doing it well Under Cover, so that the Station Policeman and the Man on the Gate will not be Next.

Now we see the Guests of Honour riding to the Hotel, convoyed by busy little Explainers.

A few hours previous they had been inconspicuous Units in their various Tank Towns.

Now they are visiting Notables.

Following Registration comes the proud Moment when the Decoration is conferred by the Royal Keeper of the Hardware.

As soon as the Honoured Guests are tagged, they are sent out for Exhibition Purposes.

The metallic portion of an Official Badge seldom weighs more than a half-pound, and the unobtrusive Lettering of Gold on Blue Satin is surmounted by only a few inches of Tassel, and yet this simple Decoration seems to transmogrify the Provincial and make him a Dinger.

In the overcrowded Office or Main Corral, Mr. Blimley found the familiar Sight which are the Joy and Reward of every Badge-Bug.

He saw the Paper Suitcases piled in Barricades, the

Struggle for Picture Post-Cards, the Brother from Kansas who has slaked a long Thirst and passed away sitting up, the haggard Clerk ordering the Porter to unfold more Cots.

He loved to hear the Boy paging "Mister Flooh-flah" and the shrill cry of "Front!" and the shuffle of Feet.

Then the Important Conference in Brother Felix McClure's Bedroom and the Decision to bring in a Minority Report and fight it out on the Floor of the Convention.

There never was a national Snake-Dance at which something or other didn't have to be fought out on the Floor of the Convention.

When Brother meets Brother, then somebody gets bit in the Arm.

Let us not forget the long wait for Food in the disorganized Restaurant, the 65 minutes of Drool by the Past Grand Wallopus, the triumphant substitution of the Semicolon for the Comma, and the Automobile Tour of the City, with little Boys cheering and all the Lads from Oof Center and Silo sitting back trying to appear unmoved and unconcerned.

Will Mr. Blimley order one of the Flash-Light Photographs taken just before the Stevedores bring in the Warm Oysters and the Cold Soup?

Aye, that will he, provided the Picture finds him prominently in the Foreground, and it is pretty hard for a Picture to find him anywhere else.

What if Blimley does return home with his Feet



*Provided the picture finds him prominently in the Foreground, and it is pretty  
hard for a Picture to find him anywhere else*

pointed in the wrong Direction and the Lamps a mite bleary and Cinders under the Collar?

He can truthfully report to the Missus and to the Local Branch that the Show was an enormous Success and an Inspiration to all the Faithful.

*Moral: Some are born Great; some achieve Greatness, and others have it pinned on them.*



THE FABLE OF WHAT THEY HANKERED FOR AND  
WHAT WAS DELIVERED TO THEM

**B**ACK in the dear old Days when the Auto-graph Album outranked a Treatise on Birth Control, Luella and Chester sat in a Sea-Grass Hammock, discussing Plans for certain impending Nups.

“Oh, Ches!” murmured She, for all this happened back Yonder, when the Seminary Sirens were prone to Murmur instead of Explode. “Oh, Ches! Would that we might plight our Troth in some secluded Spot, far from the Madding Relative.”

“E’en so,” assented the Doomed Man.

He was keen for the Omar Stuff.

So they framed up just the variety of Wedding that would suit them down to the Ground.

After getting the Permit, they would jog down a Country Lane shaded by friendly Elms and spangled with Spring Flowers.

Finally they would come to a little Cottage set back in a Bower.

The Specifications absolutely called for a Bower.

Within the cheery Bungalow they would find a Minister—the kind getting \$600 a Year and the Tonsilitis.

He was to perform the Ceremony in the Open with the climbing Dorothy Perkins as a Background and the Peewees twittering overhead.

No grinning Ushers; no hired Organist to tear the Lining out of Mendelssohn; no small-town Comedy by the Rice-Throwers.

After they had settled all the Details which were to shed Idyllic Glamour over the most tantalizing of all Ventures, they dressed up like a couple of Zebras and were taken away in Hacks to the Second Presbyterian Church.

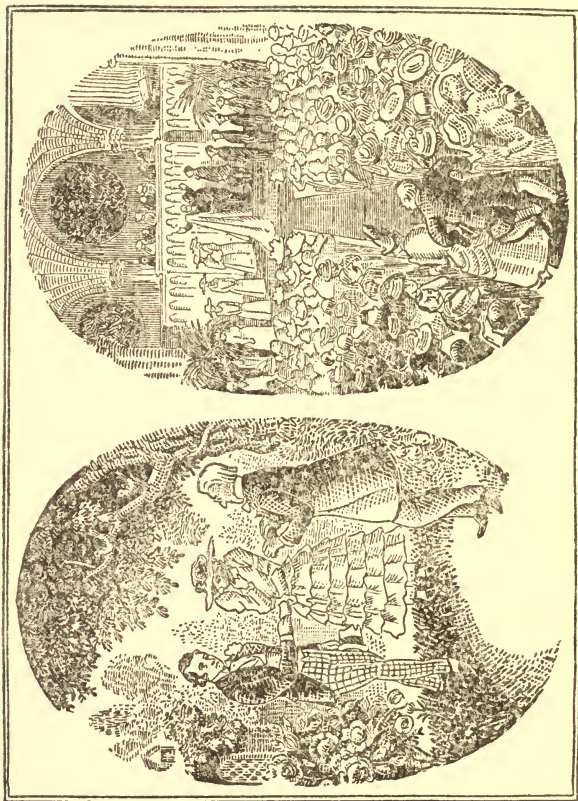
They had to walk a Mile and a half along a be-ribboned Aisle bordered with Eye-Balls and then pull the main Stunt on a raised Platform similar to the one used for Hangings at the County Jail.

Then the Reception, with the never-ending Battle between Perspiration and Powder, and Male Guests throwing Solid Formation against the Grape.

They longed to execute a Sneak and get away somewhere and hold Hands and talk mushy, but Tradition interposed and dragged them to Niagara Falls.

Luella and Chester grew up in a Residence District where the cast-iron Fountains spouted and the Dingie driving My Lady's Victoria wore what was known in 1881 as a Plug Hat.

They belonged to a Set, which was carefully governed by the kind of Label Worshippers abounding in any Street that had Grille Fences and Cathedral Glass in the Windows.



— MISCELLANEOUS —

*The Kind of W'edding they wanted—and the Kind they got*

They inherited a couple of Social Positions.

A Social Position is something like a Pekingese Pup. It is to be preserved and petted and combed out and kept away from Draughts and exhibited and referred to, but even the envied Owner sometimes is in Doubt regarding the Bed-rock and intrinsic Value.

Chet and Lou knew exactly the kind of Shack that would fit their Ambitions and Requirements.

They agreed that it should not be Large, because one of those barnlike Structures never seems homey and it is a great Care and too many Domestics are needed.

They preferred a Snuggery just big enough to keep the Canary from crowding the Piano.

Chintz Curtains and some old Prints and deep Armchairs and a few Books on the Table were what they craved.

So they took a House which, if you saw it from a Distance down the Street, could be mistaken for a Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

It had a large and frigid Hallway with shiny Stairs leading to Realms above.

The Ceilings were heavily molded, and in the center of each was a dangling Chandelier of intricate Design and dripping with Crystal Dewdads.

The Furniture was of a refined Character, having Pineapples and Acorns carved in the most unexpected Places.

All the Curtains hung from the Rods in a decidedly

perpendicular manner, admitting just enough Light to show up the Rose Pattern in the Rugs.

The Decorations belonged to that evolutionary Period in which High Ceilings and Paintings in Oil were supposed to atone for the absence of Splash Parlours.

Luella would sit in one Cavern for a while and then move to another, all the time wondering if the Servants were Honest.

She and the Pay Envelop had some definite Notions of what they liked in the way of a Commissary.

It seemed to them that the principal Idea, when leaning on the Table-Cloth, was to snare some appetizing Food instead of merely getting one's Name in the Papers.

It fussed them quite a bit to be compelled to Feed themselves under the scrutiny of Comparative Strangers.

He was never so happy as when facing a Platterful of something prepared in a Skillet.

But they could not get away from the cruel Edict.

The hot Branding-Iron of Social Eminence had burned deep into the Mayflower Cuticle.

They were elected to suffer assorted Agonies by reason of living High among the Chosen.

If a Harvard Professor of Ransipology or some Main Shriek in the Suffrage Movement, or a hairy Musician with a goulash Moniker, or some pale Ex-Journalist who had been careless enough to write a Book, crossed the Corporation Line, Luella

and Chester were always among the Angoras who had to put on their Fifth Avenue Feathers and go and eat Soup with the Celebrity.

And, Gosh, how they dreaded it!

Sometimes they subsisted for Weeks at a time on Caviar and Sweetbreads and Artichokes and Bosom of Partridge.

Often they wondered if they would ever get off by themselves to renew acquaintance with Pig's Knuckles and Spring Onions and Griddle-Cakes.

But this substitution of Menu for Grub was not the chief Hardship wished upon the worthy Couple.

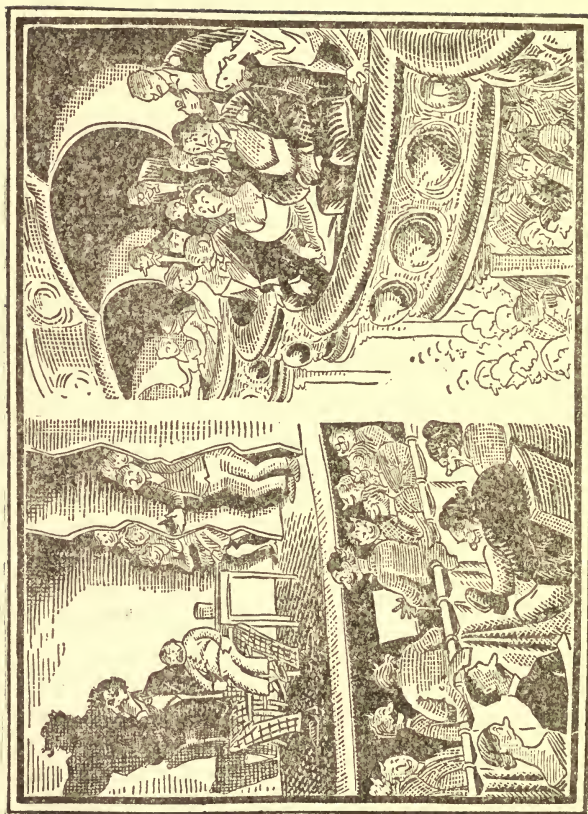
They had to be ready, at the Drop of a Hat. to burst into Small Talk.

They had to feign Interest in People and Events far removed from the Orbits in which they wished to settle down and be comfortable.

The Master and Missus had no kick to register because Mascagni wrote a new half-portion Opera once in a while, but they couldn't understand why they were expected to get all lathered up about his occasional Outburst.

It was supremely Immaterial to them if G. B. S. poured scalding Rhetoric over a Prime Minister, or the Russians put on a new Riddle in the form of a Dance, or Mrs. Goey-Whizzer resigned from the Executive Council of the D. A. R., or if a Norwegian Novelist was suddenly discovered by a tall-brow Critic, or if the Federation of Clubs got dead-locked over a new By-Law.





— HASCUTHEON —

*The Kind of Show they liked—and the Kind they attended*



But they had to keep posted on all this Flub so they could answer Questions when they were out among the Almost-Intellectuals.

The Time which might have been devoted to playing Pool or putting up Fruit had to be wasted on reading Magazines that are a weariness to the Flesh, unless it happens to be Proud Flesh.

Every Girl who has earned the title of Patroness is a Pinkerton when it comes to spotting a Bad Break or detecting a Fumble.

Among the talcum-powder Tararas it is permissible to play Tag with any one of the Commandments, but the Dear Friend who pulls a *Faux Pas* gets the quivering Harpoon.

So that Luella and Chester, after coaching themselves for each Appearance in the glittering Arena, always came home to lie awake and try to remember if they had gummed up their Averages.

They knew that even the most favored members of the Holy Inner Circle of Hot Babies drew an occasional Fricassee for stubbing the Toe.

So they had a reasonable Hunch that they were getting Theirs on the Q. T.

Consequently they read more Magazines and kept their Fingers crossed all the time they were encased in Evening Raiment.

The Supposition that People with Money can do as they please revealed itself as a grim Delusion.

The Laws of the Medes and Persians were pliable

as Spaghetti compared with the unyielding Ultimata of the moon-faced Matrons.

Luella and Chester loved to sit by the Fireplace and watch the Persian Kitten fall asleep.

Consequently they had their Home crowded a few Nights every week with Human Piccolos.

Having a natural preference for deep Calm, they found themselves jumping sideways, in emulation of Hectic Homer and Hysterical Hattie.

After the Children arrived and surveyed their Surroundings with a Disappointment not artfully concealed, Luella thought it was her Duty to stick around Home a good part of the Time so as to let the Kiddies know that she was related to them.

However, it was not being Done.

The Olive Branches were turned over to imported Police Officers.

They were permitted to breathe a delightful third-rate Foreign Atmosphere.

An occasional Echo of War in the region of the Nursery reminded Luella and Chester that they were not childless.

Chester heard the Call of the Woods every Summer.

Sitting at his Desk, he day-dreamed of cool Lakes that never had been fished.

To wear Corduroys and a Flannel Shirt, to get out in a Rowboat with a Guide who never heard of Galsworthy, to taunt the tricky Bass and induce them to Strike, and then to land on some Island enveloped

in solemn Stillness and build a Fire and have a Fry—that was the kind of Outing for which he yearned, and yearned to no Effect.

Luella was dead willing to go back to Nature with him.

Collecting Leaves and Flowers, hunting up the Botanical Names, and then Pressing the Specimens in an unabridged Dictionary would have satisfied her utmost craving for Dissipation.

Very often they took imaginary Camping Trips, sleeping under the Stars, miles and miles from a Tea-Urn or a Macaroon.

Nevertheless, notwithstanding, and in spite of all these modest and sane Proclivities, every June saw them doing the Lock-Step out to a Summer Colony that was just as restful as the Firing Line.

If Mrs. Beezum pulled a Moving-Picture Show, then Mrs. Gazoontz gave a Vaudeville under a Tent, whereupon Mrs. Plazinsky would arouse herself and come across with a Water Fête, and then the Jinks-Brewsters and the Hooper-Fergusons and the Watts-Plummers would burst forth into a perfect Frenzy of Luncheons and Moonlight Dances and Tableaux Vivants, calculated to outdo and show up the unhyphenated Second-Raters.

Many a would-be Recluse found himself cutting Didoes among the Whirling Dervishes.

Chester and Luella tried to go along with the Steeplechasers, although they were pulled up Lane about half of the time.

He would go to Town and pick off enough Currency to meet the Bills and then escape for some ostensible Relaxation, only to find himself booked for a series of day and night Appearances over the Madhouse Circuit.

Any time he looked out of the Window and saw a lot of Suspicious Characters in the Sunken Garden, he didn't know whether they were intruding Sight-seers from the Village or merely House Guests.

So far as he could make out, the only difference between his Country Place and a Roadhouse was that the Roadhouse had to close at a certain Hour and kept a Bouncer to drag away those who failed to stand up against the Scotch.

The Doctor told him to Motor.

Luella loved the Open Road, and both of them thought that 25 miles per Hour was a reasonable Speed Limit.

They wanted to admire the Scenery.

So they would start like Barney Oldfield and finish like Ralph De Palma, and while they were boring a hole in the dusty Atmosphere, they would picture in the Mind's Eye the bold Head-lines in the Morning Paper.

They had the Premonish that on some hazy Autumn Afternoon they would be smeared over the Landscape.

The only Uncertainty was whether or not the Trimmings would be sufficiently grewsome to warrant a First-Page Story.

"But," interjects some one who does not own a Car, "why did not the Owner put his Foot down and insist upon a leisurely number of Miles per Hour?"

Following the same Line of Inquiry, why did Chester and Luella go without Butter at Dinner when they were both dying for it? Because they could not bear up under the sniffy disapproval of the autocratic Simpson.

Why did Luella go about with her Hair freaked up into funny Knobs and Ocean Waves? Because if she had insisted on doing it up her own Way, the French Maid would have walked out and left her Flat.

Why were they afraid to send an humble Request to the Kitchen for Fried Steak or Pickled Beets? Because they could not afford to lower themselves in the Eyes of the 24-carat Chef.

It was after the Up-Country Menagerie had been sealed for the Winter and all the Joy Birds had migrated back to the Smoke Belt, that our Good Friends suffered most keenly.

Both were Show Fans. They did not hone for Operas with 20-minute recitative Solos, or Problem Plays that smelled like the Surgical Ward or gabby Society Comedies tinctured with pale Blue.

They liked Ragtime and Soft-Shoe Work and Local Gags and a Chorus.

Luella's favourite Actor was Fred Stone, and Chester was always trying to find some one who could tell him more about Nora Bayes.

So when they had picked out a Night to call on Fred or Nora or possibly McIntyre and Heath or Joe Cawthorne or Frank Tinney or some Artist worth while, they would find themselves in a Box at the Opera waiting for Galli-Curci to come on and yip for a couple of Hours.

The Plain Enjoyments of the Middle Class were always dangling ahead of them but always out of Reach, no matter how rapidly they followed in Pursuit.

Take the item of Travel.

Before the recent War was forced upon a timid and unsuspecting Kaiser, it was supposed that anyone with a Bank Account could go to Foreign Parts and linger indefinitely.

How about the Stockholders to be protected?

How about a man's Duties to the Directors who had put him at the Helm?

How about the possibility of some Flurry that might disturb normal Conditions and disarrange Values?

Chester and Luella looked at all the Maps and Folders showing Honolulu and Singapore and Port Said and Gibraltar, and then they compromised every Summer by going back to their country home, "Neurasthenia," where Chester could sleep with a Telephone tied to his Ear.

When Chester was about 58 years of Age, with a Trained Nurse sitting alongside of his Bed, he would look up at the Ceiling and figure that he had broken

all the World's Records for going to Places that one does not wish to visit, eating Stuff that one does not crave, drinking Fluids that guarantee naught except Remorse, buying Tickets for Pseudo-Entertainments of punk Aroma, and sitting for countless Hours among dull Mortals of uniform Pattern and incredible Unattractiveness.

He wondered if there was anything in this Re-Incarnation Business.

Because, if it happened to be on the Level, he wanted to come back next time as a Native of some Tropical Isle that never heard of Place-Cards and Long-Distance Calls and Drinks containing Vermouth and Ladies with powdered Wishbones and Crooks who call themselves Financiers and Reporters employed on Evening Papers and 1001 other Torments which had become By-Products of a so-called Civilization.

He wanted to wear a Breech-Clout and sit under a Mango Tree all day listening to the Parokeets.

If any one approached to talk Business or Politics, he would shoot poisoned Arrows at the Trespasser.

When he got hungry, he could pick a Banana, and if he felt thirsty, he could tap a Cocoanut.

Just before he fluttered to the Beyond, he whispered to Luella his Desire for a Quiet Service without Flowers and Interment in some sylvan Nook.

The Widow conferred with his Business Associates, the Officers of Various Clubs to which he paid Dues, and the Committees from the Fraternal Organiza-



tions, and they decided that Chester had been so much of a Public Character that he was entitled to a regular Barnum & Bailey Funeral. So they took him to the Church and had honorary Pall-Bearers and Mountains of Hothouse Bloom and a special Choir with Voices trained in Italy.

He was buried on a Hilltop, and his Resting-Place is marked by a Memorial Shaft resembling a Smoke-Stack that has been whitewashed.

Luella has no way of knowing, but she surmises that, inasmuch as he always wanted a Harp, he is now playing a Pipe Organ.

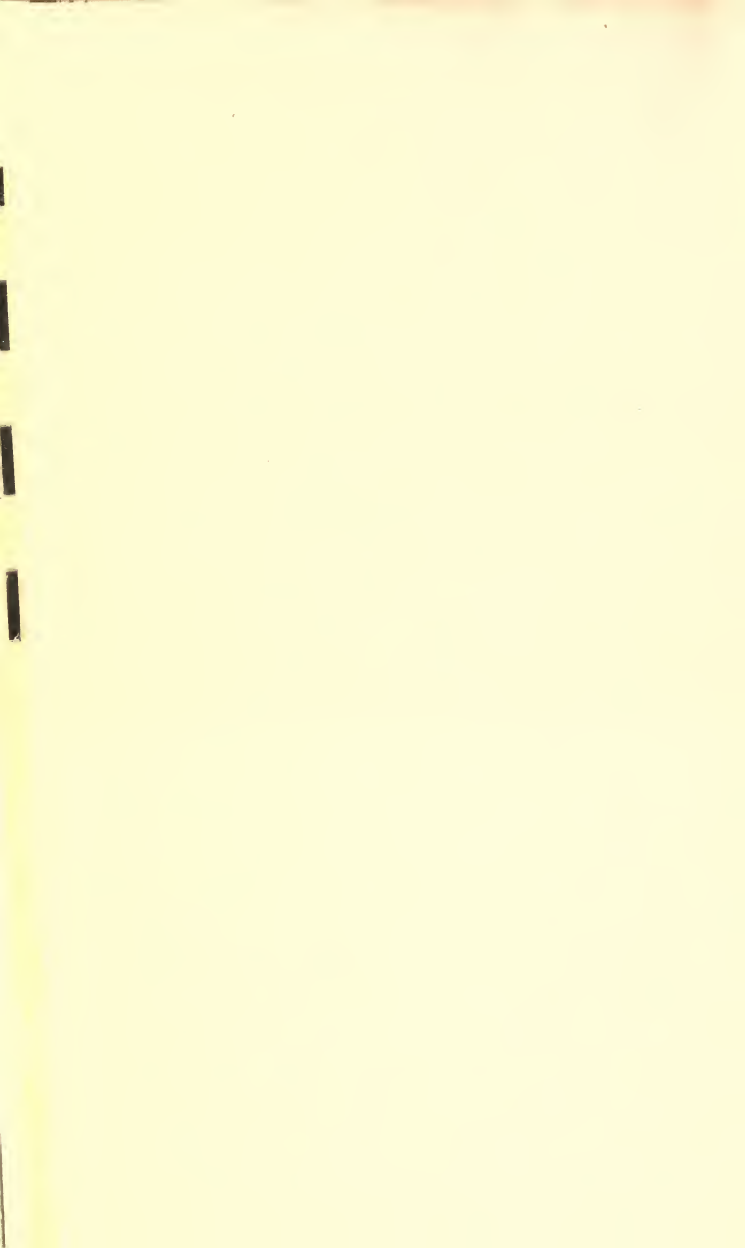
*Moral: Every Man is the Architect of his own Fortunes, but the Neighbours superintend the Construction.*

THE END



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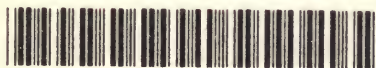
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